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THE

WORKS

OF

VIRGIL,

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE

BY

Mr. DRYDEN.

Sequitur patrem non passibus æquis.

A NEW EDITION,

REVISED AND CORRECTED BY

JOHN CAREY, LL.D.

Vol. I.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY JAMES SWAN,
Angel Street, Newgate Street,
FOR VERNOR AND HOOD; CUTHELL AND MARTIN; J. WALKER;
LACKINGTON, ALLEN, AND CO.; WYNNE AND
SCHOLEY; AND J. SCATCHERD.

1803.

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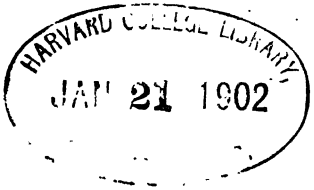

Miss A. L. S. Parsons,
Roxbury.

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THE

EDITOR,

TO THE

READER.

WHETHER, by my humble and inglorious labor in preparing this edition for the press, I have performed any useful service, is a question which I leave to be decided by the judicious and impartial critic. However that point may be determined, every reader who has examined either the early or the more recent copies of Dryden's Virgil—and, more particularly, the classic reader, who has compared the English version with the Latin original—must certainly allow that the translation, as heretofore presented to the public, stood in very great need of attentive revision and correction. Nor is this at all surprising, if we for a moment consider the circumstances of the case—

At the time when the first edition was published —in the year 1697—Dryden had nearly reached the age of seventy—an age, at which (to say nothing of his anxious and eager haste to gratify the impatient wishes of his subscribers, after a three years'

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expectation of his performance*) he could hardly have been expected to superintend the operations of the press with the same laborious assiduity, or to detect its errors with the same quicksightedness, as a young author in the prime of life, unbroken by age, disease, or afflictions. For my own part, indeed, I am nearly convinced that he never read the proof-sheets at all, but wholly abandoned the work to the mercy of his printer, who, from his wretched and bungling execution, appears to have been very ill qualified for so momentous a trust, and very different indeed from our modern printers of the higher order, whose superior skill and attention have raised the British typography to its present exalted degree of eminence.

The ground of my conviction is this—If Dryden had once, however cursorily, glanced his eye over the sheets before they were consigned to the press, he hardly could have failed, aged and infirm as he was, to detect many gross errors which entirely destroy the meaning of his lines: and especially he must have noticed some passages which he had himself inadvertently marred in his manuscript, by making, in one member of a sentence, a partial amendment, which altered the grammatic construction that he had originally adopted, and left the remainder of the period destitute of sense or grammar. From many examples of the kind which occur in the course of the work, two or three shall

* See Dedication of Æneïs, vol. II. p. lxxxiii.

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presently be adduced, sufficient to justify my observation.

At the head of the volume, it is true, we find a table of *errata*, in which *a few* errors are marked for correction: but these—whether pointed out to him by Mr. Walsh or the duke of Shrewsbury, or by Congreve or some other friend who had perused the printed sheets previously to the publication*—are, for the most part, errors of very inferior consequence, while blunders of greater magnitude are passed unnoticed: for, with respect to his alterations of his own original words, which constitute the most material part of the list, I do not account them in the number: and, as to his sweeping clause—"There are other *errata* both in false pointing and "omissions of words.....which the reader will cor-"rect without my trouble—I omit them, because "they only lame my English, not destroy my "meaning"—it rather tends to prove that he did

* See Dedication of Æneïs, vol. II. p. cix, and Postscript, vol. III. p. 293.—Indeed, from the nature of some of the corrections which he directed to be made, it appears almost certain that they were suggested to him by his friends. I will select only one—"*Rosea rura Velini*," Æn. vii, 712 of the Latin, 946 of the English. When Dryden first translated this passage, he evidently was not aware that there existed such a word as *rōseus, dewy*, differing, in the quantity of the first syllable, from *rŏseus, rosy*. Accordingly he then gave, "*rosy fields;*" and this is one of those errors which no after-thought can ever enable any author to detect or amend, until he have acquired better information. Some obliging friend pointed out the mistake; and the correction, "*dewy fields*," followed.

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not, than that he did, personally examine the sheets: for, if he had himself read them, and, in reading, detected those errors to which he alludes, would he not on the spot have marked them with his pen, as every author does in such case? and would they not thus have been corrected in a subsequent publication?

The second edition, printed in 1698, exhibits some improvements of the text: but the author appears to have equally neglected the typography of this, as of the former: for, although some *little* attention was paid in it to the correction of mistakes which had been particularly specified in the list of *errata**, the others all remain un-amended; and the printer, moreover, increased the number by committing new blunders; so that, on the whole, the second edition is, in point of typographic inaccuracy, worse than the first, as will appear in the course of the subjoined quotations.

These were the only editions printed in Dryden's life-time. The third, published in 1709, is merely a servile though not faithful copy of the second, and was committed to the press without the trouble of ever consulting the first, except once, for the purpose of doing mischief, in Æn. vii, 446. As to the subsequent publications, they plainly appear to have

* Few as they were, the whole were not corrected; in consequence of which neglect, one of them has accidentally crept into the present edition. The reader is requested to excuse it, and to supply my omission, by altering "*shall Troy*" to "*will Troy*," Æn. x, 735.

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been each copied from the last preceding, as each preserves all the errors of its immediate predecessor, with the addition of a new crop of its own growth.

In speaking thus freely of the past editions, I am far from wishing to insinuate that the present is in all respects perfect: I am sufficiently sensible that it is not, and that much yet remains to be done. All, therefore, that I venture to hope from my feeble efforts, is, that the work may, in its present state, be deemed somewhat less faulty and more intelligible than it has hitherto appeared. At the end of this advertisement, I quote *some* of the numerous passages where I have endeavoured to rescue Dryden's lines from the obscurity or nonsense in which they had before been enveloped by typographic inaccuracy. I leave to the reader, whose curiosity may prompt him to compare this with the preceding editions, to discover a much greater number, which, for brevity's sake, I omit to notice. Nor shall I—as policy might perhaps dictate, if I were inclined to magnify petty minutiæ, and claim great praise for small services—select first the grosser blunders, to stand prominent at the head of the phalanx, and more forcibly to arrest the reader's attention. I rather choose to consult his ease and accommodation, by placing them in regular order, as they successively occur in the course of the work, for the sake of facility in referring to them, if he should be so disposed, as he proceeds through the volumes. Neither do I intend (except in one or two instances,

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where indispensably necessary) to notice any of the much more copious crop of errors which have successively sprouted forth in subsequent editions, without being directly propagated from that of 1698: for, whoever will take the trouble of examination, may easily reap a plentiful harvest of them without my assistance; and it is sufficient for me to observe, in general, that every error of the second edition has been preserved uncorrected in the third, the fourth, &c. &c. to the end of the list.

To quiet the scruples of the English reader, who may perhaps be surprised to find some of the proper names spelled in a manner different from that to which he has hitherto been accustomed, be it observed that I have, throughout the work, adopted the orthography of the learned and accurate Professor Heyne, wherever I found it practicable. In acting thus, I do not conceive that I have taken any liberty with *Dryden*, much less an improper liberty: and so far was I from venturing to alter or even transpose a single word of *his*, that, rather than attempt it, I have suffered some names to pass which are materially wrong, as *Erymanthus* for *Erymas* (Æn. ix, 950), *Īolas* for *Æŏlus* (xii, 769), *Phyllis* for *Galatea* (Past. iii, 97), *Aunus* for the anonymous *son of Aunus* (Æn. xi, 1034), *Clymēne* for *Clymĕne* (Geo. iv, 488), *Thermŏdon* for *Thermōdon* (Æn. xi, 956).

In the Latin quotations with which Dryden has interspersed his prefaces and notes, I have occa-

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sionally been obliged to differ from him, because the text which he used was not every-where so correct as that of the present day; and, besides, quoting sometimes from memory, he gave words that are not to be found in any copies, ancient or modern; a striking instance of which I have noticed in my second remark on the Dedication of the Æneis.

Had the plan of this edition admitted notes at the bottom of the pages, I should have taken the liberty of offering conjectures and observations on many parts of the work which I have, for the present, been obliged to pass over in silence. I have, however, made memorandums of the most material, which I may perhaps take some future opportunity of communicating to the public, if what little I have here done should meet the approbation of the candid and discerning reader.

Decemb. 9, 1802.

J. CAREY.

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SPECIMEN

of attempts to correct some of the errors of the first and second editions, which have been copied in all the others hitherto published.

N. B. Every quotation, not otherwise marked, is the same in both the first and the second.

Pastoral v, 104. (first edit.)

On *each is* offer'd annual sacrifice.

In the second, Dryden altered "*each*" to "*both;*" and the printer made the following further *amendment*, to correct the supposed violation of the first concord!

On *both are* offer'd annual sacrifice.

Georgic i, 110.

——— where vetches, pulse, and tares, have stood,
And stalks of lupines grew (a stubborn wood),
Th' ensuing season, in return, may bear
The bearded product of the golden *year*.

Although Dryden elsewhere mentions the "*yellow year*" (Æn. ii, 409) when speaking of the harvest in general—yet, here, where *wheat* alone is particularly designated, as distinguished from all other crops, the reader, I trust, will concur with me in believing that the poet originally wrote the "*golden ear*," applying the epithet, as in Virgil, to the corn itself.

Georgic i, 237.

On *other* crops you may with envy look.

The author had written "On *others'* crops," agreeably to the Latin,

Heu! magnum *alterius* frustra spectabis acervum.

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Georgic i, 265.

The field-mouse builds her garner under ground,
For gather'd grain the blind laborious mole,
In winding mazes works her hidden hole.

The Latin, and the respective habits of the two creatures in question, prove that we must read—

The field-mouse builds her garner under ground
For gather'd grain: the blind laborious mole
In winding mazes works, &c.

Georgic i, 308.

And *Argos* and the Dog forsake the northern sphere.

Dryden had probably placed a *comma* after *Argo*, which comma the printer mistook for an *s*, and thus placed among the constellations a city instead of a ship.

Georgic i, 335.

——————————the Bears.....
The less and greater, who, by Fate's decree,
Abhor to dive beneath the *southern* sea.
There, as they say.....

Could Dryden have written "*southern?*"—No! But the printer, imagining "*There*," in the following verse, to refer to the part of heaven designated in the preceding lines, took for granted that the author had made a slip of the pen in writing *northern*, and officiously undertook to correct the supposed error, by altering it to *southern*. It must indeed be owned, that, in this whole passage, Dryden is much less clear and precise than his great master, who accurately distinguishes the opposite hemispheres—

Hic vertex nobis semper sublimis; at *illum*, &c.
Maximus *hic* flexu, &c.
Illic, ut perhibent, &c.

Georgic i, 439.

The lofty skies at once *come* pouring down,
The promis'd crop and golden labours drown.

I know not whether my conjecture will be approved, that the word "*come*," which is here made a verb in the present

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tense, was intended by Dryden for the preterite participle, thus—

> The lofty skies, at once come pouring down,
> The promis'd crop and golden labours drown.

Georgic i, 469.

> With milder beams the sun *securely* shines.

On seeing the Latin, "jam vere *sereno*," who can doubt that "*serenely*" was the word written by Dryden?

Georgic i, 642.

> Pale spectres in the close of night were seen;
> And voices heard of more than mortal men.
> In silent groves, dumb sheep and oxen spoke.

Here the printer was in some degree excusable: he, doubtless, thought it more natural that the *dumb sheep and oxen* should hold their *conversazioni* in *silent groves*, than flock in a body to Rome, to harangue in the senate-house. But Dryden—in exact imitation of Virgil's

> Vox quoque per lucos vulgo exaudita silentes
> Ingens—

intended

> And voices heard, of more than mortal men,
> In silent groves: dumb sheep, &c.

Georgic ii, 90.

> By the same *methods* Paphian myrtles live.

Here again the printer mistook a comma for an *s*; Dryden having written "*method*."

Georgic ii, 247.

> The nature of *their* sev'ral soils now see.

Dryden wrote "*the* sev'ral soils:"—"*their*" is a typographic mis-correction from the following line.

Georgic ii, 529.

> And glad, with Bacchus, on the grassy soil,
> Leap'd o'er the skins of goats besmear'd with oil.

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Here we have the jolly god, in person, gamboling with the drunken clowns; whereas Dryden, agreeably to the Latin, simply meant,

And, glad with Bacchus,....

i. e. "*enlivened with good wine*," as in Georgic iv, 156—

And with *old Bacchus* new metheglin join.

Georgic ii, 576.

Nor, when thy tender trees at length are bound.....

If verse 582 now stand as Dryden originally penned it, he must here, instead of "*Nor*," have written "*Ev'n*" or "*Nay*," to make sense of the passage. I have chosen "*Nay*," as being the word which was the more likely to have been changed by the printer to *Nor*. It is possible, however, that the printer was not in fault, but that the poet had at first given to the sentence a different turn, to the following effect—"*Nor.....are their labours yet ended*," and afterwards altered line 582 in his manuscript, without adverting to the "*Nor*" above.

Georgic iii, 45.

Next him, Niphates, with inverted urn,
And *dropping* sedge, shall his Armenia mourn.

Dryden unquestionably wrote "*drooping*."

Georgic iii, 53.

But neither shore his *conquest* shall confine.

Read "*conquests*."

Georgic iv, 305.

And grandsires' *grandsons* the long list contains.

No very *long* list is requisite to furnish the *grandsons* of *grandsires*. The petty isle, which harboured no other human being than Robinson Crusoe and his man Friday, contained at that moment the *grandsons of grandsires*. But Virgil's expression includes at least six generations—"*avi numerantur avorum*," i. e. as I have printed the line, and as, no doubt, Dryden wrote it—

And grandsires' *grandsires* the long list contains.

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Georgic iv, 352. (first edit.)

....Lurking *lizards* often lodge by stealth
Within the suburbs, and purloin their wealth.
And *worms, that shun the light*, a dark retreat
Have found in combs, and undermin'd the seat.

Agreeably to a direction given in the *errata* to the first edition, that of 1698 exhibits the third line thus—

And *lizards shunning* light, &c.

This alteration I have not adopted, being fully convinced that it is the offspring of an oversight on the part either of the author or the printer: for Dryden, after having translated "*stellio*" *lizard* in the first line, could never have thought of again introducing *lizard* in the third, as the translation of "*blatta*," which appears to be the *moth-worm*, or some other tiny creature of that kind, as Horace describes it preying upon drapery (Sat. ii, 3, 119)—

——————————cui stragula vestis,
Blattarum ac tinearum epulæ, putrescat in arcâ.

Georgic iv, 453.

On *Penëus's* banks he stood, and near his holy head.

For the information of the unlatined reader, I observe, that, "*Penëus*" being *always* three syllables, this line was intended by the author for one of *fourteen*, such as he has elsewhere used in this work: and it was accordingly so printed in both the folio editions; though succeeding printers, not aware of the measure of the word, contrived to cut the verse down to an Alexandrine, by improperly contracting the "*eu*" to a diphthong, and then giving

On *Peneus'* banks he stood, &c.

Georgic iv, 586. (first edit.)

The slipp'ry god will try to loose his hold,
And various forms assume, to cheat thy sight,
And with vain images of beasts affright.
With foamy tusks *he seems* a bristly boar,
Or *imitates* the lion's angry roar;
Breaks out in crackling flames to shun thy snares,
A dragon *hisses*, or a tiger *stares*.

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Second edition —

The slipp'ry god will try, &c.
With foamy tusks *will seem* a bristly boar,
Or *imitate* the lion's angry roar;
Break out in crackling flames to shun thy snares,
Or *hiss* a dragon, or a tiger STARES.

Having altered the tense of the verbs, Dryden probably forgot to strike his pen through the final *s* of "*snares*" to make it rhime with "*stare*," as he intended. The printer, determined not to spoil the rhime, preserved both "*snares*" and "*stares*" in defiance of sense and grammar. I have printed "*snare*" and "*stare*" according to the poet's intention.

Georgic iv, 667.

The realms of Mars *remurmur'd* all around —

instead of "*remurmur*."

Georgic iv, 776.

The soft Napæan race will soon *repent*
Their anger, and remit the punishment.

Virgil's expression is "*iras remittent*," which Dryden, no doubt, translated, and very properly, by "*relent* their anger:" but the printer officiously *corrected* it to "*repent*" — not dreaming that "*relent*" (like its French original, *ralentir*) was a verb active, signifying to *slacken*, *repress*, *mollify* — and that, when used as a verb neuter, it is merely an elliptic form of speech.

Georgic iv, 787.

T' appease the manes of the *poets' king*.

Dryden, I doubt not, wrote, as I have printed, "*the poet king*," i. e. the *poet and king*, or the *royal poet;* Orpheus having, according to some accounts, been *king* of the Cicones.

Dedication of Æneïs, vol. II, p. ii, l. 10.

"The trifling novels, which *Aristotle* and others have inserted in their poems."

There cannot be a doubt that Dryden wrote "*Ariosto*." The printer, however, — having probably never seen or

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heard the name of *Ariosto*, and finding that of *Aristotle* several times repeated in the same sheet—concluded that the author had here made a mistake, which he accordingly *corrected* in his way!

Dedication of Æneis, vol. II, pp. lxxvii and lxxix.

Quoting, probably, from memory, Dryden gave

——Non me tua *turbida virtus*
Terret, ait—

instead of

——Non me tua *fervida terrent*
Dicta, ferox—

as the passage stands in the original, Æn. xii, 894. On restoring the true reading, I felt myself obliged, in p. lxxix, to alter the word "*valour*" to "*threats*." Although I might perhaps more properly have said "*taunts*," yet there was at least an implied *threat* in those taunts; and "*threats*" better suits the context.

Æneïs, i, 179.

He rear'd his awful head above the main:
Serene in majesty, then roll'd his eyes, &c.

Virgil's "summâ *placidum caput extulit* undâ" naturally directs us to read

He rear'd his awful head above the main,
Serene in majesty,—then roll'd his eyes,

with as much *anger and indignation* as you please, but with very little *serenity*, on viewing the disastrous effects of the late hurricane.

Æneïs, i, 229.

An island ——
——forms a port secure for ships to ride,
Broke by the jutting land on either side:
In double streams the briny waters glide.
Betwixt two rows of rocks, a silvan scene
Appears above, and groves for ever green.

Did Dryden ever pen such nonsense, with Virgil by his

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side? No: we owe it all to his printer. The poet wrote thus

——forms a port secure for ships to ride:
Broke by the jutting land, on either side,
In double streams the briny waters glide
Betwixt two rows of rocks: a silvan scene
Appears above, &c.

Æneïs, i, 862.

With his right hand Ilioneus *was* grac'd.

The poet must certainly have written "*he* grac'd:" otherwise the following lines contain neither sense nor grammar.

Æneïs, i, 904.

—— antique vases all of gold emboss'd;
(The gold itself inferior to the cost:)
Of curious work, where on the sides were seen
The fights and figures of illustrious men.

Here the printer has imparted to us a notable discovery—that the fashion of the plate was not given for nothing in those days, since the vases had cost something more than the bare market-price of the bullion. Dryden himself, with an eye to Ovid's "*Materiem superabat opus*," had written as follows—

—— antique vases, all of gold emboss'd,
(The gold itself inferior to the cost
Of curious work) where on the sides were seen
The fights, &c.

Æneïs, i, 954.

I mean to plunge the boy in pleasing sleep,
And, ravish'd, in Idalian bow'rs to keep;
Or high Cythera: That the sweet deceit
May pass unseen, and none prevent the cheat,
Take thou his form and shape——

How different this from Virgil's idea! With him, the deceit consists in Cupid's assuming the figure of Iülus, and, in that disguise, enamouring Dido; while Iülus is kept out of the way, to prevent a discovery of the trick. Here, according to the printer's *improvement* of the passage, Iülus is to be

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smuggled away for some undisclosed purpose; and Cupid must personate him, merely to prevent his being missed! But Dryden intended otherwise, viz.

> And, ravish'd, in Idalian bow'rs to keep,
> Or high Cythera, that the sweet deceit
> May pass unseen, and none prevent the cheat.
> Take thou his form, &c.

Æneïs, ii, 483, after the simile of the "*hungry wolves*"—

> So rush'd we forth at once, resolv'd to die,
> Resolv'd in death the last extremes to try.
> We leave the narrow lanes behind, and dare
> Th' unequal combat in the public square.

The comparison should end at their *rushing forth*, until it be proved that wolves form such heroïc resolutions as that of Æneas and his party. In the mean time, let us read—

> So rush'd we forth at once. Resolv'd to die,
> Resolv'd in death the last extremes to try,
> We leave the narrow lanes behind, and dare
> Th' unequal combat in the public square.

Æneïs, ii, 641.

> ——————— the crested snake ———
> — casting off his slough when spring returns,
> Now looks aloft, and with new glory burns:
> Restor'd with pois'nous herbs, his ardent sides
> Reflect the sun, and rais'd on spires he rides:
> High o'er the grass, hissing he rolls along,
> And brandishes by fits his forky tongue.

A reference to the Latin is hardly necessary to show that Dryden had written, as I have printed—

> ——————— with new glory burns,
> Restor'd with pois'nous herbs: his ardent sides
> Reflect the sun; and, rais'd on spires, he rides
> High o'er the grass: hissing he rolls along, &c.

Æneïs, iii, 306.

> And mix their loathsome ordures with *their* meat;

The poet, I doubt not, wrote "*our* meat;" and I regret that I omitted to make the alteration.

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Æneïs, iv, 154.

The doubt is all from Jove, and destiny,
Lest he forbid, with absolute command,
To mix the people in one common land—
Or will the Trojan and the Tyrian line,
— In lasting leagues and sure succession, *join*.

This passage, printed here as I have given it in its proper place, does not present either good grammar, or the meaning of Virgil. But I see no remedy, as I cannot pretend to alter what Dryden actually wrote. I can, however, point out the probable source of the fault, viz. he had, no doubt, in conformity to the Latin text before him,

(———————— si Jupiter unam
Esse *velit* Tyriis urbem Trojâque profectis,
Miscerive *probet* populos, aut fœdera jungi)

originally given to the second and third lines a turn somewhat to the following effect—"whether he *will consent* [or *choose*] to mix the people;" after which, naturally followed "*or will.....join*," i. e. "whether *he* will join." But he afterwards new-moulded the two lines in question to their present form, without attending to the want of connexion thus produced between them and the following distich. The printer of the first edition, to *correct* and *improve* the passage, placed a full point after "*destiny*," another after "*land*," and a note of interrogation after "*join*;" as if, forsooth, the will of Jupiter and Fate were not alone sufficient unless ratified by the approbation of the Trojans and Tyrians! I need not add that all the subsequent editions have faithfully copied the blunder.—I have thought better to present the English reader with imperfect sense, or even nonsense, than a positively wrong sense; because, in the former case, he *may* possibly grope out the right way in the dark; whereas, in the latter, he must unavoidably be led astray by following the delusive glare of a Will-o'-wisp.

Æneïs, iv, 292.

The gates and columns *were* with garlands crown'd;
And *blood* of victim beasts *enrich* the ground.

That Dryden wrote "*enrich'd*," nobody can doubt.

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Æneïs, v, 211,

But, steering round, he *charg'd his pilot stand*
More close to shore, and skim along the sand.
Let others bear to sea.

Here the printer has converted the word "*stand*" into the infinitive, with a very harsh ellipsis of the particle "*to*"—Dryden had written it in the imperative—

——————— he charg'd his pilot—"*Stand*,
More close to shore, and skim along the sand!
Let others bear to sea."

Æneïs, v, 306.

If giv'n by you, the laurel bind my brow,
Assist to make me guilty of my vow.
A snow-white bull shall on your shore be slain....

How different from Dryden's idea! He meant—

If, giv'n by you, the laurel bind my brow,
(Assist to make me guilty of my vow!)
A snow-white bull shall on your shore be slain....

Æneïs, v, 743.

The last in order, but the first in *place*.

While the English reader is fruitlessly exercising his sagacity to find a solution of this paradox, let the classic scholar turn with me to Virgil, who will instantly prove that Dryden most certainly wrote—

The last in order, but the first in *grace*—

Extremus, *formâque ante omnes pulcher*, Iülus....

Æneïs, v, 759.

Again they close, and once again disjoin,
In troop to troop oppos'd, and line to line.
They meet, they wheel, &c.

Dryden intended thus,

Again they close, and once again disjoin:
In troop to troop oppos'd, and line to line,
They meet; they wheel, &c.

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Æneïs, vi, 249.

——by Pelides' *arms* when Hector fell.

The poet had probably placed a comma after "*arm*," and the printer converted it into *s*. Dryden would have written "*spear*" or "*steel*," if he had intended the weapon.

Æneïs, vi, 511.

Attend the term of long revolving years:
Fate, and the dooming gods, are *deaf to tears*.

Whether or not the gods were "*deaf to tears*," the printer most assuredly was *blind to* "*pray'rs*," which was, beyond all doubt, the word written by Dryden, agreeably to his original —

Desine fata deûm flecti sperare *precando*.

I have accordingly printed "*deaf to pray'rs*," though I own it much impairs the rhime. But Dryden did not hesitate to use rhimes equally objectionable in other parts of the work, e.g. *appears*, *hairs*, Georgic iii, 750—*appears*, *stares*, Æneïs, i, 486—*swain*, *mean*, Pastoral ii, 81—*air*, *appear*, Pastoral iv, 63—*pray*, *sea*, Georgic i, 40—*ear*, *share*, Georgic i, 251—*way*, *sea*, Georgic i, 296 and 495—*sea*, *pay*, Georgic i, 585—*unclean*, *plain*, Georgic i, 545—*ears*, *hairs*, Georgic iii, 749—*seat*, *state*, Georgic iv, 294—*stream*, *name*, Georgic iv, 397—*queen*, *fane*, Æneïs, i, 732, &c. &c. &c. for I could easily extend the list to such a length as would tire the reader's patience.

Æneïs, vi, 557.

The leaky vessel groans beneath the weight.
Slowly *he* sails; and scarcely stems the tides:
The pressing water pours within her sides.

Though "*he*" might here be applied to Charon, it is pretty clear, from the context, that Dryden had written "*she*," meaning the vessel.

Æneïs, vi, 587.

Who prodigally *throw* their lives away.

Dryden wrote "*threw*"—*abjecere*.

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Æneïs, vi, 614. (first edit.)

Doubtful as he who *sees* through dusky night,
Or thinks he sees, the moon's uncertain light—

exactly rendering the Latin, "*aut videt, aut vidisse putat*" —transformed, in the second edition, by a typographic error, to

Doubtful as he who *runs* through dusky night, &c.

Æneïs, vi, 633.

——————————then turning round,
But fix'd her eyes unmov'd upon the ground.

There can be little doubt that the poet had written "*She* fix'd," and that "*But*" crept in, by a typographic error, from the third line below.

Æneïs, vi, 679.

But, in remembrance of so brave a deed....

This "*but*" is evidently a typographic error, probably a mis-correction from the eighth line below. Agreeably to the Latin *tunc*, I presume the author wrote

Then, in remembrance, &c.

Æneïs, vi, 725.

Night rushes on, and headlong drives the day.

Between this and the next verse, I strongly conjecture that the printer omitted an entire line, to the following effect:—

While thus in tears we pass the hours away—

corresponding to Virgil's "*nos flendo ducimus horas*."

Æneïs, vi, 760.

But Hecat, when she gave to rule *the woods*—

As Dryden sometimes places the Alexandrine foremost, it is very probable that he had written this verse, agreeably to his original,

But Hecat, when she gave to rule *th' Avernian woods*—

and that the printer omitted the word "*Avernian*."

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Æneïs, vi, 788.

Salmoneus, suff'ring cruel pains, I found,
For emulating Jove; *the* rattling sound
Of mimic thunder, &c.

Few readers will deny that Dryden certainly wrote

For emulating Jove *with* rattling sound, &c.

Æneïs, vi, 856. (first edit.)

The walls of Pluto's palace are in view.
The gate, and iron arch above it, stands:
On anvils labour'd by the Cyclops' hands.

In the second edition, the printer, under the idea, no doubt, of *correcting* and *improving* the passage, gave it thus:

The walls of Pluto's palace are in view.
The *gate, and* iron *arch* above it, *stands*
On anvils, labour'd by the Cyclops' hands.

A foundation of anvils! Not quite amiss, I grant, in point of strength, if Virgil or any other ancient writer had laid such a foundation. But a reference to the Latin will immediately dispel the cloud of nonsense which envelops these lines, and direct us to read them as follows—

The walls of Pluto's palace are in view,
The gate, and iron arch above:—it stands—
On anvils labour'd by the Cyclops' hands—

i. e. "*The walls, gate, and arch, are in view:—it* [that is, the entire palace] *stands* [a firm edifice of eternal steel] *laboured on anvils by the hands of the Cyclops.*"

Æneïs, vi, 1061. (first edit.)

His sire already signs him for the skies,
And marks *his* seat amidst the deities.

Second edition, by a typographic error, "*the* seat."

Æneïs, vi, 1075.

The mighty Cæsar waits his vital hour.

In the Latin, Virgil points to him—"*Hic Cæsar,*" &c. so, no doubt, did Dryden in his English—

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There mighty Cæsar, &c.

Æneïs, vii, 359. (first edit.)

Partake and use my kingdom as your own:
All shall be yours, while I command the crown.

The second, by a typographic error,

And shall be yours.....

Æneïs, vii, 445. (first edit.)

Another queen brings forth another brand,
To burn with foreign fires *her native* land.

In thus translating, Dryden had applied the original passage of Virgil to the queen Amata and her daughter Lavinia. On second thoughts, he saw better reason to apply it to Venus and Æneas: consequently, "*her native* land" was wrong. He ought indeed to have new-moulded the entire distich, but contented himself with directing that the latter verse should be read—

To burn with foreign fires *another* land—

and it was accordingly so published in the second edition. In the third, however, the printer thought proper to restore the rejected error; and he has been too faithfully copied in all succeeding editions.

Æneïs, vii, 544.

Evæ, O Bacchus, thus began the song,
And *Evæ* answer'd all the female throng.

Although here be no mistake either of the author or the printer, the classic reader will, I trust, not disapprove my restitution of the original sonorous exclamation, "*Euoi*," instead of the puny un-impressive modern corruption, "*Evæ*."

Æneïs, vii, 933.

Arm'd Argive horse they *led*, and in the front appear.

Dryden wrote "*lead*."

Æneïs, viii, 325.

A sounding flaw succeeds; and from on high

"The gods with hate *beheld* the nether sky;
The ghosts repine, &c.

A typographic error, for "*behold.*"

Æneïs, viii, 467.

Then saw two heaps of ruins.....

I have not a doubt that Dryden had here imitated Virgil, in suddenly dropping the character of a mere narrator, to introduce Evander himself speaking in person, and pointing to the objects he describes—

"*There see* two heaps....."

and I regret that I scrupled to make the alteration.

Æneïs, viii, 502.

With humble suit I beg thy needful art,
O still propitious pow'r, that *rules* my heart!

The printer, not the poet, here gave "*rules*" for "*rul'st.*"

Æneïs, viii, 831,

For *those*, emboss'd, the heav'nly smith had wrought
The wars in order, &c.

Even without looking to Virgil's

Illic res Italas, &c.

it is at once evident that Dryden wrote

For *there*, emboss'd, the heav'nly smith, &c.

Æneïs, viii, 879.

Hard by, the leaping Salian priests advance:
And naked through the streets the mad Luperci dance:
In caps of wool. The targets dropt from heav'n.

This passage is nonsense; and nonsense it must remain; for there is no remedy, unless we could obtain a sight of Dryden's original manuscript. But the source of the mischief I think I can easily point out. At first (I presume) Dryden had, in imitation of his prototype, expressed himself to the following effect—"*Here the artist god had engraven* [or, *here were engraven*] *the dancing Salii—the naked Luperci—the caps of wool—the targets dropt from heaven.*"—Afterwards he altered the first part of the sen-

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tence to its present construction, and forgot to make a correspondent and necessary alteration in the latter. The printer, to make some sense of the passage, right or wrong, *corrected* "*The* caps of wool" to "*In* caps of wool;" and succeeding printers completed the *correction* by striking out the colon after "*dance,*" and making the "*naked Luperci dance in caps of wool,*"—little dreaming that those bonnets or mitres, surmounted with woollen crests or tassels, (which Dryden not very accurately describes in terms better suited to vulgar worsted night-caps) were appropriate to the priesthood alone; and that it was just as much in character to bestow them on the "*naked Luperci,*" as it would be in our right reverend bench of bishops to lend their mitres and lawn surplices to a gang of chimney-sweepers, to play their anniversary gambols about the streets on May-day!

Æneïs, ix, 64.

He rides around the camp with rolling eyes,
And stops at ev'ry *post*, and ev'ry passage tries.

Whoever consults the Latin, and considers the situation of the besiegers and the besieged, will readily admit that Dryden must have written, as I have printed, "ev'ry *port*," i. e. every *gate* or *entrance*.

Æneïs, ix, 414.

——————The noble Trojans wait
Their issuing forth, and follow to the gate.
With pray'rs and vows, above the rest appears
Ascanius, manly far beyond his years.
And messages committed to their care.....

A single glance at the original Latin is sufficient to justify my different arrangement, viz.

——————The noble Trojans wait
Their issuing forth, and follow to the gate
With pray'rs and vows. Above the rest appears
Ascanius, manly far beyond his years,
And messages committed to their care.

Æneïs, ix, 796.

Him, when he spy'd from far the Tuscan king,
Amidst the tumult, and took him to the sling.

Any schoolboy might at once have discovered that Dryden had written—

Him when he spy'd from far, the Tuscan king
Laid by the lance, &c.

Yet—strange to relate!—the absurd punctuation of the first edition has never till now been corrected.

Æneïs, ix, 1040.

He *joints* the neck.....

Although the word "*disjoint*" has, by butchers and cooks, been gradually chopped down to simple "*joint*," I hope I may be allowed to suppose that Dryden most probably wrote '*sjoints* (which I have accordingly ventured to print), as Milton had before written '*sdeign*, in imitation of the Italian '*sdegno*, '*sdegnar*.

Æneïs, x, 247.

From *Asium* brought—

No copy of Virgil giving *Asium*, which indeed the measure of the verse in the original would not admit, we doubtless owe it to an error of the English printer, instead of *Clusium*, the proper reading.

Æneïs, x, 698.

O mortals, blind *in* fate....

Dryden having elsewhere adopted the Latin construction,

"Blind *of* the future,".....

I have here ventured to introduce his own phraseology, "blind *of* fate," instead of "*in*," which appears to have been only a typographic mis-correction from the preceding line.

Æneïs, x, 1240.

Thou wilt no foreign reins, or Trojan *lord*, endure

Although "*lord*" occurs in the preceding line, whoever consults the Latin—

Frena aliena pati aut *dominos* dignabere Teucros!

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will hardly object to the repetition of the word here, or doubt that Dryden wrote "Trojan *lord*."

Æneïs, x, 1891.

Now, where are now *thy* vaunts, the fierce disdain
Of proud Mezentius, and the lofty strain?

The poet, doubtless, wrote "*the* vaunts."

Æneïs, xi, 976.

When *Thermodon* with bloody billows roll'd.

Whether it was the author or the printer that committed the mistake, "*Thermōdon*" is here, by an improper position, converted to "*Thermŏdon*." As the thought expressed in this verse is not in the Latin original, it appears the less improbable that Dryden might have at first introduced a quite different idea, and afterwards, on new-moulding the line, made the erasure and correction in a vague indistinct manner, so as to leave the printer uncertain of the intended arrangement of the words, which perhaps was this—though I have not ventured to adopt it—

With bloody billows when *Thermodon* roll'd.

Æneïs, xii, 60. (first edit.)

The bones of Latians *blanch* the neighb'ring shore.

The second, by a typographic error, gives "*glance*."

Notes, vol. III. p. 302.

"The names of *fifty* river nymphs".....

A typographic error, for "*fifteen*;" though, by the way, it should have been "*sixteen*," if Dryden, with all his attention to translate the entire catalogue of names, had not forgotten that of *Cymodoce*.—The mute personages alone being the objects of his remark, *Cyrene* and *Clymĕne* are not to be counted in the number.

Notes, vol. III, p. 326.

"As for the names of the Harpies.....Hesiod tells us they were *Iris*, Aëllo, and Ocypete."

Here Dryden has fallen into an error. Hesiod does indeed mention *Iris* in the same passage with the *Harpies*,

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but *not* as one of their number. His words (*Theogonia*, 267) are, "*She* [Electra, the wife of Thaumas] *bore Iris*, AND *the Harpies*, *Aëllo and Ocypete*." The genealogy given by Apollodorus (Περι Θεων, lib. i.) exactly agrees with that in Hesiod.

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TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

HUGH LORD CLIFFORD,

BARON OF CHUDLEIGH.

My Lord,

I have found it not more difficult to translate Virgil, than to find such patrons as I desire for my translation. For, though England is not wanting in a learned nobility, yet such are my unhappy circumstances, that they have confined me to a narrow choice. To the greater part I have not the honour to be known; and to some of them I cannot shew at present, by any public act, that grateful respect which I shall ever bear them in my heart. Yet I have no reason to complain of

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fortune, since, in the midst of that abundance, I could not possibly have chosen better, than the worthy son of so illustrious a father. He was the patron of my manhood, when I flourished in the opinion of the world; though with small advantage to my fortune, till he awakened the remembrance of my royal master. He was that Pollio, or that Varus, who introduced me to Augustus: and, though he soon dismissed himself from state-affairs, yet, in the short time of his administration, he shone so powerfully upon me, that, like the heat of a Russian summer, he ripened the fruits of poetry in a cold climate, and gave me wherewithal to subsist at least, in the long winter which succeeded. What I now offer to your lordship, is the wretched remainder of a sickly age, worn out with study, and oppressed by fortune; without other support than the constancy and patience of a Christian. You, my lord, are yet in the flower of your youth, and may live to enjoy the benefits of the peace which is promised Europe: I can only hear of that blessing; for years,

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and, above all things, want of health, have shut me out from sharing in the happiness. The poets, who condemn their Tantalus to hell, had added to his torments, if they had placed him in Elysium, which is the proper emblem of my condition. The fruit and the water may reach my lips, but cannot enter: and, if they could, yet I want a palate as well as a digestion. But it is some kind of pleasure to me, to please those whom I respect. And I am not altogether out of hope, that these Pastorals of Virgil may give your lordship some delight, though made English by one who scarce remembers that passion which inspired my author when he wrote them. These were his first essay in poetry (if the Ceiris was not his): and it was more excusable in him to describe love when he was young, than for me to translate him when I am old. He died at the age of fifty-two; and I began this work in my great climacteric. But, having perhaps a better constitution than my author, I have wronged him less, considering my circumstances, than those who have attempted

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him before, either in our own or any modern language. And, though this version is not void of errors, yet it comforts me that the faults of others are not worth finding. Mine are neither gross nor frequent in those Eclogues, wherein my master has raised himself above that humble style in which pastoral delights, and which, I must confess, is proper to the education and converse of shepherds: for he found the strength of his genius betimes, and was, even in his youth, preluding to his Georgics and his Æneïs. He could not forbear to try his wings, though his pinions were not hardened to maintain a long laborious flight. Yet sometimes they bore him to a pitch as lofty as ever he was able to reach afterwards. But, when he was admonished by his subject to descend, he came down gently, circling in the air, and singing, to the ground; like a lark, melodious in her mounting, and continuing her song till she alights, still preparing for a higher flight at her next sally, and tuning her voice to better music. The fourth, the sixth, and the eighth

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Pastorals, are clear evidences of this truth. In the three first, he contains himself within his bounds: but, addressing to Pollio, his great patron, and himself no vulgar poet, he no longer could restrain the freedom of his spirit, but began to assert his native character, which is sublimity—putting himself under the conduct of the same Cumæan Sibyl, whom afterwards he gave for a guide to his Æneas. It is true, he was sensible of his own boldness; and we know it by the *paullo majora*, which begins his fourth Eclogue. He remembered, like young Manlius, that he was forbidden to engage: but what avails an express command to a youthful courage, which presages victory in the attempt? Encouraged with success, he proceeds farther in the sixth, and invades the province of philosophy. And, notwithstanding that Phœbus had forewarned him of singing wars, as he there confesses, yet he presumed that the search of nature was as free to him as to Lucretius, who at his age explained it according to the principles of Epicurus. In his eighth Eclogue, he has in-

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novated nothing; the former part of it being the complaint and despair of a forsaken lover; the latter, a charm of an enchantress, to renew a lost affection. But the complaint perhaps contains some topics which are above the condition of his persons; and our author seems to have made his herdsmen somewhat too learned for their profession: the charms are also of the same nature; but both were copied from Theocritus, and had received the applause of former ages in their original. There is a kind of rusticity in all those pompous verses; somewhat of a holy-day shepherd strutting in his country buskins. The like may be observed both in the *Pollio* and the *Silenus*, where the similitudes are drawn from the woods and meadows. They seem to me to represent our poet betwixt a farmer and a courtier, when he left Mantua for Rome, and drest himself in his best habit to appear before his patron, somewhat too fine for the place from whence he came, and yet retaining part of its simplicity. In the ninth Pastoral, he collects some beautiful passages, which

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were scattered in Theocritus, which he could not insert into any of his former Eclogues, and yet was unwilling they should be lost. In all the rest, he is equal to his Sicilian master, and observes, like him, a just decorum both of the subject and the persons, as particularly in the third Pastoral, where one of his shepherds describes a bowl, or mazer, curiously carved.

In medio duo signa: Conon, et quis fuit alter,
Descripsit radio totum qui gentibus orbem?

He remembers only the name of Conon, and forgets the other on set purpose. Whether he means Anaximander or Eudoxus, I dispute not: but he was certainly forgotten, to shew his country swain was no great scholar.

After all, I must confess that the boorish dialect of Theocritus has a secret charm in it, which the Roman language cannot imitate, though Virgil has drawn it down as low as possibly he could, as in the *cujum pecus*, and some other words, for which he was so unjustly blamed by the bad critics of his age, who could not see the beauties of that *merum*

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rus, which the poet described in those expressions. But Theocritus may justly be preferred as the original, without injury to Virgil, who modestly contents himself with the second place, and glories only in being the first who transplanted pastoral into his own country, and brought it there to bear as happily as the cherry-trees which Lucullus brought from Pontus.

Our own nation has produced a third poet in this kind, not inferior to the two former: for the *Shepherd's Kalendar* of Spencer is not to be matched in any modern language, not even by Tasso's *Aminta*, which infinitely transcends Guarini's *Pastor Fido*, as having more of nature in it, and being almost wholly clear from the wretched affectation of learning. I will say nothing of the *Piscatory Eclogues*, because no modern Latin can bear criticism. It is no wonder, that, rolling down, through so many barbarous ages, from the spring of Virgil, it bears along with it the filth and ordures of the Goths and Vandals. Neither will I mention Monsieur Fontenelle, the living glory of

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the French. It is enough for him to have excelled his master Lucian, without attempting to compare our miserable age with that of Virgil or Theocritus. Let me only add, for his reputation,

——————— Si Pergama dextrâ
Defendi possent, etiam hac defensa fuissent.

But Spencer, being master of our northern dialect, and skilled in Chaucer's English, has so exactly imitated the Doric of Theocritus, that his love is a perfect image of that passion which God infused into both sexes, before it was corrupted with the knowledge of arts, and the ceremonies of what we call good manners.

My lord, I know to whom I dedicate, and could not have been induced by any motive to put this part of Virgil, or any other, into unlearned hands. You have read him with pleasure, and, I dare say, with admiration, in the Latin, of which you are a master. You have added to your natural endowments, which without flattery are eminent, the superstructures of study and the knowledge of good

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authors. Courage, probity, and humanity, are inherent in you. These virtues have ever been habitual to the ancient house of Cumberland, from whence you are descended, and of which our chronicles make so honourable mention in the long wars betwixt the rival families of York and Lancaster. Your forefathers have asserted the party which they chose, till death, and died for its defence in the fields of battle. You have, besides, the fresh remembrance of your noble father, from whom you never can degenerate.

———— *Nec imbellem feroces*
Progenerant aquilæ columbam.

It being almost morally impossible for you to be other than you are by kind, I need neither praise nor incite your virtue. You are acquainted with the Roman history, and know, without my information, that patronage and clientship always descended from the fathers to the sons, and that the same plebeian houses had recourse to the same patrician line which had formerly protected them, and followed

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their principles and fortunes to the last. So that I am your lordship's by descent, and part of your inheritance. And the natural inclination which I have to serve you, adds to your paternal right; for I was wholly yours from the first moment when I had the happiness and honour of being known to you. Be pleased therefore to accept the rudiments of Virgil's poetry, coarsely translated, I confess, but which yet retain some beauties of the author, which neither the barbarity of our language, nor my unskilfulness, could so much sully, but that they appear sometimes in the dim mirrour which I hold before you. The subject is not unsuitable to your youth, which allows you yet to love, and is proper to your present scene of life. Rural recreations abroad, and books at home, are the innocent pleasures of a man who is early wise, and gives Fortune no more hold of him, than of necessity he must. It is good, on some occasions, to think beforehand as little as we can; to enjoy as much of the present as will not endanger our futurity; and to provide ourselves of the vir-

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tuoso's saddle, which will be sure to amble, when the world is upon the hardest trot. What I humbly offer to your lordship, is of this nature. I wish it pleasant, and am sure it is innocent. May you ever continue your esteem for Virgil, and not lessen it for the faults of his translator; who is, with all manner of respect and sense of gratitude,

MY LORD,

YOUR LORDSHIP'S

MOST HUMBLE

AND

MOST OBEDIENT SERVANT,

JOHN DRYDEN.

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THE

LIFE

OF

PUBLIUS VIRGILIUS MARO,

BY WILLIAM WALSH.

VIRGIL was born at Mantua, which city was built no less than three hundred years before Rome, and was the capital of the New Hetruria, as himself, no less antiquary than poet, assures us. His birth is said to have happened in the first consulship of Pompey the Great, and Licinius Crassus: but, since the relater of this presently after contradicts himself; and Virgil's manner of addressing to Octavius implies a greater difference of age than that of seven years, as appears by his first Pastoral, and other places; it is reasonable to set the date of it something backward: and the writer of his life, having no certain memorials to work upon, seems to have pitched upon the two most illustrious consuls he could find about that time, to signalize the

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birth of so eminent a man. But it is beyond all question, that he was born on or near the fifteenth of October; which day was kept festival in honour of his memory, by the Latin, as the birth-day of Homer was by the Greek, poets. And so near a resemblance there is betwixt the lives of these two famous epic writers, that Virgil seems to have followed the fortune of the other, as well as the subject and manner of his writing. For Homer is said to have been of very mean parents, such as got their bread by day-labour; so is Virgil. Homer is said to be base-born; so is Virgil: the former to have been born in the open air, in a ditch, or by the bank of a river; so is the latter. There was a poplar planted near the place of Virgil's birth, which suddenly grew up to an unusual height and bulk, and to which the superstitious neighbourhood attributed marvellous virtue. Homer had his poplar too, as Herodotus relates, which was visited with great veneration. Homer is described by one of the ancients to have been of a slovenly and neglected mien and habit; so was Virgil. Both were of a very delicate and sickly constitution; both addicted to travel, and the study of astrology: both had their compositions usurped by others; both envied and traduced during their lives. We know not so much as the true names of either of them with any exactness; for the critics are not yet agreed how the word *Virgil* should be written; and of Homer's name there is no certainty at all. Whosoever shall

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consider this parallel in so many particulars, (and more might be added) would be inclined to think, that either the same stars ruled strongly at the nativities of them both; or, what is a great deal more probable, that the Latin grammarians, wanting materials for the former part of Virgil's life, after the legendary fashion, supplied it out of Herodotus; and, like ill face-painters, not being able to hit the true features, endeavoured to make amends by a great deal of impertinent landscape and drapery.

Without troubling the reader with needless quotations now or afterwards, the most probable opinion is, that Virgil was the son of a servant or assistant to a wandering astrologer, who practised physic: for *medicus*, *magus*, as Juvenal observes, usually went together; and this course of life was followed by a great many Greeks and Syrians; of one of which nations it seems not improbable that Virgil's father was. Nor could a man of that profession have chosen a fitter place to settle in, than that most superstitious tract of Italy, which, by her ridiculous rites and ceremonies, as much enslaved the Romans, as the Romans did the Hetrurians by their arms. This man therefore, having got together some money, which stock he improved by his skill in planting and husbandry, had the good fortune, at last, to marry his master's daughter, by whom he had Virgil; and this woman seems, by her mother's side, to have been of good extraction; for she was nearly related to Quinctilius Varus, whom

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Paterculus assures us to have been of an illustrious, though not patrician, family; and there is honourable mention made of it in the history of the second Carthaginian war. It is certain that they gave him very good education; to which they were inclined, not so much by the dreams of his mother, and those presages which Donatus relates, as by the early indications which he gave of a sweet disposition and excellent wit. He passed the first seven years of his life at Mantua, not seventeen, as Scaliger miscorrects his author; for the *initia ætatis* can hardly be supposed to extend so far. From thence he removed to Cremona, a noble Roman colony, and afterwards to Milan; in all which places he prosecuted his studies with great application; he read over all the best Latin and Greek authors; for which he had convenience by the no remote distance of Marseilles, that famous Greek colony, which maintained its politeness, and purity of language, in the midst of all those barbarous nations amongst which it was seated: and some tincture of the latter seems to have descended from them down to the modern French. He frequented the most eminent professors of the Epicurean philosophy, which was then much in vogue, and will be always, in declining and sickly states. But, finding no satisfactory account from his master Syron, he passed over to the Academic school, to which he adhered the rest of his life, and deserved, from a great emperor, the title of the *Plato of poets*. He composed at leisure hours

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a great number of verses on various subjects; and, desirous rather of a great than early fame, he permitted his kinsman and fellow-student Varus to derive the honour of one of his tragedies to himself. Glory, neglected in proper time and place, returns often with large increase: and so he found it; for Varus afterwards proved a great instrument of his rise. In short, it was here that he formed the plan, and collected the materials, of all those excellent pieces which he afterwards finished, or was forced to leave less perfect by his death. But, whether it were the unwholesomeness of his native air, of which he somewhere complains, or his too great abstinence, and night-watchings at his study, to which he was always addicted, as Augustus observes —or possibly the hopes of improving himself by travel,—he resolved to remove to the more southern tract of Italy; and it was hardly possible for him not to take Rome in his way, as is evident to any one who shall cast an eye on the map of Italy. And therefore the late French editor of his works is mistaken, when he asserts that he never saw Rome, till he came to petition for his estate. He gained the acquaintance of the master of the horse to Octavius, and cured a great many diseases of horses, by methods they had never heard of. It fell out, at the same time, that a very fine colt, which promised great strength and speed, was presented to Octavius: Virgil assured them that he came of a faulty mare, and would prove a jade: upon trial, it was

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found as he had said. His judgement proved right in several other instances; which was the more surprising, because the Romans knew least of natural causes of any civilized nation in the world: and those meteors and prodigies, which cost them incredible sums to expiate, might easily have been accounted for, by no very profound naturalist. It is no wonder, therefore, that Virgil was in so great reputation, as to be at last introduced to Octavius himself. That prince was then at variance with Marc Antony, who vexed him with a great many libeling letters, in which he reproaches him with the baseness of his parentage, that he came of a scrivener, a ropemaker, and a baker, as Suetonius tells us. Octavius, finding that Virgil had passed so exact a judgement upon the breed of dogs and horses, thought that he possibly might be able to give him some light concerning his own. He took him into his closet, where they continued in private a considerable time. Virgil was a great mathematician; which, in the sense of those times, took in astrology: and—if there be any thing in that art (which I can hardly believe)—if that be true which the ingenious De la Chambre asserts confidently, that, from the marks on the body, the configuration of the planets at a nativity may be gathered, and the marks might be told by knowing the nativity—never had one of those artists a fairer opportunity to shew his skill, than Virgil now had; for Octavius had moles upon his body, exactly re-

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sembling the constellation called *Ursa Major.* But Virgil had other helps: the predictions of Cicero and Catulus*, and that vote of the senate had gone abroad, that no child, born at Rome in the year of his nativity, should be bred up, because the seers assured them that an emperor was born that year. Besides this, Virgil had heard of the Assyrian and Egyptian prophecies (which, in truth, were no other but the Jewish), that about that time a great king was to come into the world. Himself takes notice of them, Æn. vi. where he uses a very significant word (now in all liturgies), *hujus in adventum;* so in another place, *adventu propiore Dei.*

> At his foreseen approach, already quake
> Assyrian kingdoms, and Mæotis' lake.
> Nile hears him knocking at his sev'n-fold gates ——

Every one knows whence this was taken. It was rather a mistake than impiety in Virgil, to apply these prophecies, which belonged to the Saviour of the world, to the person of Octavius; it being a usual piece of flattery, for near a hundred years together, to attribute them to their emperors and other great men. Upon the whole matter, it is very probable that Virgil predicted to him the empire at this time. And it will appear yet the more, if we consider that he assures him of his being received into the number of the gods, in his first

* See Suetonius, Life of Octavius, chap. 94. Ed.

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Pastoral, long before the thing came to pass; which prediction seems grounded upon his former mistake. This was a secret, not to be divulged at that time; and therefore it is no wonder that the slight story in Donatus was given abroad to palliate the matter. But certain it is, that Octavius dismissed him with great marks of esteem, and earnestly recommended the protection of Virgil's affairs to Pollio, then lieutenant of the Cis-Alpine Gaul, where Virgil's patrimony lay. This Pollio, from a mean original, became one of the most considerable persons of his time: a good general, orator, statesman, historian, poet, and favourer of learned men; above all, he was a man of honour in those critical times. He had joined with Octavius and Antony in revenging the barbarous assassination of Julius Cæsar: when they two were at variance, he would neither follow Antony, whose courses he detested, nor join with Octavius against him, out of a grateful sense of some former obligations. Augustus, who thought it his interest to oblige men of principles, notwithstanding this, received him afterwards into favour, and promoted him to the highest honours. And thus much I thought fit to say of Pollio, because he was one of Virgil's greatest friends. Being therefore eased of domestic cares, he pursues his journey to Naples. The charming situation of that place, and view of the beautiful villas of the Roman nobility, equaling the magnificence of the greatest kings; the

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neighbourhood of Baiæ, whither the sick resorted for recovery, and the statesman when he was politicly sick; whither the wanton went for pleasure, and witty men for good company; the wholesomeness of the air, and improving conversation, the best air of all, contributed not only to the re-establishing his health, but to the forming of his style, and rendering him master of that happy turn of verse, in which he much surpasses all the Latins, and, in a less advantageous language, equals even Homer himself. He proposed to use his talent in poetry, only for scaffolding to build a convenient fortune, that he might prosecute, with less interruption, those nobler studies to which his elevated genius led him, and which he describes in these admirable lines.

Me vero primum dulces ante omnia Musæ,
Quarum sacra fero ingenti percussus amore,
Accipiant; cælique vias, et sidera, monstrent,
Defectus Solis varios, Lunæque labores;
Unde tremor terris, &c.

But the current of that martial age, by some strange antiperistasis, drove so violently towards poetry, that he was at last carried down with the stream: for not only the young nobility, but Octavius, and Pollio, Cicero in his old age, Julius Cæsar, and the stoïcal Brutus, a little before, would needs be tampering with the Muses. The two latter had taken great care to have their poems

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curiously bound, and lodged in the most famous libraries: but neither the sacredness of those places, nor the greatness of their names, could preserve ill poetry. Quitting therefore the study of the law, after having pleaded but one cause with indifferent success, he resolved to push his fortune this way; which he seems to have discontinued for some time: and that may be the reason why the *Culex*, his first pastoral now extant, has little besides the novelty of the subject, and the moral of the fable which contains an exhortation to gratitude, to recommend it. Had it been as correct as his other pieces, nothing more proper and pertinent could have at that time been addressed to the young Octavius: for the year in which he presented it, probably at Baiæ, seems to be the very same in which that prince consented (though with seeming reluctance) to the death of Cicero, under whose consulship he was born, the preserver of his life, and chief instrument of his advancement. There is no reason to question its being genuine, as the late French editor does: its meanness, in comparison of Virgil's other works, (which is that writer's only objection) confutes himself; for Martial, who certainly saw the true copy, speaks of it with contempt; and yet that pastoral equals, at least, the address to the Dauphin which is prefixed to the late edition. Octavius, to unbend his mind from application to public business, took frequent turns to Baiæ, and Sicily, where he composed his poem called *Sicelides*,

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which Virgil seems to allude to in the pastoral beginning *Sicelides Musæ*. This gave him opportunity of refreshing that prince's memory of him; and about that time he wrote his *Ætna*. Soon after he seems to have made a voyage to Athens, and at his return presented his *Ceiris*, a more elaborate piece, to the noble and eloquent Messala. The forementioned author groundlessly taxes this as supposititious: for, besides other critical marks, there are no less than fifty or sixty verses, altered indeed and polished, which he inserted in the Pastorals, according to his fashion: and from thence they were called *Eclogues*, or *Select Bucolics:* we thought fit to use a title more intelligible, the reason of the other being ceased; and we are supported by Virgil's own authority, who expressly calls them *carmina pastorum*. The French editor is again mistaken, in asserting that the *Ceiris* is borrowed from the ninth of Ovid's *Metamorphoses:* he might have more reasonably conjectured it to be taken from Parthenius, the Greek poet, from whom Ovid borrowed a great part of his work. But it is indeed taken from neither, but from that learned, unfortunate poet, Apollonius Rhodius, to whom Virgil is more indebted than to any other Greek writer, excepting Homer. The reader will be satisfied of this, if he consults that author in his own language; for the translation is a great deal more obscure than the original.

Whilst Virgil thus enjoyed the sweets of a learned

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privacy, the troubles of Italy cut off his little subsistence: but, by a strange turn of human affairs, which ought to keep good men from ever despairing, the loss of his estate proved the effectual way of making his fortune. The occasion of it was this: Octavius, as himself relates, when he was but nineteen years of age, by a masterly stroke of policy, had gained the veteran legions into his service, (and, by that step, outwitted all the republican senate): they grew now very clamorous for their pay: the treasury being exhausted, he was forced to make assignments upon land; and none but in Italy itself would content them. He pitched upon Cremona, as the most distant from Rome: but, that not sufficing, he afterwards threw in part of the state of Mantua. Cremona was a rich and noble colony, settled a little before the invasion of Hannibal. During that tedious and bloody war, they had done several important services to the commonwealth; and, when eighteen other colonies, pleading poverty and depopulation, refused to contribute money or to raise recruits, they of Cremona voluntarily paid a double quota of both. But past services are a fruitless plea: civil wars are one continued act of ingratitude. In vain did the miserable mothers, with their famishing infants in their arms, fill the streets with their numbers, and the air with lamentations: the craving legions were to be satisfied at any rate. Virgil, involved in the common calamity, had recourse to his old patron,

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Pollio; but he was, at this time, under a cloud; however, compassionating so worthy a man, not of a make to struggle through the world, he did what he could, and recommended him to Mæcenas, with whom he still kept a private correspondence. The name of this great man being much better known than one part of his character, the reader, I presume, will not be displeased if I supply it in this place.

Though he was of as deep reach, and easy dispatch of business, as any in his time, yet he designedly lived beneath his true character. Men had oftentimes meddled in public affairs, that they might have more ability to furnish for their pleasures: Mæcenas, by the honestest hypocrisy that ever was, pretended to a life of pleasure, that he might render more effectual service to his master. He seemed wholly to amuse himself with the diversions of the town, but, under that mask, was the greatest minister of his age. He would be carried in a careless, effeminate posture through the streets in his chair, even to the degree of a proverb; and yet there was not a cabal of ill-disposed persons which he had not early notice of; and that too in a city as large as London and Paris, and perhaps two or three more of the most populous, put together. No man better understood that art so necessary to the great — the art of declining envy. Being but of a gentleman's family, not patrician, he would not provoke the nobility by accepting invidious ho-

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nours, but wisely satisfied himself that he had the ear of Augustus, and the secret of the empire. He seems to have committed but one great fault, which was the trusting a secret of high consequence to his wife: but his master, enough uxorious himself, made his own frailty more excusable, by generously forgiving that of his favourite: he kept, in all his greatness, exact measures with his friends; and, chusing them wisely, found, by experience, that good sense and gratitude are almost inseparable. This appears in Virgil and Horace. The former, besides the honour he did him to all posterity, returned his liberalities at his death: the other, whom Mæcenas recommended with his last breath, was too generous to stay behind, and enjoy the favour of Augustus: he only desired a place in his tomb, and to mingle his ashes with those of his deceased benefactor. But this was seventeen hundred years ago. Virgil, thus powerfully supported, thought it mean to petition for himself alone, but resolutely solicits the cause of his whole country, and seems, at first, to have met with some encouragement. But, the matter cooling, he was forced to sit down contented with the grant of his own estate. He goes therefore to Mantua, produces his warrant to a captain of foot, whom he found in his house. Arrius, who had eleven points of the law, and fierce of the services he had rendered to Octavius, was so far from yielding possession, that, words growing betwixt them, he wounded him danger-

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ously, forced him to fly, and at last to swim the river Mincius to save his life. Virgil, who used to say that no virtue was so necessary as patience, was forced to drag a sick body half the length of Italy, back again to Rome, and by the way, probably, composed his ninth Pastoral, which may seem to have been made up in haste out of the fragments of some other pieces; and naturally enough represents the disorder of the poet's mind, by its disjointed fashion, though there be another reason to be given else-where of its want of connexion. He handsomely states his case in that poem, and, with the pardonable resentments of injured innocence, not only claims Octavius's promise, but hints to him the uncertainty of human greatness and glory. All was taken in good part by that wise prince: at last effectual orders were given. About this time, he composed that admirable poem, which is set first, out of respect to Cæsar; for he does not seem either to have had leisure, or to have been in the humour of making so solemn an acknowledgement, till he was possessed of the benefit. And now he was in so great reputation and interest, that he resolved to give up his land to his parents, and himself to the court. His Pastorals were in such esteem, that Pollio, now again in high favour with Cæsar, desired him to reduce them into a volume. Some modern writer, that has a constant flux of verse, would stand amazed how Virgil could employ three whole years

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in revising five or six hundred verses, most of which, probably, were made some time before: but there is more reason to wonder how he could do it so soon in such perfection. A coarse stone is presently fashioned; but a diamond, of not many karats, is many weeks in sawing, and, in polishing, many more. He who put Virgil upon this, had a politic good end in it.

The continued civil wars had laid Italy almost waste; the ground was uncultivated and unstocked; upon which ensued such a famine and insurrection, that Cæsar hardly escaped being stoned at Rome; his ambition being looked upon by all parties as the principal occasion of it. He set himself therefore with great industry to promote country improvements; and Virgil was serviceable to his design, as the good keeper of the bees, Georg. iv.

Tinnitusque cie, et Matris quate cymbala circum.
Ipsæ consident.

That emperor afterwards thought it matter worthy a public inscription—

REDIIT CULTUS AGRIS—

which seems to be the motive that induced Mæcenas to put him upon writing his Georgics, or books of husbandry: a design as new in Latin verse, as pastorals, before Virgil, were in Italy; which work

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took up seven of the most vigorous years of his life; for he was now at least thirty-four years of age; and here Virgil shines in his meridian. A great part of this work seems to have been rough-drawn before he left Mantua; for an ancient writer has observed, that the rules of husbandry, laid down in it, are better calculated for the soil of Mantua, than for the more sunny climate of Naples; near which place, and in Sicily, he finished it. But, lest his genius should be depressed by apprehensions of want, he had a good estate settled upon him, and a house in the pleasantest part of Rome; the principal furniture of which was a well-chosen library, which stood open to all comers of learning and merit: and what recommended the situation of it most, was the neighbourhood of his Mæcenas; and thus he could either visit Rome, or return to his privacy at Naples, through a pleasant road adorned on each side with pieces of antiquity, of which he was so great a lover, and, in the intervals of them, seemed almost one continued street of three days' journey.

Cæsar, having now vanquished Sextus Pompeius, (a spring tide of prosperities breaking in upon him, before he was ready to receive them as he ought) fell sick of the *imperial evil*, the desire of being thought something more than man. Ambition is an infinite folly: when it has attained to the utmost pitch of human greatness, it soon falls to making pretensions upon heaven. The crafty Livia would

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needs be drawn in the habit of a priestess by the shrine of the new god: and this became a fashion not to be dispensed with amongst the ladies. The devotion was wondrous great amongst the Romans; for it was their interest, and (which sometimes avails more) it was the mode. Virgil, though he despised the heathen superstitions, and is so bold as to call Saturn and Janus by no better a name than that of *old men*, and might deserve the title of subverter of superstitions, as well as Varro, thought fit to follow the maxim of Plato his master, that every one should serve the gods after the usage of his own country; and therefore was not the last to present his incense, which was of too rich a composition for *such* an altar; and, by his address to Cæsar on this occasion, made an unhappy precedent to Lucan and other poets which came after him, Georg. i. and iii. And this poem being now in great forwardness, Cæsar, who, in imitation of his predecessor Julius, never intermitted his studies in the camp, and much less in other places, refreshing himself by a short stay in a pleasant village of Campania, would needs be entertained with the rehearsal of some part of it. Virgil recited with a marvellous grace, and sweet accent of voice; but his lungs failing him, Mæcenas himself supplied his place for what remained. Such a piece of condescension would now be very surprising; but it was no more than customary amongst friends, when learning passed for quality. Lælius, the second man of

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Rome in his time, had done as much for that poet, out of whose dross Virgil would sometimes pick gold, as himself said, when one found him reading Ennius: (the like he did by some verses of Varro, and Pacuvius, Lucretius, and Cicero, which he inserted into his works.) But learned men then lived easy and familiarly with the great: Augustus himself would sometimes sit down betwixt Virgil and Horace, and say jestingly, that he sate betwixt sighing and tears, alluding to the asthma of one, and rheumatic eyes of the other. He would frequently correspond with them, and never leave a letter of theirs unanswered: nor were they under the constraint of formal superscriptions in the beginning, nor of violent superlatives at the close, of their letter: the invention of these is a modern refinement; in which this may be remarked, in passing, that "*humble servant*" is respect, but "*friend*" an affront; which notwithstanding implies the former, and a great deal more. Nor does true greatness lose by such familiarity; and those who have it not, as Mæcenas and Pollio had, are not to be accounted proud, but rather very discreet, in their reserves. Some playhouse beauties do wisely to be seen at a distance, and to have the lamps twinkle betwixt them and the spectators.

But now Cæsar, who, though he were none of the greatest soldiers, was certainly the greatest traveler, of a prince, that had ever been, (for which Virgil so dexterously compliments him, Æneïd, vi.)

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takes a voyage to Egypt, and, having happily finished the war, reduces that mighty kingdom into the form of a province; over which he appointed Gallus his lieutenant. This is the same person to whom Virgil addresses his tenth Pastoral; changing, in compliance to his request, his purpose of limiting them to the number of the Muses. The praises of this Gallus took up a considerable part of the fourth book of the Georgics, according to the general consent of antiquity: but Cæsar would have it put out; and yet the seam in the poem is still to be discerned; and the matter of Aristæus's recovering his bees might have been dispatched in less compass, without fetching the causes so far, or interessing so many gods and goddesses in that affair. Perhaps some readers may be inclined to think this, though very much laboured, not the most entertaining part of that work; so hard it is for the greatest masters to paint against their inclination. But Cæsar was contented that he should be mentioned in the last Pastoral, because it might be taken for a satirical sort of commendation; and the character he there stands under, might help to excuse his cruelty, in putting an old servant to death for no very great crime.

And now having ended, as he begins his Georgics, with solemn mention of Cæsar (an argument of his devotion to him), he begins his *Æneïs*, according to the common account, being now turned of forty. But that work had been, in truth, the subject of

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much earlier meditation. Whilst he was working upon the first book of it, this passage, so very remarkable in history, fell out, in which Virgil had a great share.

Cæsar, about this time, either cloyed with glory, or terrified by the example of his predecessor, or to gain the credit of moderation with the people, or possibly to feel the pulse of his friends, deliberated whether he should retain the sovereign power, or restore the commonwealth. Agrippa, who was a very honest man, but whose view was of no great extent, advised him to the latter; but Mæcenas, who had thoroughly studied his master's temper, in an eloquent oration, gave contrary advice. That emperor was too politic to commit the oversight of Cromwell, in a deliberation something resembling this. Cromwell had never been more desirous of the power, than he was afterwards of the title, of king; and there was nothing in which the heads of the parties, who were all his creatures, would not comply with him: but, by too vehement allegation of arguments against it, he, who had out-witted every body besides, at last out-witted himself by too deep dissimulation: for his council, thinking to make their court by assenting to his judgement, voted unanimously for him against his inclination; which surprised and troubled him to such a degree, that, as soon as he had got into his coach, he fell into a swoon. But Cæsar knew his people better; and, his council being thus divided, he asked Vir-

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gil's advice. Thus a poet had the honour of determining the greatest point that ever was in debate, betwixt the son-in-law and favourite of Cæsar. Virgil delivered his opinion in words to this effect: "The change of a popular into an absolute government has generally been of very ill consequence: for, betwixt the hatred of the people and injustice of the prince, it of necessity comes to pass that they live in distrust, and mutual apprehensions. But, if the commons knew a just person, whom they entirely confided in, it would be for the advantage of all parties, that such a one should be their sovereign: wherefore, if you shall continue to administer justice impartially, as hitherto you have done, your power will prove safe to yourself, and beneficial to mankind." This excellent sentence, which seems taken out of Plato, (with whose writings the grammarians were not much acquainted, and therefore cannot reasonably be suspected of forgery in this matter) contains the true state of affairs at that time: for the commonwealth maxims were now no longer practicable; the Romans had only the haughtiness of the old commonwealth left, without one of its virtues. And this sentence we find, almost in the same words, in the first book of the *Æneïs*, which at this time he was writing; and one might wonder that none of his commentators have taken notice of it. He compares a tempest to a popular insurrection, as Cicero had compared a sedition to a storm, a little before.

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Ac veluti, magno in populo, cum sæpe coorta est
Seditio, sævitque animis ignobile vulgus,
Jamque faces, et saxa volant; furor arma ministrat:
Tum pietate gravem ac meritis si forte virum quem
Conspexere, silent, arrectisque auribus adstant:
Ille regit dictis animos, et pectora mulcet.

Piety and merit were the two great virtues which Virgil every-where attributes to Augustus, and in which that prince, at least politicly, if not so truly, fixed his character, as appears by the *Marmor Ancyr.* and several of his medals. Freinshemius, the learned supplementor of Livy, has inserted this relation into his history; nor is there any good reason, why Ruæus should account it fabulous. The title of a poet in those days did not abate, but heighten, the character of the gravest senator. Virgil was one of the best and wisest men of his time, and in so popular esteem, that one hundred thousand Romans rose when he came into the theatre, and paid him the same respect they used to Cæsar himself, as Tacitus assures us. And, if Augustus invited Horace to assist him in writing his letters (and every body knows that the *Rescripta Imperatorum* were the laws of the empire), Virgil might well deserve a place in the cabinet-council.

And now Virgil prosecutes his *Æneïs*, which had anciently the title of the *Imperial Poem*, or *Roman History*, and deservedly; for, though he were too artful a writer to set down events in exact historical order, for which Lucan is justly blamed; yet

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are all the most considerable affairs and persons of Rome comprised in this poem. He deduces the history of Italy from before Saturn to the reign of king Latinus; and reckons up the successors of Æneas, who reigned at Alba, for the space of three hundred years, down to the birth of Romulus; describes the persons and principal exploits of all the kings, to their expulsion, and the settling of the commonwealth. After this, he touches promiscuously the most remarkable occurrences at home and abroad, but insists more particularly upon the exploits of Augustus; insomuch that, though this assertion may appear at first a little surprising, he has in his works deduced the history of a considerable part of the world from its original, through the fabulous and heroic ages, through the monarchy and commonwealth of Rome, for the space of four thousand years, down to within less than forty of our Saviour's time, of whom he has preserved a most illustrious prophecy. Besides this, he points at many remarkable passages of history under feigned names: the destruction of Alba and Veii, under that of Troy; the star Venus, which, Varro says, guided Æneas in his voyage to Italy, in that verse,

Matre deâ monstrante viam.

Romulus's lance taking root, and budding, is described in that passage concerning Polydorus, Æneid, iii.

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——————— Confixum ferrea texit
Telorum seges, et jaculis increvit aeutis—

the stratagem of the Trojans boring holes in their ships, and sinking them, lest the Latins should burn them, under that fable of their being transformed into sea-nymphs: and therefore the ancients had no such reason to condemn that fable as groundless and absurd. Cocles swimming the river Tyber, after the bridge was broken down behind him, is exactly painted in the four last verses of the ninth book, under the character of Turnus: Marius hiding himself in the morass of Minturnæ, under the person of Sinon:

Limosoque lacu per noctem obscurus in ulvâ
Delitui.

Those verses in the second book concerning Priam,

———jacet ingens litore truncus, &c.

seem originally made upon Pompey the Great. He seems to touch the imperious and intriguing humour of the empress Livia, under the character of Juno. The irresolute and weak Lepidus is well represented under the person of king Latinus; Augustus with the character of *Pont. Max.* under that of Æneas; and the rash courage (always unfortunate in Virgil) of Marc Antony, in Turnus;

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the railing eloquence of Cicero in his *Philippics* is well imitated in the oration of Drances; the dull faithful Agrippa, under the person of Achates; accordingly this character is flat: Achates kills but one man, and himself receives one slight wound, but neither says nor does any thing very considerable in the whole poem. Curio, who sold his country for about two hundred thousand pounds, is stigmatized in that verse:

Vendidit hic auro patriam, dominumque potentem
Imposuit.

Livy relates, that, presently after the death of the two Scipios in Spain, when Martius took upon him the command, a blazing meteor shone around his head, to the astonishment of his soldiers. Virgil transfers this to Æneas:

Lætasque vomunt duo tempora flammas.

It is strange that the commentators have not taken notice of this. Thus the ill omen which happened a little before the battle of Thrasymen, when some of the centurions' lances took fire miraculously, is hinted in the like accident which befell Acestes, before the burning of the Trojan fleet in Sicily. The reader will easily find many more such instances. In other writers, there is often well-covered ignorance; in Virgil, concealed learning.

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His silence of some illustrious persons is no less worth observation. He says nothing of Scævola, because he attempted to assassinate a king, though a declared enemy; nor of the younger Brutus; for he effected what the other endeavoured; nor of the younger Cato, because he was an implacable enemy of Julius Cæsar; nor could the mention of him be pleasing to Augustus; and that passage,

His dantem jura Catonem—

may relate to his office, as he was a very severe censor. Nor would he name Cicero, when the occasion of mentioning him came full in his way, when he speaks of Catiline; because he afterwards approved the murder of Cæsar, though the plotters were too wary to trust the orator with their design. Some other poets knew the art of speaking well; but Virgil, beyond this, knew the admirable secret of being eloquently silent. Whatsoever was most curious in Fabius Pictor, Cato the elder, Varro, in the Egyptian antiquities, in the form of sacrifice, in the solemnities of making peace and war, is preserved in this poem. Rome is still above ground, and flourishing in Virgil. And all this he performs with admirable brevity. The *Æneïs* was once near twenty times bigger than he left it; so that he spent as much time in blotting out, as some moderns have done in writing whole volumes. But not one book has his finishing strokes. The sixth seems

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one of the most perfect, the which, after long entreaty and sometimes threats of Augustus, he was at last prevailed upon to recite. This fell out about four years before his own death: that of Marcellus, whom Cæsar designed for his successor, happened a little before this recital: Virgil therefore, with his usual dexterity, inserted his funeral panegyric in those admirable lines, beginning

O nate, ingentem luctum ne quære tuorum, &c.

His mother, the excellent Octavia, the best wife of the worst husband that ever was, to divert her grief, would be of the auditory. The poet artificially deferred the naming Marcellus, till their passions were raised to the highest; but the mention of it put both her and Augustus into such a passion of weeping, that they commanded him to proceed no further. Virgil answered, that he had already ended that passage. Some relate, that Octavia fainted away; but afterwards she presented the poet with two thousand one hundred pounds, odd money: a round sum for twenty-seven verses. But they were Virgil's. Another writer says, that, with a royal magnificence, she ordered him massy plate, unweighed, to a great value.

And now he took up a resolution of travelling into Greece, there to set the last hand to this work; proposing to devote the rest of his life to philosophy, which had been always his principal passion.

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He justly thought it a foolish figure for a grave man to be overtaken by death, whilst he was weighing the cadence of words, and measuring verses, unless necessity should constrain it, from which he was well secured by the liberality of that learned age. But he was not aware, that, whilst he allotted three years for the revising of his poem, he drew bills upon a *failing bank:* for, unhappily meeting Augustus at Athens, he thought himself obliged to wait upon him into Italy; but, being desirous to see all he could of the Greek antiquities, he fell into a languishing distemper at Megara. This, neglected at first, proved mortal. The agitation of the vessel (for it was now autumn, near the time of his birth) brought him so low, that he could hardly reach Brindisi. In his sickness, he frequently, and with great importunity, called for his scrutore, that he might burn his *Æneïs:* but, Augustus interposing by his royal authority, he made his last will, (of which something shall be said afterwards) and, considering probably how much Homer had been disfigured by the arbitrary compilers of his works, obliged Tucca and Varius to add nothing, nor so much as fill up the breaks he left in his poem. He ordered that his bones should be carried to Naples, in which place he had passed the most agreeable part of his life. Augustus, not only as executor and friend, but according to the duty of the *Pont. Max.* when a funeral happened in his family, took care himself to

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see the will punctually executed. He went out of the world with all that calmness of mind with which the ancient writer of his life says he came into it; making the inscription of his monument himself; for he began and ended his poetical compositions with an epitaph. And this he made, exactly according to the law of his master Plato on such occasions, without the least ostentation:

> I sung flocks, tillage, heroes; Mantua gave
> Me life, Brundusium death, Naples a grave.

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A SHORT

ACCOUNT

OF HIS

PERSON, MANNERS, AND FORTUNE.

HE was of a very swarthy complexion, which might proceed from the southern extraction of his father; tall and wide-shouldered, so that he may be thought to have described himself under the character of Musæus, whom he calls the best of poets—

——————— Medium nam plurima turba
Hunc habet, atque humeris exstantem suspicit altis.

His sickliness, studies, and the troubles he met with, turned his hair grey before the usual time. He had a hesitation in his speech, as many other great men; it being rarely found that a very fluent elocution, and depth of judgement, meet in the same person: his aspect and behaviour rustic, and ungraceful: and this defect was not likely to be rectified in the place where he first lived, nor afterwards, because the weakness of his stomach

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would not permit him to use his exercises. He was frequently troubled with the head-ach, and spitting of blood; spare of diet, and hardly drank any wine. Bashful to a fault; and when people crowded to see him, he would slip into the next shop or by-passage, to avoid them. As this character could not recommend him to the fair sex, he seems to have as little consideration for them as Euripides himself. There is hardly the character of one good woman to be found in his poems; he uses the word *mulier* but once in the whole Æneïs, then too by way of contempt, rendering literally a piece of a verse out of Homer. In his Pastorals, he is full of invectives against love: in the Georgics, he appropriates all the rage of it to the females. He makes Dido, who never deserved that character, lustful and revengeful to the utmost degree; so as to die devoting her lover to destruction; so changeable, that the Destinies themselves could not fix the time of her death; but Iris, the emblem of inconstancy, must determine it. Her sister is something worse. He is so far from passing such a compliment upon Helen, as the grave old counsellor in Homer does, after nine years' war, when, upon the sight of her, he breaks out into this rapture in the presence of king Priam,

> None can the cause of these long wars despise;
> The cost bears no proportion to the prize:
> Majestic charms in ev'ry feature shine;

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Her air, her port, her accent, is divine.
However, let the fatal beauty go, &c.

Virgil is so far from this complaisant humour, that his hero falls into an unmanly and ill-timed deliberation, whether he should not kill her in a church; which directly contradicts what Deïphobus says of her, Æneïd, vi. in that place where every body tells the truth. He transfers the dogged silence of Ajax's ghost to that of Dido; though that be no very natural character to an injured lover, or a woman. He brings in the Trojan matrons setting their own fleet on fire, and running afterwards, like witches on their *sabbat*, into the woods. He bestows indeed some ornaments on the character of Camilla; but soon abates his favour, by calling her *aspera* and *horrenda virgo:* he places her in the front of the line for an ill omen of the battle, as one of the ancients has observed. We may observe, on this occasion, it is an art peculiar to Virgil, to intimate the event by some preceding accident. He hardly ever describes the rising of the sun, but with some circumstance which fore-signifies the fortune of the day. For instance, when Æneas leaves Africa and queen Dido, he thus describes the fatal morning:

Tithoni croceum linquens Aurora cubile.

[And, for the remark, we stand indebted to the cu-

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rious pencil of Pollio.] The *Mourning Fields* (Æneïd, vi.) are crowded with ladies of a lost reputation: hardly one man gets admittance; and that is Cæneus, for a very good reason. Latinus's queen is turbulent and ungovernable, and at last hangs herself: and the fair Lavinia is disobedient to the oracle, and to the king, and looks a little flickering after Turnus. I wonder at this the more, because Livy represents her as an excellent person, and who behaved herself with great wisdom in her regency during the minority of her son; so that the poet has done her wrong, and it reflects on her posterity. His goddesses make as ill a figure: Juno is always in a rage, and the Fury of heaven: Venus grows so unreasonably confident, as to ask her husband to forge arms for her bastard son; which were enough to provoke one of a more phlegmatic temper than Vulcan was. Notwithstanding all this raillery of Virgil's, he was certainly of a very amorous disposition, and has described all that is most delicate in the passion of love: but he conquered his natural inclination by the help of philosophy, and refined it into friendship, to which he was extremely sensible. The reader will admit of or reject the following conjecture, with the free leave of the writer, who will be equally pleased either way. Virgil had too great an opinion of the influence of the heavenly bodies: and, as an ancient writer says, he was born under the sign of *Virgo;* with which nativity he much pleased himself, and would exemplify her

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virtues in his life. Perhaps it was thence that he took his name of *Virgil*, and *Parthenias*, which does not necessarily signify *base-born*. Donatus and Servius, very good grammarians, give a quite contrary sense of it. He seems to make allusion to this original of his name in that passage,

> *Illo Virgilium me tempore dulcis alebat*
> *Parthenope.*

And this may serve to illustrate his compliment to Cæsar, in which he invites him into his own constellation,

> Where, in the void of heav'n, a place is free,
> Betwixt the Scorpion and the Maid, for thee—

thus placing him betwixt justice and power, and in a neighbour mansion to his own; for Virgil supposed souls to ascend again to their proper and congenial stars. Being therefore of this humour, it is no wonder that he refused the embraces of the beautiful Plotia, when his indiscreet friend almost threw her into his arms.

But, however he stood affected to the ladies, there is a dreadful accusation brought against him for the most unnatural of all vices, which, by the malignity of human nature, has found more credit in latter times than it did near his own. This took not its rise so much from the *Alexis*, in which pas-

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toral there is not one immodest word, as from a sort of ill-nature that will not let any one be without the imputation of some vice; and principally because he was so strict a follower of Socrates and Plato. In order therefore to his vindication, I shall take the matter a little higher.

The Cretans were anciently much addicted to navigation, insomuch that it became a Greek proverb, (though omitted, I think, by the industrious Erasmus) a *Cretan that does not know the sea.* Their neighbourhood gave them occasion of frequent commerce with the Phœnicians, that accursed people, who infected the western world with endless superstitions, and gross immoralities. From them it is probable that the Cretans learned this infamous passion, to which they were so much addicted, that Cicero remarks, in his book *de Rep.* that it was "a disgrace for a young gentleman to be without lovers." Socrates, who was a great admirer of the Cretan constitutions, set his excellent wit to find out some good cause and use of this evil inclination, and therefore gives an account, wherefore beauty is to be loved, in the following passage; for I will not trouble the reader, weary perhaps already, with a long Greek quotation. "There is but one eternal, immutable, uniform beauty; in contemplation of which, our sovereign happiness does consist: and therefore a true lover considers beauty and proportion as so many steps and degrees, by which he may ascend from the par-

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ticular to the general, from all that is lovely of feature, or regular in proportion, or charming in sound, to the general fountain of all perfection. And if you are so much transported with the sight of beautiful persons, as to wish neither to eat nor drink, but pass your whole life in their conversation; to what ecstasy would it raise you to behold the original beauty, not filled up with flesh and blood, or varnished with a fading mixture of colours, and the rest of mortal trifles and fooleries, but separate, unmixed, uniform, and divine," &c. Thus far Socrates, in a strain much beyond the *Socrate Chrétien* of Mr. Balzac: and thus that admirable man loved his Phædon, his Charmides, and Theætetus; and thus Virgil loved his Alexander and Cebes, under the feigned name of *Alexis:* he received them illiterate, but returned them to their masters, the one a good poet, and the other an excellent grammarian. And, to prevent all possible misrepresentations, he warily inserted, into the liveliest episode in the whole *Æneïs*, these words,

Nisus amore pio pueri ——

and, in the sixth, *Quique pii vates.* He seems fond of the words, *castus*, *pius*, *virgo*, and the compounds of it; and sometimes stretches the use of that word further than one would think he reasonably should have done, as when he attributes it to Pasiphaë herself.

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Another vice he is taxed with, is avarice; because he died rich; and so indeed he did, in comparison of modern wealth. His estate amounts to near seventy-five thousand pounds of our money: but Donatus does not take notice of this as a thing extraordinary; nor was it esteemed so great a matter, when the cash of a great part of the world lay at Rome. Antony himself bestowed at once two thousand acres of land in one of the best provinces of Italy, upon a ridiculous scribbler, who is named by Cicero and Virgil. A late cardinal used to purchase ill flattery at the expense of a hundred thousand crowns a year. But, besides Virgil's other benefactors, he was much in favour with Augustus, whose bounty to him had no limits, but such as the modesty of Virgil prescribed to it. Before he had made his own fortune, he settled his estate upon his parents and brothers; sent them yearly large sums, so that they lived in great plenty and respect; and, at his death, divided his estate betwixt duty and gratitude, leaving one half to his relations, and the other to Mæcenas, to Tucca, and Varius, and a considerable legacy to Augustus, who had introduced a politic fashion of being in every body's will; which alone was a fair revenue for a prince. Virgil shews his detestation of this vice, by placing in the front of the damned those who did not relieve their relations and friends; for the Romans hardly ever extended their liberality further; and therefore I do not remember to

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have met, in all the Latin poets, one character so noble as that short one in Homer—

——————Φιλος δ'ην ανθρωποισι'
Παντας γαρ φιλεεσκεν.

On the other hand, he gives a very advanced place in Elysium to good patriots, &c. observing, in all his poem, that rule so sacred amongst the Romans, "That there should be no art allowed, which did not tend to the improvement of the people in virtue." And this was the principle too of our excellent Mr. Waller, who used to say that he would rase any line out of his poems, which did not imply some motive to virtue: but he was unhappy in the choice of the subject of his admirable vein in poetry. The countess of Carlisle was the Helen of her country. There is nothing in pagan philosophy more true, more just, and regular, than Virgil's ethics; and it is hardly possible to sit down to the serious perusal of his works, but a man shall rise more disposed to virtue and goodness, as well as most agreeably entertained. The contrary to which disposition may happen sometimes upon the reading of Ovid, of Martial, and several other second-rate poets. But of the craft and tricking part of life, with which Homer abounds, there is nothing to be found in Virgil; and therefore Plato—who gives the former so many good words, perfumes, crowns, but at last complimentally banishes him his

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commonwealth—would have entreated Virgil to stay with him (if they had lived in the same age), and intrusted him with some important charge in his government. Thus was his life as chaste as his style; and those who can critic his poetry, can never find a blemish in his manners; and one would rather wish to have that purity of mind, which the satirist himself attributes to him; that friendly disposition, and evenness of temper, and patience, which he was master of in so eminent a degree, than to have the honour of being author of the *Æneïs*, or even of the *Georgics* themselves.

Having therefore so little relish for the usual amusements of the world, he prosecuted his studies without any considerable interruption, during the whole course of his life, which one may reasonably conjecture to have been something longer than fifty-two years; and therefore it is no wonder that he became the most general scholar that Rome ever bred, unless some one should except Varro. Besides the exact knowledge of rural affairs, he understood medicine, to which profession he was designed by his parents. A curious florist; on which subject one would wish he had writ, as he once intended: so profound a naturalist, that he has solved more phænomena of nature upon sound principles, than Aristotle in his Physics: he studied geometry, the most opposite of all sciences to a poetic genius, and beauties of a lively imagination; but this promoted the order of his narrations, his pro-

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priety of language, and clearness of expression, for which he was justly called the *pillar of the Latin tongue.* This geometrical spirit was the cause, that, to fill up a verse, he would not insert one superfluous word; and therefore deserves that character which a noble and judicious writer has given him, "That he never says too little, nor too much*." Nor could any one ever fill up the verses he left imperfect. There is one supplied near the beginning of the first book: Virgil left the verse thus,

——————————— *Hic illius arma,*
Hic currus fuit ——

the rest is none of his.

He was so good a geographer, that he has not only left us the finest description of Italy that ever was, but, besides, was one of the few ancients who knew the true system of the earth, its being inhabited round about, under the torrid zone, and near the poles. Metrodorus, in his five books of the *Zones*, justifies him from some exceptions made against him by astronomers. His rhetoric was in such general esteem, that lectures were read upon it in the reign of Tiberius, and the subject of declamations taken out of him. Pollio himself, and many other ancients, commented him. His esteem degenerated into a kind of superstition. The known

* "*Essay of Poetry*" by the Marquis of Normanby."

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story of Mr. Cowley is an instance of it. But the *sortes Virgilianæ* were condemned by St. Austin, and other casuists. Abienus, by an odd design, put all Virgil and Livy into iambic verse; and the pictures of those two were hung in the most honourable place of public libraries; and the design of taking them down, and destroying Virgil's works, was looked upon as one of the most extravagant amongst the many brutish frenzies of Caligula.

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PREFACE

TO THE

PASTORALS,

WITH A SHORT DEFENCE OF

VIRGIL,

AGAINST SOME OF THE REFLECTIONS OF MONSIEUR FONTENELLE.

By WILLIAM WALSH, Esq.

As the writings of greatest antiquity are in verse, so, of all sorts of poetry, pastorals seem the most ancient; being formed upon the model of the first innocence and simplicity, which the moderns, better to dispense themselves from imitating, have wisely thought fit to treat as fabulous, and impracticable. And yet they, by obeying the unsophisticated dictates of nature, enjoyed the most valuable blessings of life; a vigorous health of body, with a constant serenity and freedom of mind; whilst we, with all our fanciful refinements, can scarcely pass an autumn without some access of a fever, or a whole day, not ruffled by some unquiet passion. He was not then looked upon as a very old man,

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who reached to a greater number of years, than in these times an ancient family can reasonably pretend to; and we know the names of several, who saw and practised the world for a longer space of time, than we can read the account of in any one entire body of history. In short, they invented the most useful arts, pasturage, tillage, geometry, writing, music, astronomy, &c. whilst the moderns, like extravagant heirs made rich by their industry, ingratefully deride the good old gentlemen who left them the estate. It is not therefore to be wondered at, that pastorals are fallen into disesteem, together with that fashion of life, upon which they were grounded. And methinks I see the reader already uneasy at this part of Virgil, counting the pages, and posting to the *Æneïs*; so delightful an entertainment is the very relation of public mischief and slaughter now become to mankind. And yet Virgil passed a much different judgement on his own works: he valued most this part, and his *Georgics*, and depended upon them for his reputation with posterity; but censures himself in one of his letters to Augustus, for meddling with heroics, the invention of a degenerating age. This is the reason that the rules of pastoral are so little known or studied. Aristotle, Horace, and the Essay of Poetry, take no notice of it: and Monsieur Boileau —one of the most accurate of the moderns, because he never loses the ancients out of his sight—bestows scarce half a page on it.

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It is the design therefore of the few following pages to clear this sort of writing from vulgar prejudices; to vindicate our author from some unjust imputations; to look into some of the rules of this sort of poetry, and inquire what sort of versification is most proper for it; in which point we are so much inferior to the ancients, that this consideration alone were enough to make some writers think as they ought, that is meanly, of their own performances.

As all sorts of poetry consist in imitation; pastoral is the *imitation of a shepherd considered under that character*. It is requisite therefore to be a little informed of the condition and qualification of these shepherds.

One of the ancients has observed truly, but satirically enough, that, "Mankind is the measure of every thing." And thus, by a gradual improvement of this mistake, we come to make our own age and country the rule and standard of others, and ourselves at last the measure of them all. We figure the ancient countrymen like our own, leading a painful life in poverty and contempt, without wit, or courage, or education. But men had quite different notions of these things, for the first four thousand years of the world. Health and strength were then in more esteem than the refinements of pleasure; and it was accounted a great deal more honourable to till the ground, or keep a flock of sheep, than to dissolve in wantonness and effemi-

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nating sloth. Hunting has now an idea of quality joined to it, and is become the most important business in the life of a gentleman; anciently it was quite otherways. Mr. Fleury has severely remarked, that this extravagant passion for hunting is a strong proof of our Gothic extraction, and shews an affinity of humour with the savage Americans. The barbarous Franks and other Germans (having neither corn nor wine of their own growth), when they passed the Rhine, and possessed themselves of countries better cultivated, left the tillage of the land to the old proprietors; and afterwards continued to hazard their lives as freely for their diversion, as they had done before for their necessary subsistence. The English gave this usage the sacred stamp of fashion; and from hence it is that most of our terms of hunting are French. The reader will, I hope, give me his pardon for my freedom on this subject, since an ill accident, occasioned by hunting, has kept England in pain, these several months together, for one of the best and greatest peers* which she has bred for some ages; no less illustrious for civil virtues and learning, than his ancestors were for all their victories in France.

But there are some prints still left of the ancient esteem for husbandry, and their plain fashion of life, in many of our sur-names, and in the escutcheons of the most ancient families, even those of

* The Duke of Shrewsbury.

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the greatest kings, the roses, the lilies, the thistle, &c. It is generally known, that one of the principal causes of the deposing of Mahomet the Fourth, was, that he would not allot part of the day to some manual labour, according to the law of Mahomet, and ancient practice of his predecessors. He that reflects on this, will be the less surprised to find that Charlemagne, eight hundred years ago, ordered his children to be instructed in some profession; and, eight hundred years yet higher, that Augustus wore no clothes but such as were made by the hands of the empress and her daughters; and Olympias did the same for Alexander the Great. Nor will he wonder that the Romans, in great exigency, sent for their dictator from the plough, whose whole estate was but of four acres; too little a spot now for the orchard or kitchen-garden of a private gentleman. It is commonly known that the founders of three the most renowned monarchies in the world were shepherds: and the subject of husbandry has been adorned by the writings and labour of more than twenty kings. It ought not therefore to be matter of surprise to a modern writer, that kings, the shepherds of the people in Homer, laid down their first rudiments in tending their mute subjects; nor that the wealth of Ulysses consisted in flocks and herds, the intendants over which were then in equal esteem with officers of state in latter times. And therefore Eumæus is called διος ὑφορβος in Homer; not so much because Homer was a lo-

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ver of a country life, to which he rather seems averse, but by reason of the dignity and greatness of his trust, and because he was the son of a king, stolen away, and sold by the Phœnician pirates; which the ingenious Mr. Cowley seems not to have taken notice of. Nor will it seem strange, that the master of the horse to king Latinus, in the ninth Æneïd, was found in the homely employment of cleaving blocks, when news of the first skirmish betwixt the Trojans and Latins was brought to him.

Being therefore of such quality, they cannot be supposed so very ignorant and unpolished: the learning and good-breeding of the world was then in the hands of such people. He who was chosen by the consent of all parties to arbitrate so delicate an affair as, which was the fairest of the three celebrated beauties of heaven—he who had the address to debauch away Helen from her husband, her native country, and from a crown—understood what the French call by the too soft name of *galanterie;* he had accomplishments enough, how ill use soever he made of them. It seems therefore that Mr. F. had not duly considered the matter, when he reflected so severely upon Virgil, as if he had not observed the laws of decency in his pastorals, in making shepherds speak to things beside their character, and above their capacity. He stands amazed that shepherds should thunder out, as he expresses himself, the formation of the world, and that too according to the system of Epicurus. "In truth,"

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says he, page 176, "I cannot tell what to make of this whole piece; (the sixth Past.) I can neither comprehend the design of the author, nor the connexion of the parts. First come the ideas of philosophy, and presently after those incoherent fables," &c. To expose him yet more, he subjoins, "It is Silenus himself who makes all this absurd discourse. Virgil says indeed that he had drank too much the day before; perhaps the debauch hung in his head when he composed this poem," &c. Thus far Mr. F. who, to the disgrace of reason, as himself ingenuously owns, first built his house, and then studied architecture; I mean, first composed his Eclogues, and then studied the rules. In answer to this, we may observe, first, that this very Pastoral which he singles out to triumph over, was recited by a famous player on the Roman theatre, with marvellous applause; insomuch that Cicero, who had heard part of it only, ordered the whole to be rehearsed, and, struck with admiration of it, conferred then upon Virgil the glorious title of

Magnæ spes altera Romæ.

Nor is it old Donatus only who relates this: we have the same account from another very credible and ancient author; so that here we have the judgement of Cicero, and the people of Rome, to confront the single opinion of this adventurous critic. A man ought to be well assured of his own

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abilities, before he attacks an author of established reputation. If Mr. F. had perused the fragments of the Phœnician antiquity, traced the progress of learning through the ancient Greek writers, or so much as consulted his learned countryman Huetius, he would have found (which falls out unluckily for him) that a Chaldæan shepherd discovered to the Egyptians and Greeks the creation of the world. And what subject more fit for such a pastoral, than that great affair which was first notified to the world by one of that profession? Nor does it appear, (what he takes for granted) that Virgil describes the original of the world according to the hypothesis of Epicurus. He was too well seen in antiquity to commit such a gross mistake; there is not the least mention of *chance* in that whole passage, nor of the *clinamen principiorum*, so peculiar to Epicurus's hypothesis. Virgil had not only more piety, but was of too nice a judgement to introduce a god denying the power and providence of the Deity, and singing a hymn to the atoms and blind chance. On the contrary, his description agrees very well with that of Moses; and the eloquent commentator Dacier, who is so confident that Horace had perused the sacred history, might with greater reason have affirmed the same thing of Virgil: for, besides the famous passage in the sixth Æneïd (by which this may be illustrated), where the word *principio* is used in front of both by Moses and Virgil, and the seas are first mentioned,

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and the *spiritus intus alit*, which might not improbably, as Mr. Dacier would suggest, allude to the "*Spirit moving upon the face of the waters;*" but, omitting this parallel place, the successive formation of the world is evidently described in these words,

Rerum paullatim sumere formas:

and it is hardly possible to render more literally that verse of Moses, "*Let the waters be gathered into one place, and let the dry land appear,*" than in this of Virgil,

Tum durare solum, et discludere Nerea ponto.

After this, the formation of the sun is described (exactly in the Mosaïcal order), and next the production of the first living creatures, and that too in a small number, (still in the same method)

Rara per ignotos errent animalia montes.

And here the foresaid author would probably remark, that Virgil keeps more exactly to the Mosaïc system, than an ingenious writer, who will by no means allow mountains to be coæval with the world. Thus much will make it probable at least, that Virgil had Moses in his thoughts rather than Epicurus, when he composed this poem. But it is further

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remarkable, that this passage was taken from a song attributed to Apollo, who himself, too, unluckily had been a shepherd; and he took it from another yet more ancient, composed by the first inventor of music, and at that time a shepherd too; and this is one of the noblest fragments of Greek antiquity. And, because I cannot suppose the ingenious Mr. F. one of their number, who pretend to censure the Greeks, without being able to distinguish Greek from Ephesian characters, I shall here set down the lines from which Virgil took this passage, though none of the commentators have observed it.

————————ερατη δ' οἱ ἐσπετο φωνη,
Κραινων αθανατες τε θεας, και γαιαν ερεμνην,
Ὡς τα πρωτα γενοντο, και ὡς λαχε μοιραν ἑκαστος, &c.

Thus Linus too began his poem, as appears by a fragment of it preserved by Diogenes Laërtius; and the like may be instanced in Musæus himself; so that our poet here, with great judgement, as always, follows the ancient custom of beginning their more solemn songs with the creation, and does it too most properly under the person of a shepherd. And thus the first and best employment of poetry was, to compose hymns in honour of the great Creator of the universe.

Few words will suffice to answer his other objections. He demands why those several transformations are mentioned in that poem? And is not fa-

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ble then the life and soul of poetry? Can himself assign a more proper subject of pastoral than the *Saturnia regna*, the age and scene of this kind of poetry? What theme more fit for the song of a god, or to imprint religious awe, than the omnipotent power of transforming the species of creatures at their pleasure? Their families lived in groves, near the clear springs; and what better warning could be given to the hopeful young shepherds, than that they should not gaze too much into the liquid dangerous looking-glass, for fear of being stolen by the water-nymphs, that is, falling and being drowned, as Hylas was? Pasiphaë's monstrous passion for a bull is certainly a subject enough fitted for bucolics. Can Mr. F. tax Silenus for fetching too far the transformation of the sisters of Phaëton into trees, when perhaps they sat at that very time under the hospitable shade of those alders and poplars—or the metamorphosis of Philomela into that ravishing bird which makes the sweetest music of the groves? If he had looked into the ancient Greek writers, or so much as consulted honest Servius, he would have discovered, that, under the allegory of this drunkenness of Silenus, the refinement and exaltation of men's minds by philosophy was intended. But, if the author of these reflections can take such flights in his wine, it is almost pity that drunkenness should be a sin, or that he should ever want good store of Burgundy and Champaign. But indeed he seems not to have ever drank out of Silenus's tankard,

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when he composed either his Critique or Pastorals.

His censure on the fourth seems worse grounded than the other. It is entitled, in some ancient manuscripts, the History of the Renovation of the World: he complains that he "cannot understand what is meant by those many figurative expressions:" but, if he had consulted the younger Vossius's dissertation on this Pastoral, or read the excellent oration of the emperor Constantine, made French by a good pen of their own, he would have found there the plain interpretation of all those figurative expressions; and, withall, very strong proofs of the truths of the Christian religion; such as converted heathens, as Valerianus, and others. And, upon account of this piece, the most learned of all the Latin fathers calls Virgil a Christian, even before Christianity. Cicero takes notice of it in his books of Divination; and Virgil probably had put it in verse a considerable time before the edition of his Pastorals. Nor does he appropriate it to Pollio, or his son, but complimentally dates it from his consulship; and therefore some one who had not so kind thoughts of Mr. F. as I, would be inclined to think him as bad a catholic as critic in this place.

But, in respect to some books he has wrote since, I pass by a great part of this, and shall only touch briefly some of the rules of this sort of poem.

The first is, that an air of piety upon all occasions should be maintained in the whole poem.

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This appears in all the ancient Greek writers, as Homer, Hesiod, Aratus, &c. And Virgil is so exact in the observation of it, not only in this work, but in his Æneïs too, that a celebrated French writer taxes him for permitting Æneas to do nothing without the assistance of some god. But by this it appears, at least, that Mr. St. Evremont is no Jansenist.

Mr. F. seems a little defective in this point: he brings in a pair of shepherdesses disputing very warmly, whether *Victoria* be a goddess or a woman. Her great condescension and compassion, her affability and goodness, none of the meanest attributes of the divinity, pass for convincing arguments that she could not possibly be a goddess.

Les Déesses, toûjours fières et méprisantes,
Ne rassureroient point les bergères tremblantes
Par d'obligeans discours, des souris gracieux.
Mais tu l'as vu: cette auguste personne,
Qui vient de paroître en ces lieux,
Prend soin de rassurer au moment qu'elle étonne;
Sa bonté descendant sans peine jusqu' à nous.

In short, she has too many divine perfections to be a deity, and therefore she is a mortal; which was the thing to be proved. It is directly contrary to the practice of all ancient poets, as well as to the rules of decency and religion, to make such odious preferences. I am much surprised therefore that he should use such an argument as this.

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Cloris, as-tu vu des déesses
Avoir un air si facile et si doux?

Was not Aurora, and Venus, and Luna, and I know not how many more of the heathen deities, too easy of access to Tithonus, to Anchises, and to Endymion? Is there any thing more sparkish and better-humoured than Venus's accosting her son in the deserts of Libya? or than the behaviour of Pallas to Diomedes, one of the most perfect and admirable pieces of all the Iliads; where she condescends to *raillé* him so agreeably; and, notwithstanding her severe virtue, and all the ensigns of majesty with which she so terribly adorns herself, condescends to ride with him in his chariot? But the Odysseys are full of greater instances of condescension than this.

This brings to mind that famous passage of Lucan, in which he prefers Cato to all the gods at once:

Victrix caussa diis placuit, sed victa Catoni —

which Brebœuf has rendered so flatly, and which may be thus paraphrased:

Heav'n meanly with the conqu'ror did comply;
But Cato, rather than submit, would die.

It is an unpardonable presumption in any sort of religion, to compliment their princes at the expense of their deities.

But, letting that pass, this whole eclogue is but a

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long paraphrase of a trite verse in Virgil, and Homer,:

Nec vox hominem sonat: O Dea certe!

So true is that remark of the admirable earl of Roscommon, if applied to the Romans, rather, I fear, than to the English, since his own death:

——————————— one sterling line,
Drawn to French wire, would through whole pages shine.

Another rule is, that the characters should represent that ancient innocence, and unpractised plainness, which was then in the world. P. Rapin has gathered many instances of this out of Theocritus and Virgil; and the reader can do it as well as himself. But Mr. F. transgressed this rule, when he hid himself in the thicket to listen to the private discourse of the two shepherdesses. This is no tonly ill breeding at Versailles: the Arcadian shepherdesses themselves would have set their dogs upon one for such an unpardonable piece of rudeness.

A third rule is, that there should be some *ordonnance*, some design or little plot, which may deserve the title of a pastoral scene. This is everywhere observed by Virgil, and particularly remarkable in the first Eclogue, the standard of all pastorals. A beautiful landscape presents itself to your view; a shepherd with his flock around him, resting securely under a spreading beech, which furnished

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the first food to our ancestors; another in a quite different situation of mind and circumstances; the sun setting; the hospitality of the more fortunate shepherd, &c. And here Mr. F. seems not a little wanting.

A fourth rule, and of great importance in this delicate sort of writing, is, that there be choice diversity of subjects; that the eclogue, like a beautiful prospect, should charm by its variety. Virgil is admirable in this point, and far surpasses Theocritus, as he does every-where, when judgement and contrivance have the principal part. The subject of the first Pastoral is hinted above.

The second contains the love of Corydon for Alexis, and the seasonable reproach he gives himself, that he left his vines half pruned, (which, according to the Roman rituals, derived a curse upon the fruit that grew upon it) whilst he pursued an object undeserving his passion.

The third, a sharp contention of two shepherds for the prize of poetry.

The fourth contains the discourse of a shepherd comforting himself, in a declining age, that a better was ensuing.

The fifth, a lamentation for a dead friend, the first draught of which is probably more ancient than any of the pastorals now extant; his brother being at first intended; but he afterwards makes his court to Augustus, by turning it into an apotheosis of Julius Cæsar.

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The sixth is the Silenus.

The seventh, another poetical dispute, first composed at Mantua.

The eighth is the description of a despairing lover, and a magical charm.

He sets the ninth after all these, very modestly, because it was particular to himself; and here he would have ended that work, if Gallus had not prevailed upon him to add one more in his favour.

Thus curious was Virgil in diversifying his subjects. But Mr. F. is a great deal too uniform: begin where you please, the subject is still the same. We find it true what he says of himself,

Toûjours, toûjours de l'amour.

He seems to take pastorals and love-verses for the same thing. Has human nature no other passion? Does not fear, ambition, avarice, pride, a capriccio of honour, and laziness itself, often triumph over love? But this passion does all, not only in pastorals, but in modern tragedies too. A hero can no more fight, or be sick, or die, than he can be born, without a woman. But dramatics have been composed in complaisance to the humour of the age, and the prevailing inclination of the great, whose example has a more powerful influence, not only in the little court behind the scenes, but on the great theatre of the world. However, this inundation of love-verses is not so much an effect of their amo-

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rousness, as of immoderate self-love; this being the only sort of poetry, in which the writer can, not only without censure, but even with commendation, talk of himself. There is generally more of the passion of Narcissus, than concern for Chloris and Corinna, in this whole affair. Be pleased to look into almost any of those writers, and you shall meet every-where that eternal *Moi*, which the admirable Pascal so judiciously condemns. Homer can never be enough admired for this one so particular quality, that he never speaks of himself, either in the Iliad or the Odysseys: and, if Horace had never told us his genealogy, but left it to the writer of his life, perhaps he had not been a loser by it. This consideration might induce those great critics, Varius and Tucca, to rase out the four first verses of the Æneis, in great measure, for the sake of that unlucky *Ille ego*. But extraordinary geniuses have a sort of prerogative, which may dispense them from laws, binding to subject wits. However, the ladies have the less reason to be pleased with those addresses, of which the poet takes the greater share to himself. Thus the beau presses into their dressing-room; but it is not so much to adore their fair eyes, as to adjust his own steenkirk and peruke, and set his countenance in their glass.

A fifth rule (which one may hope will not be contested) is, that the writer should shew in his compositions some competent skill of the subject

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matter, that which makes the character of persons introduced. In this, as in all other points of learning, decency, and œconomy of a poem, Virgil much excels his master Theocritus. The poet is better skilled in husbandry than those that get their bread by it. He describes the nature, the diseases, the remedies, the proper places, and seasons, of feeding, of watering their flocks; the furniture, diet, the lodging and pastimes, of his shepherds. But the persons brought in by Mr. F. are shepherds in masquerade, and handle their sheep-hook as awkwardly as they do their oaten reed. They saunter about with their *chers moutons;* but they relate as little to the business in hand, as the painter's dog, or a Dutch ship, does to the history designed. One would suspect some of them, that, instead of leading out their sheep into the plains of Mont-Brison and Marcilli, to the flowery banks of Lignon, or the Charante, they are driving directly *à la bouckerie,* to make money of them. I hope hereafter Mr. F. will chuse his servants better.

A sixth rule is, that, as the style ought to be natural, clear, and elegant, it should have some peculiar relish of the ancient fashion of writing. Parables in those times were frequently used, as they are still by the eastern nations; philosophical questions, ænigmas, &c. and of this we find instances in the sacred writings, in Homer, contemporary with king David, in Herodotus, in the Greek tragedians. This piece of antiquity is imitated by Virgil with

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great judgement and discretion. He has proposed one riddle, which has never yet been solved by any of his commentators. Though he knew the rules of rhetoric as well as Cicero himself, he conceals that skill in his Pastorals, and keeps close to the character of antiquity. Nor ought the connexions and transitions to be very strict and regular; this would give the Pastorals an air of novelty; and of this neglect of exact connexion, we have instances in the writings of the ancient Chineses, of the Jews and Greeks, in Pindar, and other writers of dithyrambics, in the choruses of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides. If Mr. F. and Ruæus had considered this, the one would have spared his critique of the sixth, and the other, his reflections upon the ninth Pastoral. The over-scrupulous care of connexions makes the modern compositions oftentimes tedious and flat: and by the omission of them it comes to pass, that the *Pensées* of the incomparable Mr. Pascal, and perhaps of Mr. Bruyère, are two of the most entertaining books which the modern French can boast of. Virgil, in this point, was not only faithful to the character of antiquity, but copies after Nature herself. Thus a meadow, where the beauties of the spring are profusely blended together, makes a more delightful prospect, than a curious *parterre* of sorted flowers in our gardens: and we are much more transported with the beauty of the heavens, and admiration of their creator, in a clear night, when we behold stars of all magni-

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tudes promiscuously moving together, than if those glorious lights were ranked in their several orders, or reduced into the finest geometrical figures.

Another rule omitted by P. Rapin, as some of his are by me, (for I do not design an entire treatise in this preface) is, that not only the sentences should be short and smart (upon which account he justly blames the Italian and French, as too talkative), but that the whole piece should be so too. Virgil transgressed this rule in his first Pastorals, I mean those which he composed at Mantua, but rectified the fault in his riper years. This appears by the *Culex*, which is as long as five of his Pastorals put together. The greater part of those he finished have less than a hundred verses; and but two of them exceed that number. But the *Silenus*, which he seems to have designed for his master-piece, in which he introduces a god singing, and he too full of inspiration (which is intended by that ebriety, which Mr. F. so unreasonably ridicules), though it go through so vast a field of matter, and comprises the mythology of near two thousand years, consists but of fifty lines; so that its brevity is no less admirable, than the subject matter, the noble fashion of handling it, and the deity speaking. Virgil keeps up his characters in this respect too, with the strictest decency: for poetry and pastime was not the business of men's lives in those days, but only their seasonable recreation after necessary labours. And therefore the length of some of the modern Ita-

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Latin and English compositions is against the rules of this kind of poesy.

I shall add something very briefly, touching the versification of pastorals, though it be a mortifying consideration to the moderns. Heroic verse, as it is commonly called, was used by the Greeks in this sort of poem, as very ancient and natural; lyrics, iambics, &c. being invented afterwards: but there is so great a difference in the numbers of which it may be compounded, that it may pass rather for a genus, than species, of verse. Whosoever shall compare the numbers of the three following verses, will quickly be sensible of the truth of this observation.

Tityre, tu patulæ recubans sub tegmine fagi—

the first of the Georgics,

Quid faciat lætas segetes, quo sidere terram—

and of the Æneïs,

Arma, virumque cano, Trojæ qui primus ab oris.

The sound of the verses is almost as different as the subjects. But the Greek writers of pastoral usually limited themselves to the example of the first; which Virgil found so exceedingly difficult, that he quitted it, and left the honour of that part to Theocritus. It is indeed probable, that what we improperly call rhyme, is the most ancient sort of poetry; and learned men have given good arguments for it; and therefore a French historian com-

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mits a gross mistake, when he attributes that invention to a king of Gaul, as an English gentleman does, when he makes a Roman emperor the inventor of it. But the Greeks, who understood fully the force and power of numbers, soon grew weary of this childish sort of verse, as the younger Vossius justly calls it, and therefore those rhyming hexameters, which Plutarch observes in Homer himself, seem to be the remains of a barbarous age. Virgil had them in such abhorrence, that he would rather make a false syntax, than what we call a rhyme. Such a verse as this,

Vir, precor, uxori, *frater succurre* sorori,

was passable in Ovid: but the nicer ears in Augustus's court could not pardon Virgil for

At regina pyrâ....

so that the principal ornament of modern poetry was accounted deformity by the Latins and Greeks. It was they who invented the different terminations of words, those happy compositions, those short monosyllables, those transpositions for the elegance of the sound and sense, which are wanting so much in modern languages. The French sometimes crowd together ten or twelve monosyllables into one disjointed verse. They may understand the nature of, but cannot imitate, those wonderful spondees of Pythagoras, by which he could suddenly pacify a man that was in a violent transport

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of anger; nor those swift numbers of the priests of Cybele, which had the force to enrage the most sedate and phlegmatic tempers. Nor can any modern put into his own language the energy of that single poem of Catullus,

Super alta vectus Atys, &c.

Latin is but a corrupt dialect of Greek; and the French, Spanish, and Italian, a corruption of Latin; and therefore a man might as well go about to persuade me that vinegar is a nobler liquor than wine, as that the modern compositions can be as graceful and harmonious as the Latin itself. The Greek tongue very naturally falls into iambics, and therefore the diligent reader may find six or seven and twenty of them in those accurate orations of Isocrates. The Latin as naturally falls into heroic; and therefore the beginning of Livy's History is half a hexameter, and that of Tacitus an entire one. The Roman historian*, describing the glorious effort of a colonel to break through a brigade of the enemies just after the defeat at Cannæ, falls, unknowingly, into a verse not unworthy Virgil himself—

Hæc ubi dicta dedit, stringit gladium, cuneoque
Facto, per medios . . . . . &c.

Ours and the French can at best but fall into blank verse, which is a fault in prose. The mis-

* Livy.

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fortune indeed is common to us both; but we deserve more compassion, because we are not vain of our barbarities. As age brings men back into the state and infirmities of childhood, upon the fall of their empire, the Romans doted into rhyme, as appears sufficiently by the hymns of the Latin church; and yet a great deal of the French poetry does hardly deserve that poor title. I shall give an instance out of a poem which had the good luck to gain the prize in 1685; for the subject deserved a nobler pen.

Tous les jours ce grand roy, des autres roys l'exemple,
S'ouvre un nouveau chemin au faite de ton temple, &c.

The judicious Malherbe exploded this sort of verse near eighty years ago. Nor can I forbear wondering at that passage of a famous academician, in which he, most compassionately, excuses the ancients for their not being so exact in their compositions as the modern French, because they wanted a dictionary, of which the French are at last happily provided. If Demosthenes and Cicero had been so lucky as to have had a dictionary, and such a patron as cardinal Richelieu, perhaps they might have aspired to the honour of Balzac's legacy of ten pounds, *Le prix de l'éloquence.*

On the contrary, I dare assert that there are hardly ten lines in either of those great orators, or even in the catalogue of Homer's ships, which are not more harmonious, more truly rhythmical, than

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most of the French or English sonnets; and therefore they lose, at least, one half of their native beauty by translation.

I cannot but add one remark on this occasion, that the French verse is oftentimes not so much as rhyme, in the lowest sense; for the childish repetition of the same note cannot be called music; such instances are infinite, as in the forecited poem:

épris	trophée	caché
mépris	Orphée	cherché.

Mr. Boileau himself has a great deal of this μονοτονια, not by his own neglect, but purely by the faultiness and poverty of the French tongue. Mr. F. at last goes into the excessive paradoxes of Mr. Perrault, and boasts of the vast number of their excellent songs, preferring them to the Greek and Latin. But an ancient writer, of as good credit, has assured us that seven lives would hardly suffice to read over the Greek odes; but a few weeks would be sufficient, if a man were so very idle as to read over all the French. In the mean time, I should be very glad to see a catalogue of but fifty of theirs with

Exact propriety of word and thought *.

Notwithstanding all the high encomiums and mutual gratulations which they give one another, (for I am far from censuring the whole of that il-

* Essay of Poetry.

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lustrious society, to which the learned world is much obliged) after all those golden dreams at the Louvre, that their pieces will be as much valued, ten or twelve ages hence, as the ancient Greek or Roman, I can no more get it into my head that they will last so long, than I could believe the learned Dr. H——k [of the Royal Society], if he should pretend to shew me a butterfly that had lived a thousand winters.

When Mr. F. wrote his Eclogues, he was so far from equaling Virgil or Theocritus, that he had some pains to take before he could understand in what the principal beauty and graces of their writings do consist.

Cum mortuis non nisi larvæ luctantur.

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TO

MR. DRYDEN,

ON HIS EXCELLENT TRANSLATION

OF

VIRGIL.

WHENE'ER great Virgil's lofty verse I see,
The pompous scene charms my admiring eye.
There diff'rent beauties in perfection meet;
The thoughts as proper, as the numbers sweet;
And, when wild Fancy mounts a daring height,
Judgement steps in, and moderates her flight.
Wisely he manages his wealthy store,
Still says enough, and yet implies still more:
For, though the weighty sense be closely wrought,
The reader's left t' improve the pleasing thought.
Hence we despair'd to see an English dress
Should e'er his nervous energy express;
For who could that in fetter'd rhyme inclose,
Which, without loss, can scarce be told in prose?
But you, great Sir, his manly genius raise,
And make your copy share an equal praise.
Oh! how I see thee, in soft scenes of love,
Renew those passions he alone could move!

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Here Cupid's charms are with new art exprest,
And pale Eliza leaves her peaceful rest —
Leaves her Elysium, as if glad to live,
To love, and wish, to sigh, despair, and grieve,
And die again for him that would again deceive.
Nor does the mighty Trojan less appear,
Than Mars himself, amidst the storms of war.
Now his fierce eyes with double fury glow,
And a new dread attends th' impending blow:
The Daunian chiefs their eager rage abate,
And, though unwounded, seem to feel their fate.
Long the rude fury of an ignorant age,
With barb'rous spite, profan'd his sacred page.
The heavy Dutchmen, with laborious toil,
Wrested his sense, and cramp'd his vig'rous style.
No time, no pains, the drudging pedants spare;
But still his shoulders must the burden bear;
While, through the mazes of their comments led,
We learn, not what he writes, but what they read.
Yet, through these shades of undistinguish'd night,
Appear'd some glimm'ring intervals of light;
Till mangled by a vile translating sect,
Like babes by witches *in effigie* rackt:
Till Ogleby, mature in dulness, rose,
And Holbourn doggrel and low chiming prose
His strength and beauty did at once depose.
But now the magic spell is at an end,
Since even the dead, in you, have found a friend.
You free the bard from rude oppressors' pow'r,

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And grace his verse with charms unknown before.
He, doubly thus oblig'd, must doubting stand,
Which chiefly should his gratitude command —
Whether should claim the tribute of his heart,
The patron's bounty, or the poet's art.
Alike with wonder and delight we view'd
The Roman genius in thy verse renew'd:
We saw thee raise soft Ovid's am'rous fire,
And fit the tuneful Horace to thy lyre:
We saw new gall imbitter Juvenal's pen,
And crabbed Persius made politely plain.
Virgil alone was thought too great a task —
What you could scarce perform, or we durst ask;
A task, which Waller's Muse could ne'er engage;
A task, too hard for Denham's stronger rage.
Sure of success, they some slight sallies try'd;
But the fenc'd coast their bold attempts defy'd:
With fear, their o'er-match'd forces back they drew,
Quitting the province Fate reserv'd for you.
In vain thus Philip did the Persians storm;
A work his son was destin'd to perform.
O! had Roscommon * liv'd to hail the day,
And sing loud Pæans through the crowded way,
When you in Roman majesty appear,
Which none know better, and none come so near;
The happy author would with wonder see,
His rules were only prophecies of thee:

* Essay of Translated Verse, page 26.

And, were he now to give translators light,
He 'd bid them only read thy work, and write.
For this great task, our loud applause is due:
We own old favours, but must press for new:
Th' expecting world demands one labour more;
And thy lov'd Homer does thy aid implore,
To right his injur'd works, and set them free
From the lewd rhymes of grov'ling Ogleby.
Then shall his verse in graceful pomp appear;
Nor will his birth renew the ancient jar:
On those Greek cities we shall look with scorn,
And in our Britain think the poet born.

TO

MR. DRYDEN,

ON

HIS TRANSLATION OF

VIRGIL.

I.

WE read, how dreams and visions heretofore
The prophet and the poet could inspire,
And make them in unusual rapture soar,
With rage divine, and with poetic fire.

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II.

O could I find it now!—Would Virgil's shade
But for a while vouchsafe to bear the light,
To grace my numbers, and that Muse to aid,
Who sings the poet that has done him right.

III.

It long has been this sacred author's fate,
To lie at ev'ry dull translator's will:
Long, long his Muse has groan'd beneath the weight
Of mangling Ogleby's presumptuous quill.

IV.

Dryden, at last, in his defence arose:
The father now is righted by the son;
And, while his Muse endeavours to disclose
That poet's beauties, she declares her own.

V.

In your smooth pompous numbers drest, each line,
Each thought, betrays such a majestic touch,
He could not, had he finish'd his design,
Have wish'd it better, or have done so much.

VI.

You, like his hero, though yourself were free,
And disentangled from the war of wit—
You, who secure might others' danger see,
And safe from all malicious censure sit—

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VII.

Yet, because sacred Virgil's noble Muse,
O'erlaid by fools, was ready to expire,
To risk your fame again, you boldly chuse,
Or to redeem, or perish with, your sire.

VIII.

Ev'n first and last, we owe him half to you:
For, that his Æneïds miss'd their threaten'd fate,
Was—that his friends by some prediction knew,
Hereafter, who, correcting, should translate.

IX.

But hold, my Muse! thy needless flight restrain,
Unless like him thou could'st a verse indite:
To think his fancy to describe, is vain,
Since nothing can discover light, but light.

X.

'Tis want of genius that does more deny;
'Tis fear my praise should make your glory less.
And therefore, like the modest painter, I
Must draw the veil, where I cannot express.

HENRY GRAHME.

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TO

MR. DRYDEN.

No undisputed monarch govern'd yet,
With universal sway, the realms of wit:
Nature could never such expense afford:
Each sev'ral province own'd a sev'ral lord.
A poet then had his poetic wife,
One Muse embrac'd, and married for his life.
By the stale thing his appetite was cloy'd,
His fancy lessen'd, and his fire destroy'd.
But Nature, grown extravagantly kind,
With all her treasures did adorn your mind.
The diff'rent pow'rs were then united found,
And you wit's universal monarch crown'd.
Your mighty sway your great desert secures;
And ev'ry Muse and ev'ry Grace is yours.
To none confin'd, by turns you all enjoy:
Sated with this, you to another fly,
So, sultan-like, in your seraglio stand,
While wishing Muses wait for your command;
Thus no decay, no want of vigour, find:
Sublime your fancy, boundless is your mind.
Not all the blasts of Time can do you wrong—
Young, spite of age—in spite of weakness, strong.
Time, like Alcides, strikes you to the ground;
You, like Antæus, from each fall rebound.

H. ST. JOHN.

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TO

MR. DRYDEN,

ON HIS VIRGIL.

'Tis said that Phidias gave such living grace
To the carv'd image of a beauteous face,
That the cold marble might ev'n seem to be
The life—and the true life, the imag'ry.

You pass that artist, Sir, and all his pow'rs,
Making the best of Roman poets ours,
With such effect, we know not which to call
The imitation, which th' original.

What Virgil lent, you pay in equal weight;
The charming beauty of the coin no less;
And such the majesty of your impress,
You seem the very author you translate.

'Tis certain, were he now alive with us,
And did revolving destiny constrain
To dress his thoughts in English o'er again,
Himself could write no otherwise than thus.

His old encomium never did appear
So true as now: "Romans and Greeks, submit!
"Something of late is in our language writ,
"More nobly great than the fam'd Iliads were."

JA. WRIGHT.

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TO

MR. DRYDEN,

ON HIS TRANSLATIONS.

As flow'rs, transplanted from a southern sky,
But hardly bear, or in the raising die,
Missing their native sun,—at best retain
But a faint odour, and but live with pain;
So Roman poetry, by moderns taught,
Wanting the warmth with which its author wrote,
Is a dead image, and a worthless draught.
While we transfuse, the nimble spirit flies,
Escapes unseen, evaporates, and dies.
Who then attempts to shew the ancients' wit,
Must copy with the genius that they writ:
Whence we conclude from thy translated song,
So just, so warm, so smooth, and yet so strong,
Thou heav'nly charmer! soul of harmony!
That all their geniuses reviv'd in thee.
Thy trumpet sounds: the dead are rais'd to light;
New-born they rise, and take to heav'n their flight;
Deckt in thy verse, as clad with rays, they shine,
All glorify'd, immortal and divine.
As Britain, in rich soil abounding wide,
Furnish'd for use, for luxury, and pride,
Yet spreads her wanton sails on ev'ry shore,
For foreign wealth, insatiate still of more;

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To her own wool, the silks of Asia joins,
And to her plenteous harvests, Indian mines;
So Dryden, not contented with the fame
Of his own works, though an immortal name——
To lands remote he sends his learned Muse,
The noblest seeds of foreign wit to chuse.
Feasting our sense so many various ways,
Say, is't thy bounty, or thy thirst of praise,
That, by comparing others, all might see,
Who most excell'd, are yet excell'd by thee?

GEORGE GRANVILLE.

*** The two following notes, heretofore printed in the same pages with the verses to which they respectively relate, I have designedly removed from their original stations, as being of no very great importance at the present day, though it was, doubtless, a matter of some consequence to Dryden, in one of the two cases, to flatter his patron by borrowing a verse from him, and proclaiming the obligation to the whole world. Not choosing, however, to omit them altogether, I insert them here. J. C.

Georg. iv, 684.

The mighty hero's more majestic shade.

"This whole line is taken from the Marquis of Normanby's translation."

Æn. ii, 763.

A headless carcase, and a nameless thing.

"This whole line is taken from Sir John Denham."

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PASTORALS.

PASTORAL I.

OR,

TITYRUS AND MELIBŒUS.

ARGUMENT.

The occasion of the first pastoral was this. When Augustus had settled himself in the Roman empire, that he might reward his veteran troops for their past service, he distributed among them all the lands that lay about Cremona and Mantua; turning out the right owners for having sided with his enemies. Virgil was a sufferer among the rest; who afterwards recovered his estate by Mæcenas's intercession, and, as an instance of his gratitude, composed the following pastoral, where he sets out his own good fortune in the person of Tityrus, and the calamities of his Mantuan neighbours in the character of Melibœus.

MELIBŒUS.

BENEATH the shade which beechen boughs diffuse,
You, Tityrus, entertain your silvan muse.
Round the wide world in banishment we roam,
Forc'd from our pleasing fields and native home;

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While, stretch'd at ease, you sing your happy loves,
And Amaryllis fills the shady groves.

TITYRUS.

These blessings, friend, a deity bestow'd;
For never can I deem him less than God.
The tender firstlings of my woolly breed
Shall on his holy altar often bleed
He gave my kine to graze the flow'ry plain,
And to my pipe renew'd the rural strain.

MELIBŒUS.

I envy not your fortune, but admire,
That, while the raging sword and wasteful fire
Destroy the wretched neighbourhood around,
No hostile arms approach your happy ground.
Far diff'rent is my fate: my feeble goats
With pains I drive from their forsaken cotes.
And this, you see, I scarcely drag along,
Who, yeaning, on the rocks has left her young;
The hope and promise of my failing fold.
My loss, by dire portents, the gods foretold;
For, had I not been blind, I might have seen:—
Yon riven oak, the fairest of the green,
And the hoarse raven, on the blasted bough,
By croaking from the left, presag'd the coming blow.
But tell me, Tityrus, what heav'nly pow'r
Preserv'd your fortunes in that fatal hour?

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TITYRUS.

Fool that I was, I thought imperial Rome
Like Mantua, where on market-days we come,
And thither drive our tender lambs from home.
So kids and whelps their sires and dams express;
And so the great I measur'd by the less.
But country towns, compar'd with her, appear
Like shrubs, when lofty cypresses are near.

MELIBŒUS.

What great occasion call'd you hence to Rome?

TITYRUS.

Freedom, which came at length, though slow to come.
Nor did my search of liberty begin,
Till my black hairs were chang'd upon my chin;
Nor Amaryllis would vouchsafe a look,
Till Galatea's meaner bonds I broke.
Till then a helpless, hopeless, homely swain,
I sought not freedom, nor aspir'd to gain:
Though many a victim from my folds was bought,
And many a cheese to country markets brought,
Yet all the little that I got, I spent,
And still return'd as empty as I went.

MELIBŒUS.

We stood amaz'd to see your mistress mourn,
Unknowing that she pin'd for your return:
We wonder'd why she kept her fruit so long,

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For whom so late th' ungather'd apples hung.
But now the wonder ceases, since I see
She kept them only, Tityrus, for thee.
For thee the bubbling springs appear'd to mourn,
And whisp'ring pines made vows for thy return.

TITYRUS.

What should I do?—While here I was enchain'd,
No glimpse of godlike liberty remain'd;
Nor could I hope, in any place but there,
To find a god so present to my pray'r.
There first the youth of heav'nly birth I view'd,
For whom our monthly victims are renew'd.
He heard my vows, and graciously decreed
My grounds to be restor'd, my former flocks to feed.

MELIBŒUS.

O fortunate old man! whose farm remains—
For you sufficient—and requites your pains;
Though rushes overspread the neighb'ring plains,
Though here the marshy grounds approach your fields,
And there the soil a stony harvest yields.
Your teeming ewes shall no strange meadows try,
Nor fear a rot from tainted company.
Behold! yon bord'ring fence of sallow-trees
Is fraught with flow'rs; the flow'rs are fraught with bees:
The busy bees, with a soft murm'ring strain,
Invite to gentle sleep the lab'ring swain.

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While, from the neighb'ring rock, with rural songs,
The pruner's voice the pleasing dream prolongs,
Stock-doves and turtles tell their am'rous pain,
And, from the lofty elms, of love complain.

TITYRUS.

Th' inhabitants of seas and skies shall change,
And fish on shore, and stags in air, shall range,
The banish'd Parthian dwell on Arar's brink,
And the blue German shall the Tigris drink,
Ere I, forsaking gratitude and truth,
Forget the figure of that godlike youth.

MELIBŒUS.

But we must beg our bread in climes unknown,
Beneath the scorching or the freezing zone:
And some to far Oaxis shall be sold,
Or try the Libyan heat, or Scythian cold;
The rest among the Britons be confin'd;
A race of men from all the world disjoin'd.
O! must the wretched exiles ever mourn,
Nor, after length of rolling years, return?
Are we condemn'd by fate's unjust decree,
No more our houses and our homes to see?
Or shall we mount again the rural throne,
And rule the country kingdoms, once our own?
Did we for these barbarians plant and sow?
On these, on these, our happy fields bestow?

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Good heav'n! what dire effects from civil discord flow!
Now let me graff my pears, and prune the vine;
The fruit is theirs, the labour only mine.
Farewell, my pastures, my paternal stock,
My fruitful fields, and my more fruitful flock!
No more, my goats, shall I behold you climb
The steepy cliffs, or crop the flow'ry thyme!
No more, extended in the grot below,
Shall see you browzing on the mountain's brow
The prickly shrubs; and after on the bare,
Lean down the deep abyss, and hang in air.
No more my sheep shall sip the morning dew;
No more my song shall please the rural crew:
Adieu, my tuneful pipe! and all the world, adieu!

TITYRUS.

This night, at least, with me forget your care;
Chesnuts and curds and cream shall be your fare:
The carpet-ground shall be with leaves o'erspread;
And boughs shall weave a cov'ring for your head.
For, see, yon sunny hill the shade extends;
And curling smoke from cottages ascends.

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Is this, unkind Alexis, my reward,
And must I die unpitied & unheard?

Pastoral 2d p. 3.

Published by Vernor & Hood. Nov.r 1.st 1802.

F. Bartolozzi Sculp.

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PASTORAL II.

OR,

ALEXIS.

ARGUMENT.

The commentators can by no means agree on the person of Alexis, but are all of opinion that some beautiful youth is meant by him, to whom Virgil here makes love, in Corydon's language and simplicity. His way of courtship is wholly pastoral: he complains of the boy's coyness; recommends himself for his beauty and skill in piping; invites the youth into the country, where he promises him the diversions of the place, with a suitable present of nuts and apples. But when he finds nothing will prevail, he resolves to quit his troublesome amour, and betake himself again to his former business.

YOUNG Corydon, th' unhappy shepherd swain,
The fair Alexis lov'd, but lov'd in vain;
And underneath the beechen shade, alone,
Thus to the woods and mountains made his moan.
Is this, unkind Alexis, my reward? 5
And must I die unpitied, and unheard?

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Now the green lizard in the grove is laid;
The sheep enjoy the coolness of the shade;
And Thestylis wild thyme and garlic beats
For harvest hinds, o'erspent with toil and heats;
While in the scorching sun I trace in vain
Thy flying footsteps o'er the burning plain.
The creaking locusts with my voice conspire,
They fry'd with heat, and I with fierce desire.
How much more easy was it to sustain
Proud Amaryllis, and her haughty reign,
The scorns of young Menalcas, once my care,
Though he was black, and thou art heav'nly fair.
Trust not too much to that enchanting face:
Beauty's a charm; but soon the charm will pass.
White lilies lie neglected on the plain,
While dusky hyacinths for use remain.
My passion is thy scorn; nor wilt thou know
What wealth I have, what gifts I can bestow;
What stores my dairies and my folds contain—
A thousand lambs that wander on the plain;
New milk that, all the winter, never fails,
And, all the summer, overflows the pails.
Amphion sung not sweeter to his herd,
When summon'd stones the Theban turrets rear'd.
Nor am I so deform'd; for late I stood
Upon the margin of the briny flood;

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The winds were still; and, if the glass be true,
With Daphnis I may vie, though judg'd by you.
O leave the noisy town: O come and see
Our country cots, and live content with me!
To wound the flying deer, and from their cotes
With me to drive a-field the browzing goats;
To pipe and sing, and, in our country strain,
To copy or perhaps contend with Pan.
Pan taught to join with wax unequal reeds;
Pan loves the shepherds, and their flocks he feeds.
Nor scorn the pipe: Amyntas, to be taught,
With all his kisses would my skill have bought.
Of seven smooth joints a mellow pipe I have,
Which with his dying breath Damœtas gave,
And said, "This, Corydon, I leave to thee;
For only thou deserv'st it after me."
His eyes Amyntas durst not upward lift;
For much he grudg'd the praise, but more the gift.
Besides, two kids, that in the valley stray'd,
I found by chance, and to my fold convey'd:
They drain two bagging udders ev'ry day;
And these shall be companions of thy play;
Both fleck'd with white, the true Arcadian strain,
Which Thestylis had often begg'd in vain:
And she shall have them, if again she sues,
Since you the giver and the gift refuse.

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Come to my longing arms, my lovely care!
And take the presents which the nymphs prepare.
White lilies in full canisters they bring,
With all the glories of the purple spring.
The daughters of the flood have search'd the mead
For violets pale, and cropp'd the poppy's head,
The short narcissus and fair daffodil,
Pancies to please the sight, and casia sweet to smell;
And set soft hyacinths with iron-blue,
To shade marsh marigolds of shining hue;
Some bound in order, others loosely strow'd,
To dress thy bow'r, and trim thy new abode.
Myself will search our planted grounds at home,
For downy peaches and the glossy plum:
And thrash the chesnuts in the neighb'ring grove,
Such as my Amaryllis us'd to love.
The laurel and the myrtle sweets agree;
And both in nosegays shall be bound for thee.
Ah, Corydon! ah poor unhappy swain!
Alexis will thy homely gifts disdain:
Nor, should'st thou offer all thy little store,
Will rich Iolas yield, but offer more.
What have I done, to name that wealthy swain?
So pow'rful are his presents, mine so mean!
The boar amidst my crystal streams I bring;
And southern winds to blast my flow'ry spring.

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Ah cruel creature! whom dost thou despise?
The gods, to live in woods, have left the skies;
And godlike Paris, in th' Idæan grove,
To Priam's wealth preferr'd Œnone's love.
In cities, which she built, let Pallas reign;
Tow'rs are for gods, but forests for the swain.
The greedy lioness the wolf pursues,
The wolf the kid, the wanton kid the browze;
Alexis, thou art chas'd by Corydon:
All follow sev'ral games, and each his own.
See, from afar the fields no longer smoke;
The sweating steers, unharness'd from the yoke,
Bring, as in triumph, back the crooked plough;
The shadows lengthen as the sun goes low;
Cool breezes now the raging heats remove:
Ah, cruel heav'n! that made no cure for love!
I wish for balmy sleep, but wish in vain:
Love has no bounds in pleasure, or in pain.
What frenzy, shepherd, has thy soul possess'd?
Thy vineyard lies half prun'd, and half undress'd.
Quench, Corydon, thy long unanswer'd fire!
Mind what the common wants of life require:
On willow twigs employ thy weaving care;
And find an easier love, though not so fair.

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PASTORAL III.

OR,

PALÆMON.

MENALCAS, DAMŒTAS, PALÆMON.

ARGUMENT.

Damœtas and Menalcas, after some smart strokes of country raillery, resolve to try who has the most skill at song; and accordingly make their neighbour Palæmon judge of their performances; who, after a full hearing of both parties, declares himself unfit for the decision of so weighty a controversy, and leaves the victory undetermined.

MENALCAS.

Ho, swain! what shepherd owns those ragged sheep?

DAMŒTAS.

Ægon's they are: he gave them me to keep.

MENALCAS.

Unhappy sheep of an unhappy swain!
While he Neæra courts, but courts in vain,
And fears that I the damsel shall obtain,
Thou, varlet, dost thy master's gains devour;
Thou milk'st his ewes, and often twice an hour;

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Of grass and fodder thou defraud'st the dams,
And of their mothers' dugs the starving lambs.

DAMŒTAS.

Good words, young catamite, at least to men.
We know who did your bus'ness, how, and when;
And in what chapel too you play'd your prize,
And what the goats observ'd with leering eyes:—
The nymphs were kind, and laugh'd; and there your safety lies.

MENALCAS.

Yes, when I cropt the hedges of the leys,
Cut Mycon's tender vines, and stole the stays!

DAMŒTAS.

Or rather, when, beneath yon ancient oak,
The bow of Daphnis, and the shafts, you broke,
When the fair boy receiv'd the gift of right;
And, but for mischief, you had died for spite.

MENALCAS.

What nonsense would the fool thy master prate,
When thou, his knave, canst talk at such a rate!
Did I not see you, rascal, did I not,
When you lay snug to snap young Damon's goat?
His mongrel bark'd: I ran to his relief,
And cry'd, "There, there he goes! stop, stop the thief!"
Discover'd, and defeated of your prey,
You skulk'd behind the fence, and sneak'd away.

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DAMŒTAS.

An honest man may freely take his own:
The goat was mine, by singing fairly won.
A solemn match was made: he lost the prize.
Ask Damon, ask, if he the debt denies.
I think he dares not: if he does, he lies.

MENALCAS.

Thou sing with him? thou booby!—Never pipe
Was so profan'd to touch that blubber'd lip.
Dunce at the best! in streets but scarce allow'd
To tickle, on thy straw, the stupid crowd.

DAMŒTAS.

To bring it to the trial, will you dare
Our pipes, our skill, our voices, to compare?
My brinded heifer to the stake I lay:
Two thriving calves she suckles twice a day,
And twice besides her beestings never fail
To store the dairy with a brimming pail.
Now back your singing with an equal stake.

MENALCAS.

That should be seen, if I had one to make.
You know too well, I feed my father's flock:
What can I wager from the common stock?
A stepdame too I have, a cursed she,
Who rules my hen-peck'd sire, and orders me.
Both number twice a day the milky dams;

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And once she takes the tale of all the lambs.
But, since you will be mad, and since you may
Suspect my courage, if I should not lay;
The pawn I proffer shall be full as good:
Two bowls I have, well turn'd, of beechen wood:
Both by divine Alcimedon were made:
To neither of them yet the lip is laid.
The lids are ivy: grapes in clusters lurk
Beneath the carving of the curious work.
Two figures on the sides emboss'd appear—
Conon, and what's his name who made the sphere,
And shew'd the seasons of the sliding year,
Instructed in his trade the lab'ring swain,
And when to reap, and when to sow the grain?

DAMŒTAS.

And I have two, to match your pair, at home;
The wood the same; from the same hand they come,
(The kimbo handles seem with bear's-foot carv'd)
And never yet to table have been serv'd;
Where Orpheus on his lyre laments his love,
With beasts encompass'd, and a dancing grove.
But these, nor all the proffers you can make,
Are worth the heifer which I set to stake.

MENALCAS.

No more delays, vain boaster, but begin!
I prophesy before-hand, I shall win.

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Palæmon shall be judge how ill you rhyme:
I'll teach you how to brag another time.

DAMŒTAS.

Rhymer, come on! and do the worst you can.
I fear not you, nor yet a better man.
With silence, neighbour, and attention, wait:
For 'tis a bus'ness of a high debate.

PALÆMON.

Sing then: the shade affords a proper place;
The trees are cloth'd with leaves, the fields with grass;
The blossoms blow; the birds on bushes sing;
And Nature has accomplish'd all the spring.
The challenge to Damœtas shall belong:
Menalcas shall sustain his under-song:
Each in his turn, your tuneful numbers bring:
By turns the tuneful Muses love to sing.

DAMŒTAS.

From the great father of the gods above
My Muse begins; for all is full of Jove;
To Jove the care of heav'n and earth belongs;
My flocks he blesses, and he loves my songs.

MENALCAS.

Me Phœbus loves; for he my Muse inspires;
And, in her songs, the warmth he gave, requires.
For him, the god of shepherds and their sheep,
My blushing hyacinths and my bays I keep.

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DAMŒTAS.

My Phyllis me with pelted apples plies:
Then tripping to the woods the wanton hies,
And wishes to be seen, before she flies.

MENALCAS.

But fair Amyntas comes unask'd to me,
And offers love, and sits upon my knee.
Not Delia to my dogs is known so well as he.

DAMŒTAS.

To the dear mistress of my love-sick mind,
Her swain a pretty present has design'd:
I saw two stock-doves billing, and ere long
Will take the nest; and hers shall be the young.

MENALCAS.

Ten ruddy wildings in the wood I found,
And stood on tip-toes, reaching from the ground:
I sent Amyntas all my present store;
And will, to-morrow, send as many more.

DAMŒTAS.

The lovely maid lay panting in my arms;
And all she said and did was full of charms.
Winds! on your wings to heav'n her accents bear;
Such words as heav'n alone is fit to hear.

MENALCAS.

Ah! what avails it me, my love's delight,
To call you mine, when absent from my sight?

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I hold the nets, while you pursue the prey;
And must not share the dangers of the day.

DAMŒTAS.

I keep my birth-day: send my Phyllis home:
At shearing-time, Iolas, you may come.

MENALCAS.

With Phyllis I am more in grace than you:
Her sorrow did my parting steps pursue:
"Adieu, my dear!" she said, "a long adieu!"

DAMŒTAS.

The nightly wolf is baneful to the fold,
Storms to the wheat, to buds the bitter cold;
But, from my frowning fair, more ills I find,
Than from the wolves, and storms, and winter-wind.

MENALCAS.

The kids with pleasure browze the bushy plain;
The show'rs are grateful to the swelling grain;
To teeming ewes the sallow's tender tree;
But, more than all the world, my love to me.

DAMŒTAS.

Pollio my rural verse vouchsafes to read:
A heifer, Muses, for your patron breed.

MENALCAS.

My Pollio writes himself:—a bull be bred,
With spurning heels, and with a butting head.

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DAMŒTAS.

Who Pollio loves, and who his Muse admires,
Let Pollio's fortune crown his full desires.
Let myrrh instead of thorn his fences fill,
And show'rs of honey from his oaks distil.

MENALCAS.

Who hates not living Bavius, let him be
(Dead Mævius!) damn'd to love thy works and thee!
The same ill taste of sense would serve to join
Dog-foxes in the yoke, and shear the swine.

DAMŒTAS.

Ye boys, who pluck the flow'rs, and spoil the spring,
Beware the secret snake that shoots a sting.

MENALCAS.

Graze not too near the banks, my jolly sheep:
The ground is false; the running streams are deep:
See, they have caught the father of the flock,
Who dries his fleece upon the neighb'ring rock.

DAMŒTAS.

From rivers drive the kids, and sling your hook:
Anon I'll wash them in the shallow brook.

MENALCAS.

To fold, my flock!—when milk is dry'd with heat,
In vain the milk-maid tugs an empty teat.

DAMŒTAS.

How lank my bulls from plenteous pasture come!

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But love, that drains the herd, destroys the groom.

MENALCAS.

My flocks are free from love, yet look so thin,
Their bones are barely cover'd with their skin.
What magic has bewitch'd the woolly dams,
And what ill eyes beheld the tender lambs?

DAMŒTAS.

Say, where the round of heav'n, which all contains,
To three short ells on earth our sight restrains:
Tell that, and rise a Phœbus for thy pains.

MENALCAS.

Nay tell me first, in what new region springs
A flow'r, that bears inscrib'd the names of kings;
And thou shalt gain a present as divine
As Phœbus' self: for Phyllis shall be thine.

PALÆMON.

So nice a diff'rence in your singing lies,
That both have won, or both deserv'd, the prize.
Rest equal happy both; and all who prove
The bitter sweets, and pleasing pains, of love.
Now dam the ditches, and the floods restrain:
Their moisture has already drench'd the plain.

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PASTORAL IV.

OR,

POLLIO.

ARGUMENT.

The poet celebrates the birth-day of Saloninus, the son of Pollio, born in the consulship of his father, after the taking of Salonæ, a city in Dalmatia. Many of the verses are translated from one of the Sibyls, who prophesied of our Saviour's birth.

SICILIAN Muse, begin a loftier strain!
Though lowly shrubs, and trees that shade the plain,
Delight not all; Sicilian Muse, prepare
To make the vocal woods deserve a consul's care.
The last great age, foretold by sacred rhymes,
Renews its finish'd course: Saturnian times
Roll round again; and mighty years, begun
From their first orb, in radiant circles run.
The base degen'rate iron offspring ends;
A golden progeny from heav'n descends.

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O chaste Lucina! speed the mother's pains;
And haste the glorious birth! thy own Apollo reigns!
The lovely boy, with his auspicious face,
Shall Pollio's consulship and triumph grace:
Majestic months set out with him to their appointed race.
The father banish'd virtue shall restore;
And crimes shall threat the guilty world no more.
The son shall lead the life of gods, and be
By gods and heroes seen, and gods and heroes see.
The jarring nations he in peace shall bind,
And with paternal virtues rule mankind.
Unbidden earth shall wreathing ivy bring,
And fragrant herbs (the promises of spring),
As her first off'rings to her infant king.
The goats with strutting dugs shall homeward speed,
And lowing herds secure from lions feed.
His cradle shall with rising flow'rs be crown'd:
The serpent's brood shall die; the sacred ground
Shall weeds and pois'nous plants refuse to bear;
Each common bush shall Syrian roses wear.
But when heroic verse his youth shall raise,
And form it to hereditary praise,
Unlabour'd harvests shall the fields adorn,
And cluster'd grapes shall blush on ev'ry thorn;
The knotted oaks shall show'rs of honey weep;

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And through the matted grass the liquid gold shall creep.
Yet, of old fraud some footsteps shall remain:
The merchant still shall plough the deep for gain;
Great cities shall with walls be compass'd round;
And sharpen'd shares shall vex the fruitful ground;
Another Tiphys shall new seas explore;
Another Argo land the chiefs upon th' Iberian shore;
Another Helen other wars create,
And great Achilles urge the Trojan fate.
But when to ripen'd manhood he shall grow,
The greedy sailor shall the seas forego:
No keel shall cut the waves for foreign ware;
For ev'ry soil shall ev'ry product bear.
The lab'ring hind his oxen shall disjoin:
No plough shall hurt the glebe, no pruning-hook the vine;
Nor wool shall in dissembled colours shine;
But the luxurious father of the fold,
With native purple, and unborrow'd gold,
Beneath his pompous fleece shall proudly sweat;
And under Tyrian robes the lamb shall bleat.
The Fates, when they this happy web have spun,
Shall bless the sacred clue, and bid it smoothly run.
Mature in years, to ready honours move,
O of celestial seed! O foster-son of Jove!

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See, lab'ring Nature calls thee to sustain
The nodding frame of heav'n, and earth, and main!
See to their base restor'd, earth, seas, and air;
And joyful ages, from behind, in crowding ranks
appear.
To sing thy praise, would heav'n my breath prolong,
Infusing spirits worthy such a song,
Not Thracian Orpheus should transcend my lays,
Nor Linus crown'd with never-fading bays;
Though each his heav'nly parent should inspire;
The Muse instruct the voice, and Phœbus tune the lyre.
Should Pan contend in verse, and thou my theme,
Arcadian judges should their god condemn.
Begin, auspicious boy! to cast about
Thy infant eyes, and, with a smile, thy mother single out.
Thy mother well deserves that short delight,
The nauseous qualms of ten long months and travail
to requite.
Then smile! the frowning infant's doom is read:
No god shall crown the board, nor goddess bless the
bed.

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PASTORAL V.

OR,

DAPHNIS.

ARGUMENT.

Mopsus and Menalcas, two very expert shepherds at a song, begin one by consent to the memory of Daphnis, who is supposed by the best critics to represent Julius Cæsar. Mopsus laments his death; Menalcas proclaims his divinity; the whole eclogue consisting of an elegy and an apotheosis.

MENALCAS.

SINCE on the downs our flocks together feed,
And since my voice can match your tuneful reed,
Why sit we not beneath the grateful shade,
Which hazles, intermix'd with elms, have made?

MOPSUS.

Whether you please that silvan scene to take,
Where whistling winds uncertain shadows make;
Or will you to the cooler cave succeed,
Whose mouth the curling vines have overspread?

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MENALCAS.

Your merit and your years command the choice:
Amyntas only rivals you in voice.

MOPSUS.

What will not that presuming shepherd dare,
Who thinks his voice with Phœbus may compare?

MENALCAS.

Begin you first; if either Alcon's praise,
Or dying Phyllis, have inspir'd your lays:
If her you mourn, or Codrus you commend,
Begin; and Tityrus your flock shall tend.

MOPSUS.

Or shall I rather the sad verse repeat,
Which on the beeches bark I lately writ?
I writ, and sung betwixt. Now bring the swain
Whose voice you boast, and let him try the strain.

MENALCAS.

Such as the shrub to the tall olive shows,
Or the pale sallow to the blushing rose;
Such is his voice, if I can judge aright,
Compar'd to thine, in sweetness and in height.

MOPSUS.

No more, but sit and hear the promis'd lay:
The gloomy grotto makes a doubtful day.
The nymphs about the breathless body wait
Of Daphnis, and lament his cruel fate.

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The trees and floods were witness to their tears:
At length the rumour reach'd his mother's ears.
The wretched parent, with a pious haste,
Came running, and his lifeless limbs embrac'd.
She sigh'd, she sobb'd; and, furious with despair,
She rent her garments, and she tore her hair,
Accusing all the gods, and ev'ry star.
The swains forgot their sheep, nor near the brink
Of running waters brought their herds to drink.
The thirsty cattle, of themselves, abstain'd
From water, and their grassy fare disdain'd.
The death of Daphnis woods and hills deplore;
They cast the sound to Libya's desert shore;
The Libyan lions hear, and hearing roar.
Fierce tigers Daphnis taught the yoke to bear,
And first with curling ivy dress'd the spear.
Daphnis did rites to Bacchus first ordain,
And holy revels for his reeling train.
As vines the trees, as grapes the vines adorn,
As bulls the herds, and fields the yellow corn;
So bright a splendor, so divine a grace,
The glorious Daphnis cast on his illustrious race.
When envious Fate the godlike Daphnis took,
Our guardian gods the fields and plains forsook:
Pales no longer swell'd the teeming grain,
Nor Phœbus fed his oxen on the plain:

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No fruitful crop the sickly fields return;
But oats and darnel choke the rising corn.
And where the vales with violets once were crown'd,
Now knotty burrs and thorns disgrace the ground.
Come, shepherds, come, and strow with leaves the plain:
Such fun'ral rites your Daphnis did ordain.
With cypress-boughs the crystal fountains hide,
And softly let the running waters glide.
A lasting monument to Daphnis raise,
With this inscription to record his praise:
"Daphnis, the fields' delight, the shepherds' love,
Renown'd on earth, and deify'd above;
Whose flock excell'd the fairest on the plains,
But less than he himself surpass'd the swains."

MENALCAS.

O heav'nly poet! such thy verse appears,
So sweet, so charming to my ravish'd ears,
As to the weary swain, with cares opprest,
Beneath the silvan shade, refreshing rest;
As to the fev'rish traveler, when first
He finds a crystal stream to quench his thirst.
In singing, as in piping, you excel;
And scarce your master could perform so well.
O fortunate young man! at least your lays
Are next to his, and claim the second praise.
Such as they are, my rural songs I join,

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To raise our Daphnis to the pow'rs divine;
For Daphnis was so good, to love whate'er was mine.

MOPSUS.

How is my soul with such a promise rais'd!
For both the boy was worthy to be prais'd,
And Stimicon has often made me long
To hear, like him, so soft, so sweet a song.

MENALCAS.

Daphnis, the guest of heav'n, with wond'ring eyes
Views, in the milky way, the starry skies,
And far beneath him, from the shining sphere,
Beholds the moving clouds, and rolling year.
For this, with cheerful cries the woods resound;
The purple spring arrays the various ground;
The nymphs and shepherds dance; and Pan himself is crown'd.
The wolf no longer prowls for nightly spoils,
Nor birds the springes fear, nor stags the toils;
For Daphnis reigns above, and deals from thence
His mother's milder beams, and peaceful influence.
The mountain-tops unshorn, the rocks, rejoice;
The lowly shrubs partake of human voice.
Assenting Nature, with a gracious nod,
Proclaims him, and salutes the new-admitted god.
Be still propitious, ever good to thine!
Behold! four hallow'd altars we design;

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And two to thee, and two to Phœbus rise;
On both is offer'd annual sacrifice.
The holy priests, at each returning year,
Two bowls of milk, and two of oil, shall bear;
And I myself the guests with friendly bowls will cheer.
Two goblets will I crown with sparkling wine,
The gen'rous vintage of the Chian vine:
These will I pour to thee, and make the nectar thine.
In winter shall the genial feast be made
Before the fire; by summer, in the shade.
Damœtas shall perform the rites divine;
And Lyctian Ægon in the song shall join.
Alphesibœus, tripping, shall advance,
And mimic satyrs in his antic dance.
When to the nymphs our annual rites we pay,
And when our fields with victims we survey—
While savage boars delight in shady woods,
And finny fish inhabit in the floods—
While bees on thyme, and locusts feed on dew—
Thy grateful swains these honours shall renew.
Such honours as we pay to pow'rs divine,
To Bacchus and to Ceres, shall be thine.
Such annual honours shall be giv'n; and thou
Shalt hear, and shalt condemn thy suppliants to their vow.

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MOPSUS.

What present, worth thy verse, can Mopsus find?
Not the soft whispers of the southern wind,
That play through trembling trees, delight me more;
Nor murm'ring billows on the sounding shore;
Nor winding streams, that through the valley glide,
And the scarce-cover'd pebbles gently chide.

MENALCAS.

Receive you first this tuneful pipe, the same
That play'd my Corydon's unhappy flame;
The same that sung Neæra's conqu'ring eyes,
And, had the judge been just, had won the prize.

MOPSUS.

Accept from me this sheep-hook in exchange;
The handle brass; the knobs in equal range.
Antigenes, with kisses, often try'd
To beg this present, in his beauty's pride,
When youth and love are hard to be deny'd.
But what I could refuse to his request,
Is yours unask'd; for you deserve it best.

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PASTORAL VI.

OR,

SILENUS.

ARGUMENT.

Two young shepherds, Chromis and Mnasylus, having been often promised a song by Silenus, chance to catch him asleep in this pastoral; where they bind him hand and foot, and then claim his promise. Silenus, finding they would be put off no longer, begins his song, in which he describes the formation of the universe, and the original of animals, according to the Epicurean philosophy; and then runs through the most surprising transformations which have happened in Nature since her birth. This pastoral was designed as a compliment to Syron the Epicurean, who instructed Virgil and Varus in the principles of that philosophy. Silenus acts as tutor, Chromis and Mnasylus as the two pupils.

I FIRST transferr'd to Rome Sicilian strains;
Nor blush'd the Doric Muse to dwell on Mantuan plains.
But when I try'd her tender voice, too young,
And fighting kings and bloody battles sung,

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Apollo check'd my pride, and bade me feed
My fatt'ning flocks, nor dare beyond the reed.
Admonish'd thus, while ev'ry pen prepares
To write thy praises, Varus, and thy wars,
My past'ral Muse her humble tribute brings;
And yet not wholly uninspir'd she sings:
For all who read, and, reading, not disdain
These rural poems, and their lowly strain,
The name of Varus oft inscrib'd shall see
In ev'ry grove, and ev'ry vocal tree;
And all the silvan reign shall sing of thee:
Thy name, to Phœbus and the Muses known,
Shall in the front of ev'ry page be shown;
For he who sings thy praise, secures his own.
Proceed, my Muse!—Two Satyrs, on the ground,
Stretch'd at his ease, their sire Silenus found.
Doz'd with his fumes, and heavy with his load,
They found him snoring in his dark abode,
And seis'd with youthful arms the drunken god.
His rosy wreath was dropt not long before,
Borne by the tide of wine, and floating on the floor.
His empty can, with ears half worn away,
Was hung on high, to boast the triumph of the day.
Invaded thus, for want of better bands,
His garland they unstring, and bind his hands:
For, by the fraudful god deluded long,

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They now resolve to have their promis'd song.
Ægle came in, to make their party good—
The fairest Naïs of the neighb'ring flood—
And, while he stares around with stupid eyes,
His brows with berries, and his temples, dies.
He finds the fraud, and, with a smile, demands
On what design the boys had bound his hands.
"Loose me," he cry'd; "'twas impudence to find
A sleeping god; 'tis sacrilege to bind.
To you the promis'd poem I will pay;
The nymph shall be rewarded in her way."
He rais'd his voice; and soon a num'rous throng
Of tripping Satyrs crowded to the song;
And silvan Fauns, and savage beasts, advanc'd;
And nodding forests to the numbers danc'd.
Not by Hæmonian hills the Thracian bard,
Nor awful Phœbus was on Pindus heard
With deeper silence, or with more regard.
He sung the secret seeds of Nature's frame;
How seas, and earth, and air, and active flame,
Fell through the mighty void, and, in their fall,
Were blindly gather'd in this goodly ball.
The tender soil then, stiff'ning by degrees,
Shut from the bounded earth the bounding seas.
Then earth and ocean various forms disclose;
And a new sun to the new world arose;

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And mists, condens'd to clouds, obscure the sky;
And clouds, dissolv'd, the thirsty ground supply.
The rising trees the lofty mountains grace:
The lofty mountains feed the savage race,
Yet few, and strangers, in th' unpeopled place.
From thence the birth of man the song pursu'd,
And how the world was lost, and how renew'd:
The reign of Saturn, and the golden age;
Prometheus' theft, and Jove's avenging rage;
The cries of Argonauts for Hylas drown'd,
With whose repeated name the shores resound;
Then mourns the madness of the Cretan queen:
Happy for her if herds had never been.
What fury, wretched woman, seis'd thy breast?
The maids of Argos (though, with rage possess'd,
Their imitated lowings fill'd the grove)
Yet shunn'd the guilt of thy prepost'rous love,
Nor sought the youthful husband of the herd,
Though lab'ring yokes on their own necks they fear'd,
And felt for budding horns on their smooth foreheads rear'd.
Ah, wretched queen! you range the pathless wood,
While on a flow'ry bank he chews the cud,
Or sleeps in shades, or through the forest roves,
And roars with anguish for his absent loves.
"Ye nymphs, with toils his forest-walk surround,

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And trace his wand'ring footsteps on the ground.
But, ah! perhaps my passion he disdains,
And courts the milky mothers of the plains.
We search th' ungrateful fugitive abroad,
While they at home sustain his happy load."
He sung the lover's fraud; the longing maid,
With golden fruit, like all the sex, betray'd;
The sisters mourning for their brother's loss;
Their bodies hid in barks, and furr'd with moss;
How each a rising alder now appears,
And o'er the Po distils her gummy tears:
Then sung, how Gallus, by a Muse's hand,
Was led and welcom'd to the sacred strand;
The senate rising to salute their guest;
And Linus thus their gratitude express'd:
" Receive this present, by the Muses made,
The pipe on which th' Ascræan pastor play'd;
With which of old he charm'd the savage train,
And call'd the mountain-ashes to the plain.
Sing thou, on this, thy Phœbus; and the wood
Where once his fane of Parian marble stood:
On this his ancient oracles rehearse;
And with new numbers grace the god of verse."
Why should I sing the double Scylla's fate?
The first by love transform'd, the last by hate—
A beauteous maid above; but magic arts

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With barking dogs deform'd her nether parts:
What vengeance on the passing fleet she pour'd,
The master frighted, and the mates devour'd.
Then ravish'd Philomel the song exprest;
The crime reveal'd; the sisters' cruel feast;
And how in fields the lapwing Tereus reigns,
The warbling nightingale in woods complains;
While Procne makes on chimney-tops her moan,
And hovers o'er the palace once her own.
Whatever songs besides the Delphian god
Had taught the laurels, and the Spartan flood,
Silenus sung: the vales his voice rebound,
And carry to the skies the sacred sound.
And now the setting sun had warn'd the swain
To call his counted cattle from the plain:
Yet still th' unweary'd sire pursues the tuneful strain,
Till, unperceiv'd, the heav'ns with stars were hung,
And sudden night surpris'd the yet unfinish'd song.

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PASTORAL VII.

OR,

MELIBŒUS.

ARGUMENT.

Melibœus here gives us the relation of a sharp poetical contest between Thyrsis and Corydon, at which he himself and Daphnis were present; who both declared for Corydon.

BENEATH a holm, repair'd two jolly swains,
(Their sheep and goats together graz'd the plains)
Both young Arcadians, both alike inspir'd
To sing, and answer as the song requir'd.
Daphnis, as umpire, took the middle seat;
And fortune thither led my weary feet.
For, while I fenc'd my myrtles from the cold,
The father of my flock had wander'd from the fold.
Of Daphnis I inquir'd: he, smiling, said,
"Dismiss your fear," and pointed where he fed:
"And, if no greater cares disturb your mind,
Sit here with us, in covert of the wind.

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Your lowing heifers, of their own accord,
At wat'ring-time will seek the neighb'ring ford.
Here wanton Mincius winds along the meads,
And shades his happy banks with bending reeds.
And see, from yon old oak that mates the skies,
How black the clouds of swarming bees arise."
What should I do? nor was Alcippe nigh,
Nor absent Phyllis could my care supply,
To house, and feed by hand my weaning lambs,
And drain the strutting udders of their dams.
Great was the strife betwixt the singing swains:
And I preferr'd my pleasure to my gains.
Alternate rhyme the ready champions chose:
These Corydon rehears'd, and Thyrsis those.

CORYDON.

Ye Muses, ever fair, and ever young,
Assist my numbers, and inspire my song.
With all my Codrus, O! inspire my breast;
For Codrus, after Phœbus, sings the best.
Or, if my wishes have presum'd too high,
And stretch'd their bounds beyond mortality,
The praise of artful numbers I resign,
And hang my pipe upon the sacred pine.

THYRSIS.

Arcadian swains, your youthful poet crown
With ivy-wreaths; though surly Codrus frown.

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Or, if he blast my Muse with envious praise,
Then fence my brows with amulets of bays,
Lest his ill arts or his malicious tongue
Should poison, or bewitch my growing song.

CORYDON.

These branches of a stag, this tusky boar
(The first essay of arms untry'd before)
Young Mycon offers, Delia, to thy shrine.
But, speed his hunting with thy pow'r divine;
Thy statue then of Parian stone shall stand;
Thy legs in buskins with a purple band.

THYRSIS.

This bowl of milk, these cakes, (our country fare)
For thee, Priapus, yearly we prepare,
Because a little garden is thy care.
But, if the falling lambs increase my fold,
Thy marble statue shall be turn'd to gold.

CORYDON.

Fair Galatea, with thy silver feet,
O, whiter than the swan, and more than Hybla sweet!
Tall as a poplar, taper as the bole!
Come, charm thy shepherd, and restore my soul.
Come, when my lated sheep at night return;
And crown the silent hours, and stop the rosy morn.

THYRSIS.

May I become as abject in thy sight,

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As sea-weed on the shore, and black as night;
Rough as a bur, deform'd like him who chaws
Sardinian herbage to contract his jaws;
Such and so monstrous let thy swain appear,
If one day's absence looks not like a year.
Hence from the field, for shame! the flock deserves
No better feeding, while the shepherd starves.

CORYDON.

Ye mossy springs, inviting easy sleep,
Ye trees, whose leafy shades those mossy fountains keep,
Defend my flock! The summer heats are near,
And blossoms on the swelling vines appear.

THYRSIS.

With heapy fires our cheerful hearth is crown'd;
And firs for torches in the woods abound:
We fear not more the winds, and wintry cold,
Than streams the banks, or wolves the bleating fold.

CORYDON.

Our woods, with juniper and chesnuts crown'd,
With falling fruits and berries paint the ground;
And lavish Nature laughs, and strows her stores around.
But, if Alexis from our mountains fly,
Ev'n running rivers leave their channels dry.

THYRSIS.

Parch'd are the plains, and frying is the field,

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Nor with'ring vines their juicy vintage yield.
But, if returning Phyllis bless the plain,
The grass revives; the woods are green again;
And Jove descends in show'rs of kindly rain.

CORYDON.

The poplar is by great Alcides worn;
The brows of Phœbus his own bays adorn;
The branching vine the jolly Bacchus loves;
The Cyprian queen delights in myrtle groves;
With hazle Phyllis crowns her flowing hair;
And, while she loves that common wreath to wear,
Nor bays, nor myrtle boughs, with hazle shall compare.

THYRSIS.

The tow'ring ash is fairest in the woods;
In gardens pines, and poplars by the floods:
But, if my Lycidas will ease my pains,
And often visit our forsaken plains,
To him the tow'ring ash shall yield in woods,
In gardens pines, and poplars by the floods.

MELIBŒUS.

These rhymes I did to memory commend,
When vanquish'd Thyrsis did in vain contend;
Since when, 'tis Corydon among the swains:
Young Corydon without a rival reigns.

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PASTORAL VIII.

OR,

PHARMACEUTRIA.

ARGUMENT.

This pastoral contains the songs of Damon and Alphesibœus. The first of them bewails the loss of his mistress, and repines at the success of his rival Mopsus. The other repeats the charms of some enchantress, who endeavoured by her spells and magic to make Daphnis in love with her.

THE mournful muse of two despairing swains,
The love rejected, and the lovers' pains;
To which the savage lynxes list'ning stood;
The rivers stood on heaps, and stopp'd the running flood;
The hungry herd their needful food refuse —
Of two despairing swains, I sing the mournful muse.

Great Pollio! thou, for whom thy Rome prepares
The ready triumph of thy finish'd wars,

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Whether Timavus or th' Illyrian coast,
Whatever land or sea, thy presence boast;
Is there an hour in fate reserv'd for me,
To sing thy deeds in numbers worthy thee?
In numbers like to thine, could I rehearse
Thy lofty tragic scenes, thy labour'd verse;
The world another Sophocles in thee,
Another Homer should behold in me.
Amidst thy laurels let this ivy twine:
Thine was my earliest muse; my latest shall be thine.

Scarce from the world the shades of night withdrew;
Scarce were the flocks refresh'd with morning dew,
When Damon, stretch'd beneath an olive shade,
And wildly staring upwards, thus inveigh'd
Against the conscious gods, and curs'd the cruel maid:
"Star of the morning, why dost thou delay?
Come, Lucifer, drive on the lagging day,
While I my Nisa's perjur'd faith deplore—
Witness, ye pow'rs, by whom she falsely swore!
The gods, alas! are witnesses in vain:
Yet shall my dying breath to heav'n complain.
Begin with me, my flute, the sweet Mænalian strain.

"The pines of Mænalus, the vocal grove,
Are ever full of verse, and full of love:

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They hear the hinds, they hear their god complain,
Who suffer'd not the reeds to rise in vain.
Begin with me, my flute, the sweet Mænalian strain.

"Mopsus triumphs; he weds the willing fair.
When such is Nisa's choice, what lover can despair?
Now griffons join with mares; another age
Shall see the hound and hind their thirst assuage,
Promiscuous at the spring. Prepare the lights,
O Mopsus! and perform the bridal rites.
Scatter thy nuts among the scrambling boys:
Thine is the night, and thine the nuptial joys.
For thee the sun declines: O happy swain!
Begin with me, my flute, the sweet Mænalian strain.

"O ~~Nisa~~! justly to thy choice condemn'd!
Whom hast thou taken, whom hast thou contemn'd?
For him, thou hast refus'd my browzing herd,
Scorn'd my thick eye-brows, and my shaggy beard.
Unhappy ~~Damon~~ sighs and sings in vain,
While ~~Nisa~~ thinks no god regards a lover's pain.
Begin with me, my flute, the sweet Mænalian strain.

"I view'd thee first, (how fatal was the view!)
And led thee where the ruddy wildings grew,
High on the planted hedge, and wet with morning dew.

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Then scarce the bending branches I could win;
The callow down began to clothe my chin.
I saw; I perish'd; yet indulg'd my pain.
Begin with me, my flute, the sweet Mænalian strain.

"I know thee, Love! in deserts thou wert bred,
And at the dugs of savage tigers fed;
Alien of birth, usurper of the plains!
Begin with me, my flute, the sweet Mænalian strains.

"Relentless Love the cruel mother led
The blood of her unhappy babes to shed:
Love lent the sword; the mother struck the blow;
Inhuman she; but more inhuman thou:
Alien of birth, usurper of the plains!
Begin with me, my flute, the sweet Mænalian strains.

"Old doting Nature, change thy course anew;
And let the trembling lamb the wolf pursue:
Let oaks now glitter with Hesperian fruit,
And purple daffodils from alder shoot:
Fat amber let the tamarisk distil,
And hooting owls contend with swans in skill;
Hoarse Tityrus strive with Orpheus in the woods,
And challenge fam'd Arion on the floods.
Or, oh! let Nature cease, and Chaos reign!

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Begin with me, my flute, the sweet Mænalian strain.

"Let earth be sea; and let the whelming tide
The lifeless limbs of luckless Damon hide:
Farewell, ye secret woods, and shady groves,
Haunts of my youth, and conscious of my loves!
From yon high cliff I plunge into the main:
Take the last present of thy dying swain:
And cease, my silent flute, the sweet Mænalian strain."

Now take your turns, ye Muses, to rehearse
His friend's complaints, and mighty magic verse.
"Bring running water: bind those altars round
With fillets, and with vervain strow the ground:
Make fat with frankincense the sacred fires,
To re-inflame my Daphnis with desires.
'Tis done: we want but verse.—Restore, my charms,
My ling'ring Daphnis to my longing arms.

"Pale Phœbe, drawn by verse, from heav'n descends;
And Circe chang'd with charms Ulysses' friends.
Verse breaks the ground, and penetrates the brake,
And in the winding cavern splits the snake.
Verse fires the frozen veins.—Restore, my charms,
My ling'ring Daphnis to my longing arms.

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"Around his waxen image first I wind
Three woollen fillets, of three colours join'd;
Thrice bind about his thrice-devoted head,
Which round the sacred altar thrice is led.
Unequal numbers please the gods.—My charms,
Restore my Daphnis to my longing arms.

"Knit with three knots the fillets: knit them strait;
Then say, 'These knots to love I consecrate.'
Haste, Amaryllis, haste!—Restore, my charms,
My lovely Daphnis to my longing arms.

"As fire this figure hardens, made of clay,
And this of wax with fire consumes away;
Such let the soul of cruel Daphnis be—
Hard to the rest of women, soft to me.
Crumble the sacred mole of salt and corn:
Next in the fire the bays with brimstone burn;
And, while it crackles in the sulphur, say,
'This I for Daphnis burn; thus Daphnis burn away!
This laurel is his fate.'—Restore, my charms,
My lovely Daphnis to my longing arms.

"As when the raging heifer, through the grove,
Stung with desire, pursues her wand'ring love;
Faint at the last, she seeks the weedy pools,

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To quench her thirst, and on the rushes rolls,
Careless of night, unmindful to return;
Such fruitless fires perfidious Daphnis burn,
While I so scorn his love!—Restore, my charms,
My ling'ring Daphnis to my longing arms.

"These garments once were his, and left to me,
The pledges of his promis'd loyalty,
Which underneath my threshold I bestow.
These pawns, O sacred earth! to me my Daphnis owe.
As these were his, so mine is he.—My charms,
Restore their ling'ring lord to my deluded arms.

"These pois'nous plants, for magic use design'd,
(The noblest and the best of all the baneful kind)
Old Mœris brought me from the Pontic strand,
And cull'd the mischief of a bounteous land.
Smear'd with these pow'rful juices, on the plain,
He howls a wolf among the hungry train;
And oft the mighty necromancer boasts,
With these, to call from tombs the stalking ghosts,
And from the roots to tear the standing corn,
Which, whirl'd aloft, to distant fields is borne:
Such is the strength of spells.—Restore, my charms,
My ling'ring Daphnis to my longing arms.

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" Bear out these ashes; cast them in the brook;
Cast backwards o'er your head; nor turn your look:
Since neither gods nor godlike verse can move,
Break out, ye smother'd fires, and kindle smother'd love.
Exert your utmost pow'r, my ling'ring charms;
And force my Daphnis to my longing arms.

" See, while my last endeavours I delay,
The waking ashes rise, and round our altars play!
Run to the threshold, Amaryllis—hark!
Our Hylax opens, and begins to bark.
Good heav'n! may lovers what they wish believe?
Or dream their wishes, and those dreams deceive?
No more! my Daphnis comes! no more, my charms!
He comes, he runs, he leaps, to my desiring arms."

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PASTORAL IX.

OR,

LYCIDAS AND MŒRIS.

ARGUMENT.

When Virgil, by the favour of Augustus, had recovered his patrimony near Mantua, and went in hope to take possession, he was in danger to be slain by Arius the centurion, to whom those lands were assigned by the emperor, in reward of his service against Brutus and Cassius. This pastoral therefore is filled with complaints of his hard usage; and the persons introduced are the bailiff of Virgil, Mœris, and his friend Lycidas.

LYCIDAS.

Ho, Mœris! whither on thy way so fast?
This leads to town.

MŒRIS.

O Lycidas! at last
The time is come, I never thought to see,
(Strange revolution for my farm and me!)
When the grim captain in a surly tone
Cries out, "Pack up, ye rascals, and be gone."

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Kick'd out, we set the best face on't we could;
And these two kids, t' appease his angry mood,
I bear,—of which the Furies give him good!

LYCIDAS.

Your country friends were told another tale—
That, from the sloping mountain to the vale,
And dodder'd oak, and all the banks along,
Menalcas sav'd his fortune with a song.

MŒRIS.

Such was the news, indeed; but songs and rhymes
Prevail as much in these hard iron times,
As would a plump of trembling fowl, that rise
Against an eagle sousing from the skies.
And, had not Phœbus warn'd me, by the croak
Of an old raven from a hollow oak,
To shun debate, Menalcas had been slain,
And Mœris not surviv'd him, to complain.

LYCIDAS.

Now heav'n defend! could barb'rous rage induce
The brutal son of Mars t' insult the sacred Muse?
Who then should sing the nymphs? or who rehearse
The waters gliding in a smoother verse?
Or Amaryllis praise that heav'nly lay,
That shorten'd, as we went, our tedious way—
"O Tityrus, tend my herd, and see them fed;
To morning pastures, ev'ning waters, led;

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And 'ware the Libyan ridgil's butting head."

MŒRIS.

Or what unfinish'd he to Varus read—
"Thy name, O Varus, (if the kinder pow'rs
Preserve our plains, and shield the Mantuan tow'rs,
Obnoxious by Cremona's neighb'ring crime)
The wings of swans, and stronger-pinion'd rhyme,
Shall raise aloft, and soaring bear above—
Th' immortal gift of gratitude to Jove."

LYCIDAS.

Sing on, sing on: for I can ne'er be cloy'd.
So may thy swarms the baleful yew avoid:
So may thy cows their burden'd bags distend,
And trees to goats their willing branches bend.
Mean as I am, yet have the Muses made
Me free, a member of the tuneful trade:
At least the shepherds seem to like my lays:
But I discern their flatt'ry from their praise:
I nor to Cinna's ears, nor Varus', dare aspire,
But gabble, like a goose, amidst the swan-like choir.

MŒRIS.

'Tis what I have been conning in my mind;
Nor are they verses of a vulgar kind.
"Come, Galatea! come! the seas forsake!
What pleasures can the tides with their hoarse murmurs make?

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See, on the shore inhabits purple spring;
Where nightingales their love-sick ditty sing:
See, meads with purling streams, with flow'rs the ground,
The grottoes cool, with shady poplars crown'd,
And creeping vines on arbours weav'd around.
Come then, and leave the waves' tumultuous roar;
Let the wild surges vainly beat the shore."

LYCIDAS.

Or that sweet song I heard with such delight;
The same you sung alone one starry night.
The tune I still retain, but not the words.

MŒRIS.

" Why, Daphnis, dost thou search in old records,
To know the seasons when the stars arise?
See, Cæsar's lamp is lighted in the skies—
The star, whose rays the blushing grapes adorn,
And swell the kindly rip'ning ears of corn.
Under this influence, graft the tender shoot;
Thy children's children shall enjoy the fruit."
The rest I have forgot; for cares and time
Change all things, and untune my soul to rhyme.
I could have once sung down a summer's sun:
But now the chime of poetry is done:
My voice grows hoarse; I feel the notes decay,
As if the wolves had seen me first to-day.

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But these, and more than I to mind can bring,
Menalcas has not yet forgot to sing.

LYCIDAS.

Thy faint excuses but inflame me more:
And now the waves roll silent to the shore;
Husht winds the topmost branches scarcely bend,
As if thy tuneful song they did attend:
Already we have half our way o'ercome;
Far off I can discern Bianor's tomb.
Here, where the lab'rer's hands have form'd a bow'r
Of wreathing trees, in singing waste an hour.
Rest here thy weary limbs; thy kids lay down:
We've day before us yet, to reach the town;
Or if, ere night, the gath'ring clouds we fear,
A song will help the beating storm to bear.
And, that thou may'st not be too late abroad,
Sing, and I'll ease thy shoulders of thy load.

MŒRIS.

Cease to request me; let us mind our way:
Another song requires another day.
When good Menalcas comes, if he rejoice,
And find a friend at court, I'll find a voice.

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PASTORAL X.

OR,

GALLUS.

ARGUMENT.

Gallus, a great patron of Virgil, and an excellent poet, was very deeply in love with one Cytheris, whom he calls Lycoris, and who had forsaken him for the company of a soldier. The poet therefore supposes his friend Gallus retired, in his height of melancholy, into the solitudes of Arcadia (the celebrated scene of pastorals), where he represents him in a very languishing condition, with all the rural deities about him, pitying his hard usage, and condoling his misfortune.

THY sacred succour, Arethusa, bring,
To crown my labour ('tis the last I sing),
Which proud Lycoris may with pity view:—
The Muse is mournful, though the numbers few.
Refuse me not a verse, to grief and Gallus due.
So may thy silver streams beneath the tide,
Unmix'd with briny seas, securely glide.

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Sing then my Gallus, and his hopeless vows;
Sing, while my cattle crop the tender browze.
The vocal grove shall answer to the sound,
And Echo, from the vales, the tuneful voice rebound.
What lawns or woods with-held you from his aid,
Ye nymphs, when Gallus was to love betray'd,
To love, unpity'd by the cruel maid?
Not steepy Pindus could retard your course,
Nor cleft Parnassus, nor th' Aonian source:
Nothing that owns the Muses, could suspend
Your aid to Gallus: — Gallus is their friend.
For him the lofty laurel stands in tears,
And hung with humid pearls the lowly shrub appears.
Mænalian pines the godlike swain bemoan,
When, spread beneath a rock, he sigh'd alone;
And cold Lycæus wept from ev'ry dropping stone.
The sheep surround their shepherd, as he lies:
Blush not, sweet poet, nor the name despise:
Along the streams, his flock Adonis fed;
And yet the queen of beauty blest his bed.
The swains and tardy neat-herds came, and last
Menalcas, wet with beating winter mast.
Wond'ring, they ask'd from whence arose thy flame.
Yet more amaz'd, thy own Apollo came.
Flush'd were his cheeks, and glowing were his eyes:
"Is she thy care? is she thy care?" he cries.

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"Thy false Lycoris flies thy love and thee,
And, for thy rival, tempts the raging sea,
The forms of horrid war, and heav'n's inclemency."
Silvanus came: his brows a country crown
Of fennel, and of nodding lilies, drown.
Great Pan arriv'd; and we beheld him too,
His cheeks and temples of vermilion hue.
"Why, Gallus, this immod'rate grief?" he cry'd:
"Think'st thou that love with tears is satisfy'd?
The meads are sooner drunk with morning dews,
The bees with flow'ry shrubs, the goats with browze."
Unmov'd, and with dejected eyes, he mourn'd:
He paus'd, and then these broken words return'd:
"'Tis past; and pity gives me no relief:
But you, Arcadian swains, shall sing my grief,
And on your hills my last complaints renew:
So sad a song is only worthy you.
How light would lie the turf upon my breast,
If you my suff'rings in your songs exprest!
Ah! that your birth and bus'ness had been mine—
To pen the sheep, and press the swelling vine!
Had Phyllis or Amyntas caus'd my pain,
Or any nymph or shepherd on the plain,
(Though Phyllis brown, though black Amyntas were,
Are violets not sweet, because not fair?)
Beneath the sallows and the shady vine,

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My loves had mix'd their pliant limbs with mine:
Phyllis with myrtle wreaths had crown'd my hair,
And soft Amyntas sung away my care.
Come, see what pleasures in our plains abound;
The woods, the fountains, and the flow'ry ground.
As you are beauteous, were you half so true,
Here could I live, and love, and die with only you.
Now I to fighting fields am sent afar,
And strive in winter camps with toils of war;
While you, (alas, that I should find it so!)
To shun my sight, your native soil forego,
And climb the frozen Alps, and tread th' eternal snow.
Ye frosts and snows, her tender body spare!
Those are not limbs for icicles to tear.
For me, the wilds and deserts are my choice;
The Muses, once my care; my once harmonious voice.
There will I sing, forsaken and alone:
The rocks and hollow caves shall echo to my moan.
The rind of ev'ry plant her name shall know;
And, as the rind extends, the love shall grow.
Then on Arcadian mountains will I chase
(Mix'd with the woodland nymphs) the savage race;
Nor cold shall hinder me, with horns and hounds
To thrid the thickets, or to leap the mounds.
And now methinks o'er steepy rocks I go,

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And rush through sounding woods, and bend the Parthian bow;
As if with sports my suff'rings I could ease,
Or by my pains the god of love appease.
My frenzy changes: I delight no more
On mountain-tops to chase the tusky boar:
No game but hopeless love my thoughts pursue:
Once more, ye nymphs, and songs, and sounding woods, adieu!
Love alters not for us his hard decrees,
Not though beneath the Thracian clime we freeze,
Or Italy's indulgent heav'n forego,
And in mid-winter tread Sithonian snow;
Or, when the barks of elms are scorch'd, we keep
On Meroë's burning plains the Libyan sheep.
In hell, and earth, and seas, and heav'n above,
Love conquers all; and we must yield to Love."
My Muses, here your sacred raptures end:
The verse was what I ow'd my suff'ring friend.
This while I sung, my sorrows I deceiv'd,
And bending osiers into baskets weav'd.
The song, because inspir'd by you, shall shine;
And Gallus will approve, because 'tis mine—
Gallus, for whom my holy flames renew,
Each hour, and ev'ry moment rise in view;
As alders, in the spring, their boles extend,

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And heave so fiercely, that the bark they rend.
Now let us rise: for hoarseness oft invades
The singer's voice, who sings beneath the shades.
From juniper unwholesome dews distil,
That blast the sooty corn, the with'ring herbage kill.
Away, my goats, away! for you have browz'd your fill.

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THE GEORGICS.

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TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

PHILIP,

EARL OF CHESTERFIELD,

&c.

My Lord,

I cannot begin my address to your lordship, better than in the words of Virgil,

> ——*Quod optanti divûm promittere nemo*
> *Auderet, volvenda dies, en, attulit ultro.*

Seven years together I have concealed the longing which I had to appear before you: a time as tedious as Æneas passed in his wandering voyage, before he reached the promised Italy. But I considered, that nothing which

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my meanness could produce, was worthy of your patronage. At last this happy occasion offered, of presenting to you the best poem of the best poet. If I balked this opportunity, I was in despair of finding such another; and, if I took it, I was still uncertain whether you would vouchsafe to accept it from my hands. It was a bold venture which I made, in desiring your permission to lay my unworthy labours at your feet. But my rashness has succeeded beyond my hopes; and you have been pleased not to suffer an old man to go discontented out of the world, for want of that protection, of which he had been so long ambitious. I have known a gentleman in disgrace, and not daring to appear before king Charles the Second, though he much desired it: at length he took the confidence to attend a fair lady to the court, and told his majesty, that, under her protection, he had presumed to wait on him. With the same humble confidence, I present myself before your lordship, and, attending on Virgil, hope a gracious reception. The gentleman succeeded,

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because the powerful lady was his friend; but I have too much injured my great author, to expect he should intercede for me. I would have translated him; but, according to the literal French and Italian phrases, I fear I have *traduced* him. It is the fault of many a well-meaning man, to be officious in a wrong place, and do a prejudice where he had endeavoured to do a service. Virgil wrote his Georgics in the full strength and vigour of his age, when his judgement was at the height, and before his fancy was declining. He had (according to our homely saying) his full swing at this poem, beginning it about the age of thirty-five, and scarce concluding it before he arrived at forty. It is observed, both of him and Horace, (and I believe it will hold in all great poets) that, though they wrote before with a certain heat of genius which inspired them, yet that heat was not perfectly digested. There is required a continuance of warmth to ripen the best and noblest fruits. Thus Horace, in his first and second book of Odes, was still rising, but

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came not to his meridian till the third; after which, his judgement was an overpoise to his imagination: he grew too cautious to be bold enough; for he descended in his fourth by slow degrees, and, in his Satires and Epistles, was more a philosopher and a critic than a poet. In the beginning of summer, the days are almost at a stand, with little variation of length or shortness, because at that time the diurnal motion of the sun partakes more of a right line than of a spiral. The same is the method of nature in the frame of man. He seems at forty to be fully in his summer tropic; somewhat before, and somewhat after, he finds in his soul but small increases or decays. From fifty to threescore, the balance generally holds even, in our colder climates: for he loses not much in fancy; and judgement, which is the effect of observation, still increases. His succeeding years afford him little more than the stubble of his own harvest: yet, if his constitution be healthful, his mind may still retain a decent vigour; and the gleanings of that Ephraim, in com-

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parison with others, will surpass the vintage of Abiezer. I have called this somewhere, by a bold metaphor, a green old age; but Virgil has given me his authority for the figure—

Jam senior; sed cruda Deo, viridisque senectus.

Among those few who enjoy the advantage of a latter spring, your lordship is a rare example; who, being now arrived at your great climacteric, yet give no proof of the least decay of your excellent judgement and comprehension of all things which are within the compass of human understanding. Your conversation is as easy as it is instructive; and I could never observe the least vanity or the least assuming in any thing you said, but a natural unaffected modesty, full of good sense, and well digested; a clearness of notion, expressed in ready and unstudied words. No man has complained, or ever can, that you have discoursed too long on any subject; for you leave us in an eagerness of learning more; pleased with what we hear, but not satisfied,

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because you will not speak so much as we could wish. I dare not excuse your lordship from this fault; for, though it is none in you, it is one to all who have the happiness of being known to you. I must confess, the critics make it one of Virgil's beauties, that, having said what he thought convenient, he always left somewhat for the imagination of his readers to supply; that they might gratify their fancies, by finding more in what he had written, than at first they could; and think they had added to his thought, when it was all there before-hand, and he only saved himself the expense of words. However it was, I never went from your lordship, but with a longing to return, or without a hearty curse to him who invented ceremonies in the world, and put me on the necessity of withdrawing: when it was my interest, as well as my desire, to have given you a much longer trouble. I cannot imagine (if your lordship will give me leave to speak my thoughts) but you have had a more than ordinary vigour in your youth; for too much of heat is required at

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first, that there may not too little be left at last. A prodigal fire is only capable of large remains; and yours, my lord, still burns the clearer in declining. The blaze is not so fierce as at the first; but the smoke is wholly vanished; and your friends, who stand about you, are not only sensible of a cheerful warmth, but are kept at an awful distance by its force. In my small observations of mankind, I have ever found that such as are not rather too full of spirit when they are young, degenerate to dullness in their age. Sobriety in our riper years is the effect of a well-concocted warmth: but, where the principles are only phlegm, what can be expected from the waterish matter, but an insipid manhood, and a stupid old infancy—discretion in leading-strings, and a confirmed ignorance on crutches? Virgil, in his third Georgic, when he describes a colt who promises a courser for the race or for the field of battle, shews him the first to pass the bridge, which trembles under him, and to stem the torrent of the flood. His beginnings

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must be in rashness—a noble fault: but time and experience will correct that error, and tame it into a deliberate and well-weighed courage, which knows both to be cautious and to dare, as occasion offers. Your lordship is a man of honour, not only so unstained, but so unquestioned, that you are the living standard of that heroic virtue; so truly such, that, if I would flatter you, I could not. It takes not from you, that you were born with principles of generosity and probity: but it adds to you, that you have cultivated nature, and made those principles the rule and measure of all your actions. The world knows this, without my telling: yet poets have a right of recording it to all posterity.

Dignum laude virum Musa vetat mori.

Epaminondas, Lucullus, and the two first Cæsars, were not esteemed the worse commanders, for having made philosophy and the liberal arts their study. Cicero might have been their equal, but that he wanted courage. To have both these virtues, and to have im-

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proved them both with a softness of manners and a sweetness of conversation—few of our nobility can fill that character. One there is, and so conspicuous by his own light, that he needs not

Digito monstrari, et dicier, "Hic est!"

To be nobly born, and of an ancient family, is in the extremes of fortune, either good or bad; for virtue and descent are no inheritance. A long series of ancestors shews the native with great advantage at the first; but, if he any way degenerate from his line, the least spot is visible on ermine. But, to preserve this whiteness in its original purity, you, my lord, have, like that ermine, forsaken the common track of business, which is not always clean: you have chosen for yourself a private greatness, and will not be polluted with ambition. It has been observed in former times, that none have been so greedy of employments, and of managing the public, as they who have least deserved their stations. But such only merit to be called patriots, under

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whom we see their country flourish. I have laughed sometimes (for who would always be a Heraclitus?) when I have reflected on those men, who from time to time have shot themselves into the world. I have seen many successions of them; some bolting out upon the stage with vast applause, and others hissed off, and quitting it with disgrace. But, while they were in action, I have constantly observed that they seemed desirous to retreat from business: greatness, they said, was nauseous, and a crowd was troublesome: a quiet privacy was their ambition. Some few of them, I believe, said this in earnest, and were making a provision against future want, that they might enjoy their age with ease. They saw the happiness of a private life, and promised to themselves a blessing, which every day it was in their power to possess. But they deferred it, and lingered still at court, because they thought they had not yet enough to make them happy: they would have more, and laid in, to make their solitude luxurious:—a wretched philosophy, which Epicurus never taught

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them in his garden. They loved the prospect of this quiet in reversion, but were not willing to have it in possession: they would first be old, and make as sure of health and life, as if both of them were at their dispose. But put them to the necessity of a present choice, and they preferred continuance in power; like the wretch who called Death to his assistance, but refused him when he came. The great Scipio was not of their opinion, who indeed sought honours in his youth, and indured the fatigues with which he purchased them. He served his country when it was in need of his courage and conduct, till he thought it was time to serve himself; but dismounted from the saddle when he found the beast which bore him began to grow restif and ungovernable. But your lordship has given us a better example of moderation. You saw betimes that ingratitude is not confined to commonwealths; and therefore, though you were formed alike for the greatest of civil employments and military commands, yet you pushed not your fortune to rise in either, but con-

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tented yourself with being capable, as much as any whosoever, of defending your country with your sword, or assisting it with your counsel, when you were called. For the rest, the respect and love which was paid you, not only in the province where you live, but generally by all who had the happiness to know you, was a wise exchange for the honours of the court—a place of forgetfulness, at the best, for well-deservers. It is necessary, for the polishing of manners, to have breathed that air; but it is infectious even to the best morals to live always in it. It is a dangerous commerce, where an honest man is sure at the first of being cheated, and he recovers not his losses, but by learning to cheat others. The undermining smile becomes at length habitual; and the drift of his plausible conversation is only to flatter one, that he may betray another. Yet it is good to have been a looker-on, without venturing to play; that a man may know false dice another time, though he never means to use them. I commend not him who never knew a court, but him who

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forsakes it because he knows it. A young man deserves no praise, who, out of melancholy zeal, leaves the world before he has well tried it, and runs headlong into religion. He who carries a maidenhead into a cloister, is sometimes apt to lose it there, and to repent of his repentance. He only is like to indure austerities, who has already found the inconvenience of pleasures: for almost every man will be making experiments in one part or another of his life; and the danger is the less when we are young; for, having tried it early, we shall not be apt to repeat it afterwards. Your lordship therefore may properly be said to have chosen a retreat, and not to have chosen it till you had maturely weighed the advantages of rising higher, with the hazards of the fall.

Res, non parta labore, sed relicta,

was thought by a poet to be one of the requisites to a happy life. Why should a reasonable man put it into the power of Fortune to make him miserable, when his ancestors have

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taken care to release him from her? Let him venture, says Horace, *qui zonam perdidit*. He who has nothing, plays securely; for he may win, and cannot be poorer if he loses. But he who is born to a plentiful estate, and is ambitious of offices at court, sets a stake to Fortune, which she can seldom answer. If he gains nothing, he loses all, or part of what was once his own; and, if he gets, he cannot be certain but he may refund.

In short, however he succeeds, it is covetousness that induced him first to play; and covetousness is the undoubted sign of ill sense at bottom. The odds are against him, that he loses; and one loss may be of more consequence to him than all his former winnings. It is like the present war of the Christians against the Turk: every year they gain a victory, and by that a town; but, if they are once defeated, they lose a province at a blow, and endanger the safety of the whole empire. You, my lord, enjoy your quiet in a garden, where you have not only the leisure of thinking, but the pleasure to think of nothing which can

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discompose your mind. A good conscience is a port which is land-locked on every side, and where no winds can possibly invade, no tempests can arise. There a man may stand upon the shore, and not only see his own image, but that of his Maker, clearly reflected from the undisturbed and silent waters. Reason was intended for a blessing; and such it is to men of honour and integrity, who desire no more than what they are able to give themselves; like the happy old Corycian whom my author describes in his fourth Georgic, whose fruits and salads, on which he lived contented, were all of his own growth and his own plantation. Virgil seems to think that the blessings of a country-life are not complete without an improvement of knowledge by contemplation and reading.

O fortunatos nimium, sua si bona nôrint,
Agricolas!

It is but half possession not to understand that happiness which we possess. A foundation of good sense, and a cultivation of learn-

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ing, are required to give a seasoning to retirement, and make us taste the blessing. God has bestowed on your lordship the first of these; and you have bestowed on yourself the second. Eden was not made for beasts, though they were suffered to live in it, but for their master, who studied God in the works of his creation. Neither could the Devil have been happy there with all his knowledge; for he wanted innocence to make him so. He brought envy, malice, and ambition, into Paradise, which soured to him the sweetness of the place. Wherever inordinate affections are, 'tis hell. Such only can enjoy the country, who are capable of thinking when they are there, and have left their passions behind them in the town. Then they are prepared for solitude; and, in that solitude, is prepared for them

Et secura quies, et nescia fallere vita.

As I began this dedication with a verse of Virgil, so I conclude it with another.

The continuance of your health, to enjoy

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that happiness which you so well deserve, and which you have provided for yourself, is the sincere and earnest wish of

YOUR LORDSHIP'S

MOST DEVOTED

AND

MOST OBEDIENT SERVANT,

JOHN DRYDEN.

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AN

ESSAY

ON THE

GEORGICS,

BY MR. ADDISON.

VIRGIL may be reckoned the first who introduced three new kinds of poetry among the Romans, which he copied after three the greatest masters of Greece. Theocritus and Homer have still disputed for the advantage over him in pastoral and heroics; but I think all are unanimous in giving him the precedence to Hesiod in his Georgics. The truth of it is, the sweetness and rusticity of a pastoral cannot be so well expressed in any other tongue as in the Greek, when rightly mixed and qualified with the Doric dialect; nor can the majesty of a heroic poem any-where appear so well as in this language, which has a natural greatness in it, and

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can be often rendered more deep and sonorous by the pronunciation of the Ionians. But, in the middle style, where the writers in both tongues are on a level, we see how far Virgil has excelled all who have written in the same way with him.

There has been abundance of criticism spent on Virgil's Pastorals and Æneïs: but the Georgics are a subject which none of the critics have sufficiently taken into their consideration; most of them passing it over in silence, or casting it under the same head with pastoral; a division by no means proper, unless we suppose the style of a husbandman ought to be imitated in a georgic, as that of a shepherd is in pastoral. But, though the scene of both these poems lies in the same place, the speakers in them are of a quite different character, since the precepts of husbandry are not to be delivered with the simplicity of a ploughman, but with the address of a poet. No rules, therefore, that relate to pastoral, can any way affect the Georgics, which fall under that class of poetry which consists in giving plain and direct instructions to the reader; whether they be moral duties, as those of Theognis and Pythagoras, or philosophical speculations, as those of Aratus and Lucretius, or rules of practice, as those of Hesiod and Virgil. Among these different kinds of subjects, that which the Georgic goes upon, is, I think, the meanest and least improving, but the most pleasing and delightful. Precepts of morality, besides the natural corruption of our

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tempers, which makes us averse to them, are so abstracted from ideas of sense, that they seldom give an opportunity for those beautiful descriptions and images which are the spirit and life of poetry. Natural philosophy has indeed sensible objects to work upon; but then it often puzzles the reader with the intricacy of its notions, and perplexes him with the multitude of its disputes. But this kind of poetry I am now speaking of, addresses itself wholly to the imagination: it is altogether conversant among the fields and woods, and has the most delightful part of nature for its province. It raises in our minds a pleasing variety of scenes and landscapes, whilst it teaches us; and makes the driest of its precepts look like a description. *A Georgic therefore is some part of the science of husbandry put into a pleasing dress, and set off with all the beauties and embellishments of poetry.* Now, since this science of husbandry is of a very large extent, the poet shews his skill in singling out such precepts to proceed on, as are useful, and at the same time most capable of ornament. Virgil was so well acquainted with this secret, that, to set off his first Georgic, he has run into a set of precepts, which are almost foreign to his subject, in that beautiful account he gives us of the signs in nature, which precede the changes of the weather.

And, if there be so much art in the choice of fit precepts, there is much more required in the treating of them, that they may fall in after each other

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by a natural unforced method, and shew themselves in the best and most advantageous light. They should all be so finely wrought together in the same piece, that no coarse seam may discover where they join; as, in a curious brede of needle-work, one colour falls away by such just degrees, and another rises so insensibly, that we see the variety, without being able to distinguish the total vanishing of the one from the first appearance of the other. Nor is it sufficient to range and dispose this body of precepts into a clear and easy method, unless they are delivered to us in the most pleasing and agreeable manner: for there are several ways of conveying the same truth to the mind of man; and to chuse the pleasantest of these ways, is that which chiefly distinguishes poetry from prose, and makes Virgil's rules of husbandry pleasanter to read than Varro's. Where the prose-writer tells us plainly what ought to be done, the poet often conceals the precept in a description, and represents his countryman performing the action in which he would instruct his reader. Where the one sets out, as fully and distinctly as he can, all the parts of the truth which he would communicate to us, the other singles out the most pleasing circumstance of this truth, and so conveys the whole in a more diverting manner to the understanding. I shall give one instance, out of a multitude of this nature that might be found in the Georgics, where the reader may see the different ways Virgil has taken to express the same

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thing, and how much pleasanter every manner of expression is, than the plain and direct mention of it would have been. It is in the second Georgic, where he tells us what trees will bear grafting on each other.

Et sæpe alterius ramos impune videmus
Vertere in alterius, mutatamque insita mala
Ferre pyrum, et prunis lapidosa rubescere corna.
—Steriles platani malos gessere valentes:
Castaneæ fagus, ornusque incanuit albo
Flore pyri; glandemque sues fregere sub ulmis.
——————Nec longum tempus; et ingens
Exiit ad cœlum ramis felicibus arbos;
Miraturque novas frondes, et non sua poma.

Here, we see, the poet considered all the effects of this union between trees of different kinds, and took notice of that effect which had the most surprise, and by consequence the most delight in it, to express the capacity that was in them of being thus united. This way of writing is every-where much in use among the poets, and is particularly practised by Virgil, who loves to suggest a truth indirectly, and, without giving us a full and open view of it, to let us see just so much as will naturally lead the imagination into all the parts that lie concealed. This is wonderfully diverting to the understanding, thus to receive a precept, that enters as it were through a by-way, and to apprehend an idea that draws a whole train after it. For here the mind, which is always delighted with its own discoveries,

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only takes the hint from the poet, and seems to work out the rest by the strength of her own faculties.

But, since the inculcating precept upon precept will at length prove tiresome to the reader, if he meets with no entertainment,—the poet must take care not to encumber his poem with too much business, but sometimes to relieve the subject with a moral reflection, or let it rest a while for the sake of a pleasant and pertinent digression. Nor is it sufficient to run out into beautiful and diverting digressions (as it is generally thought), unless they are brought in aptly, and are something of a piece with the main design of the Georgic: for they ought to have a remote alliance at least to the subject, that so the whole poem may be more uniform and agreeable in all its parts. We should never quite lose sight of the country, though we are sometimes entertained with a distant prospect of it. Of this nature are Virgil's descriptions of the original of agriculture, of the fruitfulness of Italy, of a country life, and the like, which are not brought in by force, but naturally rise out of the principal argument and design of the poem. I know no one digression in the Georgics that may seem to contradict this observation, besides that in the latter end of the first book, where the poet launches out into a discourse of the battle of Pharsalia, and the actions of Augustus: but it is worth while to consider how admirably he has turned the course of his

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narration into its proper channel, and made his husbandman concerned even in what relates to the battle, in those inimitable lines—

Scilicet et tempus veniet, cum finibus illis
Agricola, incurvo terram molitus aratro,
Exesa inveniet scabrâ rubigine pila,
Aut gravibus rastris galeas pulsabit inanes,
Grandiaque effossis mirabitur ossa sepulcris.

And afterwards speaking of Augustus's actions, he still remembers that agriculture ought to be some way hinted at throughout the whole poem.

——————— *Non ullus aratro*
Dignus honos: squalent abductis arva colonis;
Et curvæ rigidum falces conflantur in ensem.

We now come to the style which is proper to a Georgic; and indeed this is the part on which the poet must lay out all his strength, that his words may be warm and glowing, and that every thing he describes may immediately present itself, and rise up to the reader's view. He ought in particular to be careful of not letting his subject debase his style, and betray him into a meanness of expression, but every-where to keep up his verse in all the pomp of numbers, and dignity of words.

I think nothing, which is a phrase or saying in common talk, should be admitted into a serious poem; because it takes off from the solemnity of the expression, and gives it too great a turn of fa-

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miliarity. Much less ought the low phrases and terms of art, that are adapted to husbandry, have any place in such a work as the Georgic, which is not to appear in the natural simplicity and nakedness of its subject, but in the pleasantest dress that poetry can bestow on it. Thus Virgil, to deviate from the common form of words, would not make use of *tempore* but *sidere* in his first verse, and every-where else abounds with metaphors, Grecisms, and circumlocutions, to give his verse the greater pomp, and preserve it from sinking into a plebeian style. And herein consists Virgil's master-piece, who has not only excelled all other poets, but even himself, in the language of his Georgics, where we receive more strong and lively ideas of things from his words, than we could have done from the objects themselves; and find our imaginations more affected by his descriptions, than they would have been by the very sight of what he describes.

I shall now, after this short scheme of rules, consider the different success that Hesiod and Virgil have met with in this kind of poetry, which may give us some further notion of the excellence of the Georgics. To begin with Hesiod — If we may guess at his character from his writings, he had much more of the husbandman than the poet in his temper: he was wonderfully grave, discreet, and frugal: he lived altogether in the country, and was probably, for his great prudence, the oracle of the neighbourhood. These principles of good husbandry ran through his

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works, and directed him to the choice of tillage and merchandise, for the subject of that which is the most celebrated of them. He is every-where bent on instruction, avoids all manner of digressions, and does not stir out of the field once in the whole Georgic. His method, in describing month after month, with its proper seasons and employments, is too grave and simple; it takes off from the surprise and variety of the poem, and makes the whole look but like a modern almanac in verse. The reader is carried through a course of weather, and may beforehand guess whether he is to meet with snow or rain, clouds or sunshine, in the next description. His descriptions indeed have abundance of nature in them; but then it is nature in her simplicity and undress. Thus, when he speaks of January, — "The wild beasts," says he, "run shivering through the woods, with their "heads stooping to the ground, and their tails clapt "between their legs; the goats and oxen are almost "flead with cold: but it is not so bad with the sheep, "because they have a thick coat of wool about them. "The old men too are bitterly pinched with the "weather: but the young girls feel nothing of it, who "sit at home with their mothers by a warm fire-side." Thus does the old gentleman give himself up to a loose kind of tattle, rather than endeavour after a just poetical description. Nor has he shewn more of art or judgement in the precepts he has given us, which are sown so very thick, that they clog the poem too much, and are often so minute and full

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of circumstances, that they weaken and unnerve his verse But, after all, we are beholden to him for the first rough sketch of a Georgic; where we may still discover something venerable in the antiqueness of the work: but, if we would see the design enlarged, the figures reformed, the colouring laid on, and the whole piece finished, we must expect it from a greater master's hand.

Virgil has drawn out the rules of tillage and planting into two books, which Hesiod has dispatched in half a one; but has so raised the natural rudeness and simplicity of his subject with such a significancy of expression, such a pomp of verse, such variety of transitions, and such a solemn air in his reflections, that, if we look on both poets together, we see in one the plainness of a downright countryman, and, in the other, something of a rustic majesty, like that of a Roman dictator at the plough-tail. He delivers the meanest of his precepts with a kind of grandeur: he breaks the clods, and tosses the dung about, with an air of gracefulness. His prognostications of the weather are taken out of Aratus, where we may see how judiciously he has picked out those that are most proper for his husbandman's observation; how he has enforced the expression, and heightened the images, which he found in the original.

The second book has more wit in it, and a greater boldness in its metaphors, than any of the rest. The poet, with a great beauty, applies oblivion, ignorance, wonder, desire, and the like, to his trees. The last

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Georgic has indeed as many metaphors, but not so daring as this; for human thoughts and passions may be more naturally ascribed to a bee, than to an inanimate plant. He who reads over the pleasures of a country life, as they are described by Virgil in the latter end of this book, can scarce be of Virgil's mind in preferring even the life of a philosopher to it.

We may, I think, read the poet's clime in his description; for he seems to have been in a sweat at the writing of it—

> ——*O! qui me gelidis in vallibus Hæmi*
> *Sistat, et ingenti ramorum protegat umbrâ!*—

and is every-where mentioning, among his chief pleasures, the coolness of his shades and rivers, vales and grottoes, which a more northern poet would have omitted for the description of a sunny hill, and fire-side.

The third Georgic seems to be the most laboured of them all: there is a wonderful vigor and spirit in the description of the horse and chariot-race. The force of love is represented in noble instances, and very sublime expressions. The Scythian winter-piece appears so very cold and bleak to the eye, that a man can scarce look on it without shivering. The murrain at the end has all the expressiveness that words can give. It was here that the poet strained hard to out-do Lucretius in the description of his plague: and, if the reader would see what success he had, he may find it at large in Scaliger.

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But Virgil seems no-where so well pleased, as when he is got among his bees in the fourth Georgic; and ennobles the actions of so trivial a creature, with metaphors drawn from the most important concerns of mankind. His verses are not in a greater noise and hurry in the battles of Æneas and Turnus, than in the engagement of two swarms. And as, in his Æneïs, he compares the labours of his Trojans to those of bees and pismires, here he compares the labours of the bees to those of the Cyclops. In short, the last Georgic was a good prelude to the Æneïs, and very well shewed what the poet could do in the description of what was really great, by his describing the mock-grandeur of an insect with so good a grace. There is more pleasantness in the little platform of a garden, which he gives us about the middle of this book, than in all the spacious walks and water-works of Rapin. The speech of Proteus, at the end, can never be enough admired, and was indeed very fit to conclude so divine a work.

After this particular account of the beauties in the Georgics, I should in the next place endeavour to point out its imperfections, if it has any. But, though I think there are some few parts in it that are not so beautiful as the rest, I shall not presume to name them, as rather suspecting my own judgement, than I can believe a fault to be in that poem, which lay so long under Virgil's correction, and had his last hand put to it. The first Georgic was proba-

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bly burlesqued in the author's life-time; for we still find in the scholiasts a verse that ridicules part of a line translated from Hesiod — *Nudus ara, sere nudus* —— And we may easily guess at the judgement of this extraordinary critic, whoever he was, from his censuring this particular precept. We may be sure Virgil would not have translated it from Hesiod, had he not discovered some beauty in it; and indeed the beauty of it is, what I have before observed to be frequently met with in Virgil, the delivering the precept so indirectly, and singling out the particular circumstance of sowing and ploughing naked, to suggest to us that these employments are proper only in the hot season of the year.

I shall not here compare the style of the Georgics with that of Lucretius (which the reader may see already done in the preface to the second volume of Miscellany Poems), but shall conclude this poem to be the most complete, elaborate, and finished piece of all antiquity. The Æneïs indeed is of a nobler kind; but the Georgic is more perfect in its kind. The Æneïs has a greater variety of beauties in it; but those of the Georgic are more exquisite. In short, the Georgic has all the perfection that can be expected in a poem written by the greatest poet in the flower of his age, when his invention was ready, his imagination warm, his judgement settled, and all his faculties in their full vigor and maturity.

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GEORGICS,

BOOK I.

ARGUMENT.

The poet, in the beginning of this book, propounds the general design of each Georgic: and, after a solemn invocation of all the gods who are any way related to his subject, he addresses himself in particular to Augustus, whom he compliments with divinity; and after strikes into his business. He shews the different kinds of tillage proper to different soils, traces out the original of agriculture, gives a catalogue of the husbandman's tools, specifies the employments peculiar to each season, describes the changes of the weather, with the signs in heaven and earth that forebode them; instances many of the prodigies that happened near the time of Julius Cæsar's death; and shuts up all with a supplication to the gods for the safety of Augustus, and the preservation of Rome.

WHAT makes a plenteous harvest, when to turn
The fruitful soil, and when to sow the corn;
The care of sheep, of oxen, and of kine;
And how to raise on elms the teeming vine;
The birth and genius of the frugal bee,
I sing, Mæcenas, and I sing to thee.
Ye deities! who fields and plains protect,
Who rule the seasons, and the year direct,

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Bacchus and fost'ring Ceres, pow'rs divine,
Who gave us corn for mast, for water wine—
Ye Fauns, propitious to the rural swains,
Ye Nymphs that haunt the mountains and the plains,
Join in my work, and to my numbers bring
Your needful succour; for your gifts I sing.
And thou, whose trident struck the teeming earth,
And made a passage for the courser's birth;
And thou, for whom the Cean shore sustains
The milky herds, that graze the flow'ry plains;
And thou, the shepherds' tutelary god,
Leave, for a while, O Pan! thy lov'd abode;
And, if Arcadian fleeces be thy care,
From fields and mountains to my song repair.
Inventor, Pallas, of the fatt'ning oil,
Thou founder of the plough and ploughman's toil;
And thou, whose hands the shrowd-like cypress rear;
Come, all ye gods and goddesses, that wear
The rural honours, and increase the year;
You, who supply the ground with seeds of grain;
And you, who swell those seeds with kindly rain;
And chiefly thou, whose undetermin'd state
Is yet the bus'ness of the gods' debate,
Whether in after-times to be declar'd
The patron of the world, and Rome's peculiar guard,
Or o'er the fruits and seasons to preside,

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And the round circuit of the year to guide—
Pow'rful of blessings, which thou strew'st around,
And with thy goddess mother's myrtle crown'd.
Or wilt thou, Cæsar, chuse the wat'ry reign,
To smooth the surges, and correct the main?
Then mariners, in storms, to thee shall pray;
Ev'n utmost Thule shall thy pow'r obey;
And Neptune shall resign the fasces of the sea.
The wat'ry virgins for thy bed shall strive,
And Tethys all her waves in dowry give.
Or wilt thou bless our summers with thy rays,
And, seated near the Balance, poise the days,
Where, in the void of heav'n, a space is free,
Betwixt the Scorpion and the Maid, for thee?
The Scorpion, ready to receive thy laws,
Yields half his region, and contracts his claws.
Whatever part of heav'n thou shalt obtain,
(For let not hell presume of such a reign;
Nor let so dire a thirst of empire move
Thy mind, to leave thy kindred gods above;
Though Greece admires Elysium's blest retreat,
Though Proserpine affects her silent seat,
And, importun'd by Ceres to remove,
Prefers the fields below to those above)
Be thou propitious, Cæsar! guide my course,
And to my bold endeavours add thy force:

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Pity the poet's and the ploughman's cares;
Int'rest thy greatness in our mean affairs,
And use thyself betimes to hear and grant our pray'rs.
While yet the spring is young, while earth unbinds
Her frozen bosom to the western winds;
While mountain snows dissolve against the sun,
And streams, yet new, from precipices run;
Ev'n in this early dawning of the year,
Produce the plough, and yoke the sturdy steer,
And goad him till he groans beneath his toil,
Till the bright share is bury'd in the soil.
That crop rewards the greedy peasant's pains,
Which twice the sun, and twice the cold sustains,
And bursts the crowded barns with more than promis'd gains.
But, ere we stir the yet unbroken ground,
The various course of seasons must be found;
The weather, and the setting of the winds,
The culture suiting to the sev'ral kinds
Of seeds and plants, and what will thrive and rise,
And what the genius of the soil denies.
This ground with Bacchus, that with Ceres, suits:
That other loads the trees with happy fruits:
A fourth, with grass unbidden, decks the ground.
Thus Tmolus is with yellow saffron crown'd:
India black ebon and white iv'ry bears;

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And soft Idume weeps her od'rous tears.
Thus Pontus sends her beaver-stones from far;
And naked Spaniards temper steel for war:
Epirus, for th' Elean chariot, breeds
(In hopes of palms) a race of running steeds.
This is th' orig'nal contract; these the laws
Impos'd by Nature, and by Nature's cause,
On sundry places, when Deucalion hurl'd
His mother's entrails on the desert world;
Whence men, a hard laborious kind, were born.
Then borrow part of winter for thy corn;
And early, with thy team, the glebe in furrows turn;
That, while the turf lies open and unbound,
Succeeding suns may bake the mellow ground.
But, if the soil be barren, only scar
The surface, and but lightly print the share,
When cold Arcturus rises with the sun;
Lest wicked weeds the corn should over-run
In wat'ry soils; or lest the barren sand
Should suck the moisture from the thirsty land.
Both these unhappy soils the swain forbears,
And keeps a sabbath of alternate years,
That the spent earth may gather heart again,
And, better'd by cessation, bear the grain.
At least where vetches, pulse, and tares, have stood,
And stalks of lupines grew (a stubborn wood),

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Th' ensuing season, in return, may bear
The bearded product of the golden ear:
For flax and oats will burn the tender field,
And sleepy poppies harmful harvests yield.
But sweet vicissitudes of rest and toil
Make easy labour, and renew the soil.
Yet sprinkle sordid ashes all around,
And load with fatt'ning dung thy fallow ground.
Thus change of seeds for meagre soils is best;
And earth manur'd, not idle, though at rest.

Long practice has a sure improvement found,
With kindled fires to burn the barren ground,
When the light stubble, to the flames resign'd,
Is driv'n along, and crackles in the wind.
Whether from hence the hollow womb of earth
Is warm'd with secret strength for better birth;
Or, when the latent vice is cur'd by fire,
Redundant humours through the pores expire;
Or that the warmth distends the chinks, and makes
New breathings, whence new nourishment she takes;
Or that the heat the gaping ground constrains,
New knits the surface, and new strings the veins;
Lest soaking show'rs should pierce her secret seat,
Or freezing Boreas chill her genial heat,
Or scorching suns too violently beat.

Nor is the profit small, the peasant makes,

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Who smooths with harrows, or who pounds with rakes,
The crumbling clods: nor Ceres from on high
Regards his labours with a grudging eye;
Nor his, who ploughs across the furrow'd grounds,
And on the back of earth inflicts new wounds;
For he, with frequent exercise, commands
Th' unwilling soil, and tames the stubborn lands.
Ye swains, invoke the pow'rs who rule the sky,
For a moist summer, and a winter dry;
For winter drought rewards the peasant's pain,
And broods indulgent on the bury'd grain.
Hence Mysia boasts her harvests, and the tops
Of Gargarus admire their happy crops.
When first the soil receives the fruitful seed,
Make no delay, but cover it with speed:
So fenc'd from cold; the pliant furrows break,
Before the surly clod resists the rake;
And call the floods from high, to rush amain
With pregnant streams, to swell the teeming grain.
Then, when the fiery suns too fiercely play,
And shrivel'd herbs on with'ring stems decay,
The wary ploughman, on the mountain's brow,
Undams his wat'ry stores—huge torrents flow,
And, rattling down the rocks, large moisture yield,
Temp'ring the thirsty fever of the field—
And, lest the stem, too feeble for the freight,

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Should scarce sustain the head's unwieldy weight,
Sends in his feeding flocks betimes, t' invade
The rising bulk of the luxuriant blade,
Ere yet th' aspiring offspring of the grain
O'ertops the ridges of the furrow'd plain;
And drains the standing waters, when they yield
Too large a bev'rage to the drunken field:
But most in autumn, and the show'ry spring,
When dubious months uncertain weather bring;
When fountains open, when impetuous rain
Swells hasty brooks, and pours upon the plain;
When earth with slime and mud is cover'd o'er,
Or hollow places spew their wat'ry store.
Nor yet the ploughman, nor the lab'ring steer,
Sustain alone the hazards of the year:
But glutton geese, and the Strymonian crane,
With foreign troops invade the tender grain;
And tow'ring weeds malignant shadows yield;
And spreading succ'ry chokes the rising field.
The sire of gods and men, with hard decrees,
Forbids our plenty to be bought with ease,
And wills that mortal men, inur'd to toil,
Should exercise, with pains, the grudging soil;
Himself invented first the shining share,
And whetted human industry by care;
Himself did handicrafts and arts ordain,

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Nor suffer'd sloth to rust his active reign.
Ere this, no peasant vex'd the peaceful ground,
Which only turfs and greens for altars found:
No fences parted fields, nor marks nor bounds
Distinguish'd acres of litigious grounds:
But all was common; and the fruitful earth
Was free to give her unexacted birth.
Jove added venom to the viper's brood,
And swell'd, with raging storms, the peaceful flood;
Commission'd hungry wolves t' infest the fold,
And shook from oaken leaves the liquid gold;
Remov'd from human reach the cheerful fire,
And from the rivers bade the wine retire;
That studious need might useful arts explore;
From furrow'd fields to reap the foodful store,
And force the veins of clashing flints t' expire
The lurking seeds of their celestial fire.
Then first on seas the hollow'd alder swam;
Then sailors quarter'd heav'n, and found a name
For ev'ry fix'd and ev'ry wand'ring star—
The Pleiads, Hyads, and the Northern Car.
Then toils for beasts, and lime for birds, were found,
And deep-mouth'd dogs did forest-walks surround;
And casting-nets were spread in shallow brooks,
Drags in the deep, and baits were hung on hooks.
Then saws were tooth'd, and sounding axes made;

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(For wedges first did yielding wood invade)
And various arts in order did succeed,
(What cannot endless labour, urg'd by need?)
First Ceres taught, the ground with grain to sow,
And arm'd with iron shares the crooked plough;
When now Dodonian oaks no more supply'd
Their mast, and trees their forest-fruit deny'd.
Soon was his labour doubled to the swain,
And blasting mildews blacken'd all his grain:
Tough thistles chok'd the fields, and kill'd the corn,
And an unthrifty crop of weeds was born:
Then burs and brambles, an unbidden crew
Of graceless guests, th' unhappy field subdue;
And oats unblest, and darnel domineers,
And shoots its head above the shining ears;
So that, unless the land with daily care
Is exercis'd, and, with an iron war
Of rakes and harrows, the proud foes expell'd,
And birds with clamours frighted from the field—
Unless the boughs are lopp'd that shade the plain,
And heav'n invok'd with vows for fruitful rain—
On others' crops you may with envy look,
And shake for food the long-abandon'd oak.
Nor must we pass untold what arms they wield,
Who labour tillage and the furrow'd field;
Without whose aid the ground her corn denies,

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First Ceres taught, the ground with grain to sow,
And armed with iron shaus the crooked plough;

Georgic 1. v. 29.

Published by Turner & Lloyd, Nov.r 2.d 1801.

Jas.s Fittler sculp.

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And nothing can be sown, and nothing rise—
The crooked plough, the share, the tow'ring height
Of waggons, and the cart's unwieldy weight,
The sled, the tumbril, hurdles, and the flail,
The fan of Bacchus, with the flying sail—
These all must be prepar'd, if ploughmen hope
The promis'd blessing of a bounteous crop.
Young elms, with early force, in copses bow,
Fit for the figure of the crooked plough.
Of eight foot long a fasten'd beam prepare:
On either side the head, produce an ear;
And sink a socket for the shining share.
Of beech the plough-tail, and the bending yoke,
Or softer linden harden'd in the smoke.
I could be long in precepts; but I fear
So mean a subject might offend your ear.
Delve of convenient depth your thrashing floor:
With temper'd clay then fill and face it o'er;
And let the weighty roller run the round,
To smooth the surface of th' unequal ground;
Lest, crack'd with summer heats, the flooring flies,
Or sinks, and through the crannies weeds arise:
For sundry foes the rural realm surround:
The field-mouse builds her garner under ground
For gather'd grain: the blind laborious mole
In winding mazes works her hidden hole:

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In hollow caverns vermin make abode—
The hissing serpent, and the swelling toad:
The corn-devouring weasel here abides,
And the wise ant her wintry store provides.
Mark well the flow'ring almonds in the wood:
If od'rous blooms the bearing branches load,
The glebe will answer to the silvan reign;
Great heats will follow, and large crops of grain.
But, if a wood of leaves o'ershade the tree,
Such and so barren will thy harvest be:
In vain the hind shall vex the thrashing-floor;
For empty chaff and straw will be thy store.
Some steep their seed, and some in cauldrons boil,
With vig'rous nitre and with lees of oil,
O'er gentle fires, th' exub'rant juice to drain,
And swell the flatt'ring husks with fruitful grain.
Yet is not the success for years assur'd,
Though chosen is the seed, and fully cur'd,
Unless the peasant, with his annual pain,
Renews his choice, and culls the largest grain.
Thus all below, whether by Nature's curse,
Or Fate's decree, degen'rate still to worse.
So the boat's brawny crew the current stem,
And, slow advancing, struggle with the stream:
But, if they slack their hands, or cease to strive,
Then down the flood with headlong haste they drive.

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Nor must the ploughman less observe the skies,
When the Kids, Dragon, and Arcturus, rise,
Than sailors homeward bent, who cut their way
Through Helle's stormy straits, and oyster-breeding sea.
But, when Astræa's balance, hung on high,
Betwixt the nights and days divides the sky,
Then yoke your oxen, sow your winter grain,
Till cold December comes with driving rain.
Linseed and fruitful poppy bury warm,
In a dry season, and prevent the storm.
Sow beans and clover in a rotten soil,
And millet rising from your annual toil,
When with his golden horns, in full career,
The Bull beats down the barriers of the year,
And Argo and the Dog forsake the northern sphere.
But, if your care to wheat alone extend,
Let Maia with her sisters first descend,
And the bright Gnossian diadem downward bend,
Before you trust in earth your future hope;
Or else expect a listless lazy crop.
Some swains have sown before; but most have found
A husky harvest from the grudging ground.
Vile vetches would you sow, or lentils lean,
The growth of Egypt, or the kidney-bean?
Begin when the slow Waggoner descends;

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Nor cease your sowing till mid-winter ends.
For this, through twelve bright signs Apollo guides
The year, and earth in sev'ral climes divides.
Five girdles bind the skies: the torrid zone
Glows with the passing and repassing sun:
Far on the right and left, th' extremes of heav'n
To frosts and snows and bitter blasts are giv'n:
Betwixt the midst and these, the gods assign'd
Two habitable seats for human kind,
And, 'cross their limits, cut a sloping way,
Which the twelve signs in beauteous order sway.
Two poles turn round the globe; one seen to rise
O'er Scythian hills, and one in Libyan skies;
The first sublime in heav'n, the last is whirl'd
Below the regions of the nether world.
Around our pole the spiry Dragon glides,
And, like a winding stream, the Bears divides—
The less and greater, who by Fate's decree
Abhor to dive beneath the northern sea.
There, as they say, perpetual night is found
In silence brooding on th' unhappy ground:
Or, when Aurora leaves our northern sphere,
She lights the downward heav'n, and rises there;
And, when on us she breathes the living light,
Red Vesper kindles there the tapers of the night.
From hence uncertain seasons we may know;

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And when to reap the grain, and when to sow;
Or when to fell the furzes; when 'tis meet
To spread the flying canvass for the fleet.
Observe what stars arise or disappear;
And the four quarters of the rolling year.
But, when cold weather and continu'd rain
The lab'ring husband in his house restrain,
Let him forecast his work with timely care,
Which else is huddled, when the skies are fair:
Then let him mark the sheep, or whet the shining share,
Or hollow trees for boats, or number o'er
His sacks, or measure his increasing store,
Or sharpen stakes, or head the forks, or twine
The sallow twigs to tie the straggling vine;
Or wicker baskets weave, or air the corn,
Or grinded grain betwixt two marbles turn.
No laws, divine or human, can restrain
From necessary works the lab'ring swain.
Ev'n holy-days and feasts permission yield
To float the meadows, or to fence the field,
To fire the brambles, snare the birds, and steep
In wholesome water-falls the woolly sheep.
And oft the drudging ass is driv'n, with toil,
To neighb'ring towns with apples and with oil;
Returning, late and loaden, home with gain
Of barter'd pitch, and hand-mills for the grain.

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The lucky days, in each revolving moon,
For labour chuse: the fifth be sure to shun;
That gave the Furies and pale Pluto birth,
And arm'd, against the skies, the sons of earth.
With mountains pil'd on mountains, thrice they strove
To scale the steepy battlements of Jove;
And thrice his lightning and red thunder play'd,
And their demolish'd works in ruin laid.
The sev'nth is, next the tenth, the best to join
Young oxen to the yoke, and plant the vine.
Then, weavers, stretch your stays upon the weft.
The ninth is good for travel, bad for theft.
Some works in dead of night are better done,
Or when the morning dew prevents the sun.
Parch'd meads and stubble mow by Phœbe's light,
Which both require the coolness of the night;
For moisture then abounds, and pearly rains
Descend in silence to refresh the plains.
The wife and husband equally conspire
To work by night, and rake the winter fire:
He sharpens torches in the glimm'ring room;
She shoots the flying shuttle through the loom,
Or boils in kettles must of wine, and skims,
With leaves, the dregs that overflow the brims:
And, till the watchful cock awakes the day,
She sings, to drive the tedious hours away.

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But, in warm weather, when the skies are clear,
By day-light reap the product of the year;
And in the sun your golden grain display,
And thrash it out, and winnow it by day.
Plough naked, swain, and naked sow the land;
For lazy winter numbs the lab'ring hand.
In genial winter, swains enjoy their store,
Forget their hardships, and recruit for more.
The farmer to full bowls invites his friends,
And, what he got with pains, with pleasure spends.
So sailors, when escap'd from stormy seas,
First crown their vessels, then indulge their ease.
Yet that 's the proper time to thrash the wood
For mast of oak, your fathers' homely food;
To gather laurel-berries, and the spoil
Of bloody myrtles, and to press your oil;
For stalking cranes to set the guileful snare;
T' inclose the stags in toils, and hunt the hare;
With Balearic slings, or Gnossian bow,
To persecute from far the flying doe,
Then, when the fleecy skies new clothe the wood,
And cakes of rustling ice come rolling down the flood.

Now sing we stormy stars, when autumn weighs
The year, and adds to nights, and shortens days,
And suns declining shine with feeble rays:
What cares must then attend the toiling swain;

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Or when the low'ring spring, with lavish rain,
Beats down the slender stem and bearded grain,
While yet the head is green, or, lightly swell'd
With milky moisture, over-looks the field.
Ev'n when the farmer, now secure of fear,
Sends in the swains to spoil the finish'd year,
Ev'n while the reaper fills his greedy hands,
And binds the golden sheaves in brittle bands,
Oft have I seen a sudden storm arise,
From all the warring winds that sweep the skies:
The heavy harvest from the root is torn,
And whirl'd aloft the lighter stubble borne:
With such a force the flying rack is driv'n,
And such a winter wears the face of heav'n:
And oft whole sheets descend of sluicy rain,
Suck'd by the spongy clouds from off the main:
The lofty skies, at once come pouring down,
The promis'd crop and golden labours drown.
The dikes are fill'd; and, with a roaring sound,
The rising rivers float the nether ground;
And rocks the bellowing voice of boiling seas rebound.
The father of the gods his glory shrouds,
Involv'd in tempests, and a night of clouds;
And, from the middle darkness flashing out,
By fits he deals his fiery bolts about.
Earth feels the motions of her angry god;

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Her entrails tremble, and her mountains nod;
And flying beasts in forests seek abode:
Deep horror seises ev'ry human breast;
Their pride is humbled, and their fear confess'd,
While he from high his rolling thunder throws,
And fires the mountains with repeated blows:
The rocks are from their old foundations rent;
The winds redouble, and the rains augment:
The waves on heaps are dash'd against the shore;
And now the woods, and now the billows, roar.
In fear of this, observe the starry signs,
Where Saturn houses, and where Hermes joins.
But first to heav'n thy due devotions pay,
And annual gifts on Ceres' altars lay.
When winter's rage abates, when cheerful hours
Awake the spring, the spring awakes the flow'rs,
On the green turf thy careless limbs display,
And celebrate the mighty Mother's day:
For then the hills with pleasing shades are crown'd,
And sleeps are sweeter on the silken ground:
With milder beams the sun serenely shines:
Fat are the lambs, and luscious are the wines.
Let ev'ry swain adore her pow'r divine,
And milk and honey mix with sparkling wine:
Let all the choir of clowns attend the show,
In long procession, shouting as they go;

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Invoking her to bless their yearly stores,
Inviting plenty to their crowded floors.
Thus in the spring, and thus in summer's heat,
Before the sickles touch the rip'ning wheat,
On Ceres call; and let the lab'ring hind
With oaken wreaths his hollow temples bind:
On Ceres let him call, and Ceres praise,
With uncouth dances, and with country lays.
And that by certain signs we may presage
Of heats and rains, and wind's impetuous rage,
The sov'reign of the heav'ns has set on high
The moon, to mark the changes of the sky;
When southern blasts should cease, and when the swain
Should near their folds his feeding flocks restrain.
For, ere the rising winds begin to roar,
The working seas advance to wash the shore:
Soft whispers run along the leafy woods;
And mountains whistle to the murm'ring floods.
Ev'n then the doubtful billows scarce abstain
From the toss'd vessel on the troubled main;
When crying cormorants forsake the sea,
And, stretching to the covert, wing their way;
When sportful coots run skimming o'er the strand;
When watchful herons leave their wat'ry stand,
And, mounting upward with erected flight,
Gain on the skies, and soar above the sight.

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And oft, before tempestuous winds arise,
The seeming stars fall headlong from the skies,
And, shooting through the darkness, gild the night
With sweeping glories, and long trails of light;
And chaff with eddy-winds is whirl'd around,
And dancing leaves are lifted from the ground;
And floating feathers on the waters play.
But, when the winged thunder takes his way
From the cold north, and east and west engage,
And at their frontiers meet with equal rage,
The clouds are crush'd: a glut of gather'd rain
The hollow ditches fills, and floats the plain;
And sailors furl their dropping sheets amain.
Wet weather seldom hurts the most unwise;
So plain the signs, such prophets are the skies.
The wary crane foresees it first, and sails
Above the storm, and leaves the lowly vales:
The cow looks up, and from afar can find
The change of heav'n, and snuffs it in the wind:
The swallow skims the river's wat'ry face:
The frogs renew the croaks of their loquacious race:
The careful ant her secret cell forsakes,
And drags her eggs along the narrow tracks:
At either horn the rainbow drinks the flood:
Huge flocks of rising rooks forsake their food,
And, crying, seek the shelter of the wood.

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Besides, the sev'ral sorts of wat'ry fowls,
That swim the seas or haunt the standing pools,
The swans that sail along the silver flood,
And dive with stretching necks to search their food,
Then lave their backs with sprinkling dews in vain,
And stem the stream to meet the promis'd rain.
The crow with clam'rous cries the show'r demands,
And single stalks along the desert sands.
The nightly virgin, while her wheel she plies,
Foresees the storm impending in the skies,
When sparkling lamps their sputt'ring light advance,
And in the sockets oily bubbles dance.
  Then, after show'rs, 'tis easy to descry
Returning suns, and a serener sky:
The stars shine smarter; and the moon adorns,
As with unborrow'd beams, her sharpen'd horns.
The filmy gossamer now flits no more,
Nor halcyons bask on the short sunny shore:
Their litter is not toss'd by sows unclean;
But a blue droughty mist descends upon the plain;
And owls, that mark the setting sun, declare
A star-light ev'ning, and a morning fair.
Tow'ring aloft, avenging Nisus flies,
While, dar'd, below the guilty Scylla lies.
Wherever frighted Scylla flies away,
Swift Nisus follows, and pursues his prey:

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Where injur'd Nisus takes his airy course,
Thence trembling Scylla flies, and shuns his force.
This punishment pursues th' unhappy maid,
And thus the purple hair is dearly paid:
Then, thrice the ravens rend the liquid air,
And croaking notes proclaim the settled fair.
Then round their airy palaces they fly,
To greet the sun; and, seis'd with secret joy,
When storms are over-blown, with food repair
To their forsaken nests, and callow care.
Not that I think their breasts with heav'nly souls
Inspir'd, as man, who destiny controls.
But, with the changeful temper of the skies,
As rains condense, and sunshine rarefies,
So turn the species in their alter'd minds,
Compos'd by calms, and discompos'd by winds.
From hence proceeds the birds' harmonious voice;
From hence the cows exult, and frisking lambs rejoice.
Observe the daily circle of the sun,
And the short year of each revolving moon:
By them thou shalt foresee the following day;
Nor shall a starry night thy hopes betray.
When first the moon appears, if then she shrouds
Her silver crescent tipp'd with sable clouds,
Conclude she bodes a tempest on the main,
And brews for fields impetuous floods of rain.

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Or, if her face with fiery flushing glow,
Expect the rattling winds aloft to blow.
But, four nights old, (for that's the surest sign)
With sharpen'd horns if glorious then she shine,
Next day, nor only that, but all the moon,
'Till her revolving race be wholly run,
Are void of tempests, both by land and sea;
And sailors in the port their promis'd vow shall pay.
Above the rest, the sun, who never lies,
Foretells the change of weather in the skies:
For, if he rise unwilling to his race,
Clouds on his brow, and spots upon his face,
Or if through mists he shoots his sullen beams,
Frugal of light, in loose and straggling streams;
Suspect a drizzling day, with southern rain,
Fatal to fruits, and flocks, and promis'd grain.
Or if Aurora, with half-open'd eyes,
And a pale sickly cheek, salute the skies;
How shall the vine, with tender leaves, defend
Her teeming clusters, when the storms descend,
When ridgy roofs and tiles can scarce avail
To bar the ruin of the rattling hail?
But, more than all, the setting sun survey,
When down the steep of heav'n he drives the day;
For oft we find him finishing his race,
With various colours erring on his face.

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If fiery red his glowing globe descends,
High winds and furious tempests he portends:
But, if his cheeks are swoln with livid blue,
He bodes wet weather by his wat'ry hue:
If dusky spots are vary'd on his brow,
And, streak'd with red, a troubled colour show;
That sullen mixture shall at once declare
Winds, rain, and storms, and elemental war.
What desp'rate madman then would venture o'er
The frith, or haul his cables from the shore?
But, if with purple rays he brings the light,
And a pure heav'n resigns to quiet night,
No rising winds, or falling storms, are nigh;
But northern breezes through the forest fly,
And drive the rack, and purge the ruffled sky.
Th' unerring sun by certain signs declares,
What the late ev'n or early morn prepares,
And when the south projects a stormy day,
And when the clearing north will puff the clouds away.
The sun reveals the secrets of the sky;
And who dares give the source of light the lie?
The change of empires often he declares,
Fierce tumults, hidden treasons, open wars.
He first the fate of Cæsar did foretell,
And pity'd Rome, when Rome in Cæsar fell;
In iron clouds conceal'd the public light;

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And impious mortals fear'd eternal night.
Nor was the fact foretold by him alone:
Nature herself stood forth, and seconded the sun.
Earth, air, and seas, with prodigies were sign'd;
And birds obscene, and howling dogs, divin'd.
What rocks did Ætna's bellowing mouth expire
From her torn entrails! and what floods of fire!
What clanks were heard, in German skies afar,
Of arms, and armies rushing to the war!
Dire earthquakes rent the solid Alps below,
And from their summits shook th' eternal snow:
Pale spectres in the close of night were seen;
And voices heard, of more than mortal men,
In silent groves: dumb sheep and oxen spoke;
And streams ran backward, and their beds forsook:
The yawning earth disclos'd th' abyss of hell:
The weeping statues did the wars foretell;
And holy sweat from brazen idols fell.
Then, rising in his might, the king of floods
Rush'd through the forests, tore the lofty woods,
And, rolling onward, with a sweepy sway,
Bore houses, herds, and lab'ring hinds away.
Blood sprang from wells; wolves howl'd in towns by night;
And boding victims did the priests affright.
Such peals of thunder never pour'd from high,

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Nor forky lightnings flash'd from such a sullen sky.
Red meteors ran across th' ætherial space;
Stars disappear'd, and comets took their place.
For this, th' Emathian plains once more were strow'd
With Roman bodies, and just heav'n thought good
To fatten twice those fields with Roman blood.
Then, after length of time, the lab'ring swains,
Who turn the turfs of those unhappy plains,
Shall rusty piles from the plough'd furrows take,
And over empty helmets pass the rake—
Amaz'd at antique titles on the stones,
And mighty reliques of gigantic bones.
  Ye home-born deities, of mortal birth!
Thou father Romulus, and mother Earth,
Goddess unmov'd! whose guardian arms extend
O'er Tuscan Tyber's course, and Roman tow'rs defend;
With youthful Cæsar your joint pow'rs engage,
Nor hinder him to save the sinking age.
O! let the blood, already spilt, atone
For the past crimes of curst Laomedon!
Heav'n wants thee there; and long the gods, we know,
Have grudg'd thee, Cæsar, to the world below,
Where fraud and rapine right and wrong confound,
Where impious arms from ev'ry part resound,
And monstrous crimes in ev'ry shape are crown'd.
The peaceful peasant to the wars is press'd;

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The fields lie fallow in inglorious rest;
The plain no pasture to the flock affords;
The crooked scythes are straighten'd into swords;
And there Euphrates her soft offspring arms,
And here the Rhine rebellows with alarms;
The neighb'ring cities range on sev'ral sides;
Perfidious Mars long-plighted leagues divides,
And o'er the wasted world in triumph rides.
So four fierce coursers, starting to the race,
Scour through the plain, and lengthen ev'ry pace;
Nor reins, nor curbs, nor threat'ning cries, they fear,
But force along the trembling charioteer.

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GEORGICS,

BOOK II.

ARGUMENT.

The subject of the following book is planting: in handling of which argument, the poet shews all the different methods of raising trees, describes their variety, and gives rules for the management of each in particular. He then points out the soils in which the several plants thrive best, and thence takes occasion to run out into the praises of Italy: after which, he gives some directions for discovering the nature of every soil, prescribes rules for dressing of vines, olives, &c. and concludes the Georgic with a panegyric on a country life.

THUS far of tillage, and of heav'nly signs:
Now sing, my Muse, the growth of gen'rous vines,
The shady groves, the woodland progeny,
And the slow product of Minerva's tree.
Great father Bacchus! to my song repair;
For clust'ring grapes are thy peculiar care:
For thee, large bunches load the bending vine;
And the last blessings of the year are thine.

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To thee his joys the jolly autumn owes,
When the fermenting juice the vat o'erflows.
Come, strip with me, my god! come drench all o'er
Thy limbs in must of wine, and drink at ev'ry pore.
Some trees their birth to bounteous Nature owe;
For some, without the pains of planting, grow.
With osiers thus the banks of brooks abound,
Sprung from the wat'ry genius of the ground.
From the same principles grey willows come,
Herculean poplar, and the tender broom.
But some, from seeds inclos'd in earth, arise;
For thus the mastful chesnut mates the skies.
Hence rise the branching beech and vocal oak,
Where Jove of old oraculously spoke.
Some from the root a rising wood disclose:
Thus elms, and thus the savage cherry grows:
Thus the green bay, that binds the poet's brows,
Shoots, and is shelter'd by the mother's boughs.
These ways of planting Nature did ordain,
For trees and shrubs, and all the silvan reign.
Others there are, by late experience found:
Some cut the shoots, and plant in furrow'd ground;
Some cover rooted stalks in deeper mould;
Some, cloven stakes; and (wond'rous to behold!)
Their sharpen'd ends in earth their footing place;
And the dry poles produce a living race.

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Some bow their vines, which bury'd in the plain,
Their tops in distant arches rise again.
Others no root require; the lab'rer cuts
Young slips, and in the soil securely puts.
Ev'n stumps of olives, bar'd of leaves, and dead,
Revive, and oft redeem their wither'd head.
'Tis usual now an inmate graff to see
With insolence invade a foreign tree:
Thus pears and quinces from the crabtree come;
And thus the ruddy cornel bears the plum.

Then let the learned gard'ner mark with care
The kinds of stocks, and what those kinds will bear;
Explore the nature of each sev'ral tree,
And, known, improve with artful industry:
And let no spot of idle earth be found;
But cultivate the genius of the ground:
For open Ismarus will Bacchus please;
Taburnus loves the shade of olive-trees.

The virtues of the sev'ral soils I sing.—
Mæcenas, now thy needful succour bring!
O thou! the better part of my renown,
Inspire thy poet, and thy poem crown:
Embark with me, while I new tracts explore,
With flying sails and breezes from the shore:
Not that my song, in such a scanty space,
So large a subject fully can embrace—

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Not though I were supply'd with iron lungs,
A hundred mouths, fill'd with as many tongues:
But steer my vessel with a steady hand,
And coast along the shore in sight of land.
Nor will I tire thy patience with a train
Of preface, or what ancient poets feign.
The trees, which of themselves advance in air,
Are barren kinds, but strongly built and fair,
Because the vigour of the native earth
Maintains the plant, and makes a manly birth.
Yet these, receiving graffs of other kind,
Or thence transplanted, change their savage mind,
Their wildness lose, and, quitting nature's part,
Obey the rules and discipline of art.
The same do trees, that, sprung from barren roots,
In open fields transplanted bear their fruits.
For, where they grow, the native energy
Turns all into the substance of the tree,
Starves and destroys the fruit, is only made
For brawny bulk, and for a barren shade.
The plant that shoots from seed, a sullen tree,
At leisure grows, for late posterity;
The gen'rous flavour lost, the fruits decay,
And savage grapes are made the birds' ignoble prey.
Much labour is requir'd in trees, to tame
Their wild disorder, and in ranks reclaim.

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Well must the ground be digg'd, and better dress'd,
New soil to make, and meliorate the rest.
Old stakes of olive-trees in plants revive;
By the same method Paphian myrtles live:
But nobler vines by propagation thrive.
From roots hard hazels, and from cions, rise;
Tall ash, and taller oak that mates the skies;
Palm, poplar, fir, descending from the steep
Of hills, to try the dangers of the deep.
The thin-leav'd arbute hazel-graffs receives;
And planes huge apples bear, that bore but leaves.
Thus mastful beech the bristly chesnut bears,
And the wild ash is white with blooming pears,
And greedy swine from grafted elms are fed
With falling acorns, that on oaks are bred.

But various are the ways to change the state
Of plants, to bud, to graff, t' inoculate.
For, where the tender rinds of trees disclose
Their shooting gems, a swelling knot there grows:
Just in that space a narrow slit we make;
Then other buds from bearing trees we take;
Inserted thus, the wounded rind we close,
In whose moist womb th' admitted infant grows.
But, when the smoother bole from knots is free,
We make a deep incision in the tree,
And in the solid wood the slip inclose;

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The batt'ning bastard shoots again and grows;
And in short space the laden boughs arise,
With happy fruit advancing to the skies.
The mother plant admires the leaves unknown
Of alien trees, and apples not her own.
  Of vegetable woods are various kinds;
And the same species are of sev'ral minds.
Lotes, willows, elms, have diff'rent forms allow'd;
So fun'ral cypress, rising like a shrowd.
Fat olive-trees of sundry sorts appear,
Of sundry shapes their unctuous berries bear.
Radii long olives, Orchites round produce,
And bitter Pausia, pounded for the juice.
Alcinoüs' orchard various apples bears:
Unlike are bergamots and pounder pears.
Nor our Italian vines produce the shape,
Or taste, or flavour, of the Lesbian grape.
The Thasian vines in richer soils abound;
The Mareotic grow in barren ground.
The Psythian grape we dry: Lagean juice
Will stamm'ring tongues and stagg'ring feet produce.
Rath ripe are some, and some of later kind,
Of golden some, and some of purple rind.
How shall I praise the Rhætian grape divine,
Which yet contends not with Falernian wine?
Th' Aminean many a consulship survives,

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And longer than the Lydian vintage lives,
Or high Phanæus, king of Chian growth:
But, for large quantities and lasting, both,
The less Argitis bears the prize away.
The Rhodian, sacred to the solemn day,
In second services is pour'd to Jove,
And best accepted by the gods above.
Nor must Bumastus his old honours lose,
In length and largeness like the dugs of cows.
I pass the rest, whose ev'ry race, and name,
And kinds, are less material to my theme;
Which who would learn, as soon may tell the sands,
Driv'n by the western wind on Libyan lands,
Or number, when the blust'ring Eurus roars,
The billows beating on Ionian shores.
  Nor ev'ry plant on ev'ry soil will grow:
The sallow loves the wat'ry ground, and low;
The marshes, alders: Nature seems t' ordain
The rocky cliff for the wild ashes reign;
The baleful yew to northern blasts assigns,
To shores the myrtles, and to mounts the vines.
  Regard th' extremest cultivated coast,
From hot Arabia to the Scythian frost:
All sorts of trees their sev'ral countries know;
Black ebon only will in India grow,
And od'rous frankincense on the Sabæan bough.

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Balm slowly trickles through the bleeding veins
Of happy shrubs in Idumæan plains.
The green Egyptian thorn, for med'cine good,
With Æthiops' hoary trees and woolly wood,
Let others tell; and how the Seres spin
Their fleecy forests in a slender twine;
With mighty trunks of trees on Indian shores,
Whose height above the feather'd arrow soars,
Shot from the toughest bow, and, by the brawn
Of expert archers, with vast vigour drawn.
Sharp-tasted citrons Median climes produce,
(Bitter the rind, but gen'rous is the juice)
A cordial fruit, a present antidote
Against the direful stepdame's deadly draught,
Who, mixing wicked weeds with words impure,
The fate of envy'd orphans would procure.
Large is the plant, and like a laurel grows,
And, did it not a diff'rent scent disclose,
A laurel were: the fragrant flow'rs contemn
The stormy winds, tenacious of their stem.
With this, the Medes to lab'ring age bequeath
New lungs, and cure the sourness of the breath.
  But neither Median woods, (a plenteous land)
Fair Ganges, Hermus rolling golden sand,
Nor Bactria, nor the richer Indian fields,
Nor all the gummy stores Arabia yields,

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Nor any foreign earth of greater name,
Can with sweet Italy contend in fame.
No bulls, whose nostrils breathe a living flame,
Have turn'd our turf; no teeth of serpents here
Were sown, an armed host and iron crop to bear.
But fruitful vines, and the fat olive's freight,
And harvests heavy with their fruitful weight,
Adorn our fields; and on the cheerful green
The grazing flocks and lowing herds are seen.
The warrior horse, here bred, is taught to train:
There flows Clitumnus through the flow'ry plain,
Whose waves, for triumphs after prosp'rous war,
The victim ox and snowy sheep prepare.
Perpetual spring our happy climate sees:
Twice breed the cattle, and twice bear the trees;
And summer suns recede by slow degrees.

Our land is from the rage of tigers freed,
Nor nourishes the lion's angry seed;
Nor pois'nous aconite is here produc'd,
Or grows unknown, or is, when known, refus'd;
Nor in so vast a length our serpents glide,
Or rais'd on such a spiry volume ride.

Next add our cities of illustrious name,
Their costly labour, and stupendous frame;
Our forts on steepy hills, that far below
See wanton streams in winding valleys flow;

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Our twofold seas, that, washing either side,
A rich recruit of foreign stores provide;
Our spacious lakes; thee, Larius, first; and next
Benacus, with tempestuous billows vex'd.
Or shall I praise thy ports, or mention make
Of the vast mound that binds the Lucrine lake?
Or the disdainful sea, that, shut from thence,
Roars round the structure, and invades the fence,
There, where secure the Julian waters glide,
Or where Avernus' jaws admit the Tyrrhene tide?
Our quarries, deep in earth, were fam'd of old
For veins of silver, and for ore of gold.
Th' inhabitants themselves their country grace:
Hence rose the Marsian and Sabellian race,
Strong-limb'd and stout, and to the wars inclin'd,
And hard Ligurians, a laborious kind,
And Volscians arm'd with iron-headed darts.
Besides — an offspring of undaunted hearts —
The Decii, Marii, great Camillus, came
From hence, and greater Scipio's double name,
And mighty Cæsar, whose victorious arms
To farthest Asia carry fierce alarms,
Avert unwarlike Indians from his Rome,
Triumph abroad, secure our peace at home.
  Hail, sweet Saturnian soil! of fruitful grain
Great parent, greater of illustrious men!

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For thee my tuneful accents will I raise,
And treat of arts disclos'd in ancient days,
Once more unlock for thee the sacred spring,
And old Ascræan verse in Roman cities sing.
The nature of the sev'ral soils now see,
Their strength, their colour, their fertility:
And first for heath, and barren hilly ground,
Where meagre clay and flinty stones abound,
Where the poor soil all succour seems to want—
Yet this suffices the Palladian plant.
Undoubted signs of such a soil are found;
For here wild olive-shoots o'erspread the ground,
And heaps of berries strew the fields around.
But, where the soil, with fatt'ning moisture fill'd,
Is cloth'd with grass, and fruitful to be till'd,
Such as in cheerful vales we view from high,
Which dripping rocks with rolling streams supply,
And feed with ooze; where rising hillocks run
In length, and open to the southern sun;
Where fern succeeds, ungrateful to the plough—
That gentle ground to gen'rous grapes allow.
Strong stocks of vines it will in time produce,
And overflow the vats with friendly juice,
Such as our priests in golden goblets pour
To gods, the givers of the cheerful hour,
Then when the bloated Tuscan blows his horn,

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And reeking entrails are in chargers borne.
If herds or fleecy flocks be more thy care,
Or goats that graze the field, and burn it bare,
Then seek Tarentum's lawns, and farthest coast,
Or such a field as hapless Mantua lost,
Where silver swans sail down the wat'ry road,
And graze the floating herbage of the flood.
There crystal streams perpetual tenor keep,
Nor food nor springs are wanting to thy sheep;
For, what the day devours, the nightly dew
Shall to the morn in pearly drops renew.
Fat crumbling earth is fitter for the plough,
Putrid and loose above, and black below;
For ploughing is an imitative toil,
Resembling nature in an easy soil.
No land for seed like this; no fields afford
So large an income to the village lord:
No toiling teams from harvest-labour come
So late at night, so heavy-laden home.
The like of forest land is understood,
From whence the surly ploughman grubs the wood,
Which had for length of ages idle stood.
Then birds forsake the ruins of their seat,
And, flying from their nests, their callow young forget.
The coarse lean gravel, on the mountain-sides,
Scarce dewy bev'rage for the bees provides;

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Nor chalk nor crumbling stones, the food of snakes,
That work in hollow earth their winding tracks.
The soil exhaling clouds of subtile dews,
Imbibing moisture which with ease she spews,
Which rusts not iron, and whose mould is clean,
Well cloth'd with cheerful grass, and ever green,
Is good for olives, and aspiring vines,
Embracing husband elms in am'rous twines;
Is fit for feeding cattle, fit to sow,
And equal to the pasture and the plough.
Such is the soil of fat Campanian fields;
Such large increase the land that joins Vesuvius yields;
And such a country could Acerræ boast,
Till Clanius overflow'd th' unhappy coast.
  I teach thee next the diff'ring soils to know,
The light for vines, the heavier for the plough.
Chuse first a place for such a purpose fit:
There dig the solid earth, and sink a pit;
Next fill the hole with its own earth agen,
And trample with thy feet, and tread it in:
Then, if it rise not to the former height
Of superfice, conclude that soil is light,
A proper ground for pasturage and vines.
But, if the sullen earth, so press'd, repines
Within its native mansion to retire,
And stays without, a heap of heavy mire,

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'Tis good for arable, a glebe that asks
Tough teams of oxen, and laborious tasks.
Salt earth and bitter are not fit to sow,
Nor will be tam'd and mended by the plough.
Sweet grapes degen'rate there; and fruits, declin'd
From their first flav'rous taste, renounce their kind.
This truth by sure experiment is try'd;
For first an osier colander provide
Of twigs thick wrought, (such toiling peasants twine,
When through strait passages they strain their wine):
In this close vessel place that earth accurs'd,
But fill'd brimfull with wholesome water first;
Then run it through: the drops will rope around,
And, by the bitter taste, disclose the ground.
The fatter earth by handling we may find,
With ease distinguish'd from the meagre kind:
Poor soil will crumble into dust; the rich
Will to the fingers cleave like clammy pitch:
Moist earth produces corn and grass, but both
Too rank and too luxuriant in their growth.
Let not my land so large a promise boast,
Lest the lank ears in length of stem be lost.
The heavier earth is by her weight betray'd;
The lighter in the poising hand is weigh'd.
'Tis easy to distinguish by the sight
The colour of the soil, and black from white.

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But the cold ground is difficult to know;
Yet this the plants, that prosper there, will show—
Black ivy, pitch-trees, and the baleful yew.
These rules consider'd well, with early care
The vineyard destin'd for thy vines prepare:
But, long before the planting, dig the ground,
With furrows deep that cast a rising mound.
The clods, expos'd to winter winds, will bake;
For putrid earth will best in vineyards take;
And hoary frosts, after the painful toil
Of delving hinds, will rot the mellow soil.

Some peasants, not t' omit the nicest care,
Of the same soil their nursery prepare,
With that of their plantation; lest the tree,
Translated, should not with the soil agree.
Beside, to plant it as it was, they mark
The heav'n's four quarters on the tender bark,
And to the north or south restore the side,
Which at their birth did heat or cold abide:
So strong is custom; such effects can use
In tender souls of pliant plants produce.

Chuse next a province for thy vineyard's reign,
On hills above, or in the lowly plain.
If fertile fields or valleys be thy choice,
Plant thick; for bounteous Bacchus will rejoice
In close plantations there: but, if the vine

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On rising ground be plac'd, or hills supine,
Extend thy loose battalions largely wide,
Op'ning thy ranks and files on either side,
But marshal'd all in order as they stand;
And let no soldier straggle from his band.
As legions in the field their front display,
To try the fortune of some doubtful day,
And move to meet their foes with sober pace,
Strict to their figure, though in wider space,
Before the battle joins, while from afar
The field yet glitters with the pomp of war,
And equal Mars, like an impartial lord,
Leaves all to fortune, and the dint of sword—
So let thy vines in intervals be set,
But not their rural discipline forget:
Indulge their width, and add a roomy space,
That their extremest lines may scarce embrace:
Nor this alone t' indulge a vain delight,
And make a pleasing prospect for the sight;
But, for the ground itself, this only way,
Can equal vigour to the plants convey,
Which, crowded, want the room, their branches to display.

How deep they must be planted, would'st thou know?
In shallow furrows vines securely grow.
Not so the rest of plants; for Jove's own tree,

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That holds the woods in awful sov'reignty,
Requires a depth of lodging in the ground,
And, next the lower skies, a bed profound:
High as his topmost boughs to heav'n ascend,
So low his roots to hell's dominion tend.
Therefore, nor winds, nor winter's rage o'erthrows
His bulky body; but unmov'd he grows:
For length of ages lasts his happy reign;
And lives of mortal man contend in vain.
Full in the midst of his own strength he stands,
Stretching his brawny arms, and leafy hands;
His shade protects the plains; his head the hills commands.

The hurtful hazel in thy vineyard shun;
Nor plant it to receive the setting sun;
Nor break the topmost branches from the tree;
Nor prune, with blunted knife, the progeny.
Root up wild olives from thy labour'd lands;
For sparkling fire, from hinds' unwary hands,
Is often scatter'd o'er their unctuous rinds,
And after spread abroad by raging winds:
For first the smould'ring flame the trunk receives;
Ascending thence, it crackles in the leaves;
At length victorious to the top aspires,
Involving all the wood in smoky fires;
But most, when, driv'n by winds, the flaming storm

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Of the long files destroys the beauteous form.
In ashes then th' unhappy vineyard lies;
Nor will the blasted plants from ruin rise;
Nor will the wither'd stock be green again;
But the wild olive shoots, and shades th' ungrateful plain.
Be not seduc'd with wisdom's empty shows,
To stir the peaceful ground when Boreas blows.
When winter frosts constrain the field with cold,
The fainty root can take no steady hold.
But, when the golden spring reveals the year,
And the white bird returns, whom serpents fear,
That season deem the best to plant thy vines:
Next that, is when autumnal warmth declines,
Ere heat is quite decay'd, or cold begun,
Or Capricorn admits the winter sun.
The spring adorns the woods, renews the leaves;
The womb of earth the genial seed receives:
For then almighty Jove descends, and pours
Into his buxom bride his fruitful show'rs;
And, mixing his large limbs with hers, he feeds
Her births with kindly juice, and fosters teeming seeds.
Then joyous birds frequent the lonely grove,
And beasts, by nature stung, renew their love.
Then fields the blades of bury'd corn disclose;
And, while the balmy western spirit blows,

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Earth to the breath her bosom dares expose.
With kindly moisture then the plants abound;
The grass securely springs above the ground;
The tender twig shoots upward to the skies,
And on the faith of the new sun relies.
The swerving vines on the tall elms prevail:
Unhurt by southern show'rs or northern hail,
They spread their gems, the genial warmth to share,
And boldly trust their buds in open air.
In this soft season (let me dare to sing)
The world was hatch'd by heav'n's imperial king—
In prime of all the year, and holy-days of spring.
Then did the new creation first appear;
Nor other was the tenor of the year,
When laughing heav'n did the great birth attend,
And eastern winds their wint'ry breath suspend:
Then sheep first saw the sun in open fields;
And savage beasts were sent to stock the wilds;
And golden stars flew up to light the skies;
And man's relentless race from stony quarries rise.
Nor could the tender new creation bear
Th' excessive heats or coldness of the year,
But, chill'd by winter, or by summer fir'd,
The middle temper of the spring requir'd,
When warmth and moisture did at once abound,
And heav'n's indulgence brooded on the ground.

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For what remains, in depth of earth secure
Thy cover'd plants, and dung with hot manure;
And shells and gravel in the ground inclose;
For through their hollow chinks the water flows,
Which, thus imbib'd, returns in misty dews,
And, steaming up, the rising plant renews.
Some husbandmen, of late, have found the way,
A hilly heap of stones above to lay,
And press the plants with shards of potters' clay.
This fence against immod'rate rain they found,
Or when the Dog-star cleaves the thirsty ground.
Be mindful, when thou hast intomb'd the shoot,
With store of earth around to feed the root;
With iron teeth of rakes and prongs, to move
The crusted earth, and loosen it above.
Then exercise thy sturdy steers to plough
Betwixt thy vines, and teach the feeble row
To mount on reeds, and wands, and, upward led,
On ashen poles to raise their forky head.
On these new crutches let them learn to walk,
Till, swerving upwards with a stronger stalk,
They brave the winds, and, clinging to their guide,
On tops of elms at length triumphant ride.
But, in their tender nonage, while they spread
Their springing leaves, and lift their infant head,
And upward while they shoot in open air,

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Indulge their childhood, and the nurselings spare;
Nor exercise thy rage on new-born life:
But let thy hand supply the pruning-knife,
And crop luxuriant stragglers, nor be loth
To strip the branches of their leafy growth.
But, when the rooted vines, with steady hold,
Can clasp their elms, then, husbandman, be bold
To lop the disobedient boughs, that stray'd
Beyond their ranks: let crooked steel invade
The lawless troops, which discipline disclaim,
And their superfluous growth with rigour tame.
Next, fenc'd with hedges and deep ditches round,
Exclude th' incroaching cattle from thy ground,
While yet the tender gems but just appear,
Unable to sustain th' uncertain year;
Whose leaves are not alone foul winter's prey,
But oft by summer suns are scorch'd away,
And, worse than both, become th' unworthy browze
Of buffaloes, salt goats, and hungry cows.
For not December's frost that burns the boughs,
Nor dog-days' parching heat that splits the rocks,
Are half so harmful as the greedy flocks,
Their venom'd bite, and scars indented on the stocks.
For this, the malefactor goat was laid
On Bacchus' altar, and his forfeit paid.
At Athens thus old comedy began,

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When round the streets the reeling actors ran,
In country villages, and crossing ways,
Contending for the prizes of their plays;
And, glad with Bacchus, on the grassy soil,
Leap'd o'er the skins of goats besmear'd with oil.
Thus Roman youth, deriv'd from ruin'd Troy,
In rude Saturnian rhymes express their joy;
With taunts, and laughter loud, their audience please,
Deform'd with vizards, cut from barks of trees:
In jolly hymns they praise the god of wine,
Whose earthen images adorn the pine,
And there are hung on high, in honour of the vine.
A madness so devout the vineyard fills:
In hollow valleys and on rising hills,
On whate'er side he turns his honest face,
And dances in the wind, those fields are in his grace.
To Bacchus therefore let us tune our lays,
And in our mother tongue resound his praise.
Thin cakes in chargers, and a guilty goat,
Dragg'd by the horns, be to his altars brought;
Whose offer'd entrails shall his crime reproach,
And drip their fatness from the hazel broach.
To dress thy vines, new labour is requir'd;
Nor must the painful husbandman be tir'd:
For thrice, at least, in compass of the year,
Thy vineyard must employ the sturdy steer

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To turn the glebe, besides thy daily pain
To break the clods, and make the surface plain,
T' unload the branches, or the leaves to thin,
That suck the vital moisture of the vine.
Thus in a circle runs the peasant's pain,
And the year rolls within itself again.
Ev'n in the lowest months, when storms have shed
From vines the hairy honours of their head,
Not then the drudging hind his labour ends,
But to the coming year his care extends.
Ev'n then the naked vine he persecutes;
His pruning knife at once reforms and cuts.
Be first to dig the ground: be first to burn
The branches lopt; and first the props return
Into thy house, that bore the burden'd vines;
But last to reap the vintage of thy wines.
Twice in the year luxuriant leaves o'ershade
Th' encumber'd vine; rough brambles twice invade:
Hard labour both! — Commend the large excess
Of spacious vineyards; cultivate the less.
Besides, in woods the shrubs of prickly thorn,
Sallows and reeds on banks of rivers born,
Remain to cut — for vineyards, useful found
To stay thy vines, and fence thy fruitful ground.
Nay, when thy tender trees at length are bound,
When peaceful vines from pruning-hooks are free,

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When husbands have survey'd the last degree,
And utmost files of plants, and order'd ev'ry tree;
Ev'n when they sing at ease in full content,
Insulting o'er the toils they underwent,
Yet still they find a future task remain,
To turn the soil, and break the clods again:
And, after all, their joys are unsincere,
While falling rains on rip'ning grapes they fear.
Quite opposite to these are olives found:
No dressing they require, and dread no wound,
Nor rakes nor harrows need; but, fix'd below,
Rejoice in open air, and unconcern'dly grow.
The soil itself due nourishment supplies:
Plough but the furrows, and the fruits arise,
Content with small endeavours, till they spring.
Soft peace they figure, and sweet plenty bring:
Then olives plant, and hymns to Pallas sing.

Thus apple-trees, whose trunks are strong to bear
Their spreading boughs, exert themselves in air,
Want no supply, but stand secure alone,
Not trusting foreign forces, but their own,
Till with the ruddy freight the bending branches groan.

Thus trees of nature, and each common bush,
Uncultivated thrive, and with red berries blush.
Vile shrubs are shorn for browze: the tow'ring height
Of unctuous trees are torches for the night.

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And shall we doubt (indulging easy sloth,)
To sow, to set, and to reform their growth?
To leave the lofty plants—the lowly kind
Are for the shepherd or the sheep design'd.
Ev'n humble broom and osiers have their use,
And shade for sheep, and food for flocks, produce;
Hedges for corn, and honey for the bees,
Besides the pleasing prospect of the trees.
How goodly looks Cytorus, ever green
With boxen groves! with what delight are seen
Narycian woods of pitch, whose gloomy shade
Seems for retreat of heav'nly Muses made!
But much more pleasing are those fields to see,
That need not ploughs, nor human industry.
Ev'n cold Caucasean rocks with trees are spread,
And wear green forests on their hilly head.
Though bending from the blast of eastern storms,
Though shent their leaves, and shatter'd are their arms,
Yet heav'n their various plants for use designs—
For houses, cedars—and, for shipping, pines—
Cypress provides for spokes and wheels of wains,
And all for keels of ships, that scour the wat'ry plains.
Willows in twigs are fruitful, elms in leaves;
The war, from stubborn myrtle, shafts receives—
From cornels, jav'lins; and the tougher yew
Receives the bending figure of a bow.

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Nor box, nor limes, without their use are made,
Smooth-grain'd, and proper for the turner's trade;
Which curious hands may carve, and steel with ease
invade.
Light alder stems the Po's impetuous tide,
And bees in hollow oaks their honey hide.
Now balance, with these gifts, the fumy joys
Of wine, attended with eternal noise.
Wine urg'd to lawless lust the Centaurs' train:
Through wine they quarrel'd, and through wine were
slain.
O happy, if he knew his happy state,
The swain, who, free from bus'ness and debate,
Receives his easy food from Nature's hand,
And just returns of cultivated land!
No palace, with a lofty gate, he wants,
T' admit the tides of early visitants,
With eager eyes devouring, as they pass,
The breathing figures of Corinthian brass.
No statues threaten, from high pedestals;
No Persian arras hides his homely walls,
With antic vests, which, through their shady fold,
Betray the streaks of ill-dissembled gold:
He boasts no wool, whose native white is died
With purple poison of Assyrian pride:
No costly drugs of Araby defile,

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With foreign scents, the sweetness of his oil:
But easy quiet, a secure retreat,
A harmless life that knows not how to cheat,
With home-bred plenty, the rich owner bless;
And rural pleasures crown his happiness.
Unvex'd with quarrels, undisturb'd with noise,
The country king his peaceful realm enjoys—
Cool grots, and living lakes, the flow'ry pride
Of meads, and streams that through the valley glide,
And shady groves that easy sleep invite,
And, after toilsome days, a soft repose at night.
Wild beasts of nature in his woods abound;
And youth, of labour patient, plough the ground,
Inur'd to hardship, and to homely fare.
Nor venerable age is wanting there,
In great examples to the youthful train;
Nor are the gods ador'd with rites profane.
From hence Astræa took her flight; and here
The prints of her departing steps appear.
  Ye sacred Muses! with whose beauty fir'd,
My soul is ravish'd, and my brain inspir'd—
Whose priest I am, whose holy fillets wear—
Would you your poet's first petition hear;
Give me the ways of wand'ring stars to know,
The depths of heav'n above, and earth below:
Teach me the various labours of the moon,

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And whence proceed th' eclipses of the sun;
Why flowing tides prevail upon the main,
And in what dark recess they shrink again;
What shakes the solid earth; what cause delays
The summer nights, and shortens winter days.
But, if my heavy blood restrain the flight
Of my free soul, aspiring to the height
Of nature, and unclouded fields of light—
My next desire is, void of care and strife,
To lead a soft, secure, inglorious life—
A country cottage near a crystal flood,
A winding valley, and a lofty wood.
Some god conduct me to the sacred shades,
Where Bacchanals are sung by Spartan maids,
Or lift me high to Hæmus' hilly crown,
Or in the plains of Tempe lay me down,
Or lead me to some solitary place,
And cover my retreat from human race.
  Happy the man, who, studying Nature's laws,
Through known effects can trace the secret cause—
His mind possessing in a quiet state,
Fearless of Fortune, and resign'd to Fate!
And happy too is he, who decks the bow'rs
Of Silvans, and adores the rural pow'rs—
Whose mind, unmov'd, the bribes of courts can see,
Their glitt'ring baits, and purple slavery—

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Nor hopes the people's praise, nor fears their frown,
Nor, when contending kindred tear the crown,
Will set up one, or pull another down.
Without concern he hears, but hears from far,
Of tumults, and descents, and distant war;
Nor with a superstitious fear is aw'd,
For what befalls at home, or what abroad.
Nor envies he the rich their heapy store,
Nor his own peace disturbs with pity for the poor.
He feeds on fruits, which, of their own accord,
The willing ground and laden trees afford.
From his lov'd home no lucre him can draw;
The senate's mad decrees he never saw;
Nor heard, at bawling bars, corrupted law.
Some to the seas, and some to camps, resort,
And some with impudence invade the court:
In foreign countries, others seek renown;
With wars and taxes, others waste their own,
And houses burn, and household gods deface,
To drink in bowls which glitt'ring gems enchase,
To loll on couches, rich with citron steds,
And lay their guilty limbs in Tyrian beds.
This wretch in earth intombs his golden ore,
Hov'ring and brooding on his bury'd store.
Some patriot fools to pop'lar praise aspire
Of public speeches, which worse fools admire,

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While, from both benches, with redoubled sounds,
Th' applause of lords and commoners abounds.
Some, through ambition, or through thirst of gold,
Have slain their brothers, or their country sold,
And, leaving their sweet homes, in exile run
To lands that lie beneath another sun.
The peasant, innocent of all these ills,
With crooked ploughs the fertile fallows tills,
And the round year with daily labour fills:
And hence the country markets are supply'd:
Enough remains for household charge beside,
His wife and tender children to sustain,
And gratefully to feed his dumb deserving train.
Nor cease his labours, till the yellow field
A full return of bearded harvest yield—
A crop so plenteous, as the land to load,
O'ercome the crowded barns, and lodge on ricks abroad.
Thus ev'ry sev'ral season is employ'd,
Some spent in toil, and some in ease enjoy'd.
The yeaning ewes prevent the springing year:
The laded boughs their fruits in autumn bear:
'Tis then the vine her liquid harvest yields,
Bak'd in the sun-shine of ascending fields.
The winter comes; and then the falling mast
For greedy swine provides a full repast:

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Then olives, ground in mills, their fatness boast,
And winter fruits are mellow'd by the frost.
His cares are eas'd with intervals of bliss;
His little children, climbing for a kiss,
Welcome their father's late return at night;
His faithful bed is crown'd with chaste delight.
His kine with swelling udders ready stand,
And, lowing for the pail, invite the milker's hand.
His wanton kids, with budding horns prepar'd,
Fight harmless battles in his homely yard:
Himself in rustic pomp, on holy-days,
To rural pow'rs a just oblation pays,
And on the green his careless limbs displays.
The hearth is in the midst: the herdsmen, round
Thecheerful fire, provoke his health in goblets crown'd.
He calls on Bacchus, and propounds the prize:
The groom his fellow-groom at buts defies,
And bends his bow, and levels with his eyes,
Or, stript for wrestling, smears his limbs with oil,
And watches, with a trip his foe to foil.
Such was the life the frugal Sabines led:
So Remus and his brother god were bred,
From whom th' austere Etrurian virtue rose;
And this rude life our homely fathers chose.
Old Rome from such a race deriv'd her birth,
(The seat of empire, and the conquer'd earth)

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Which now on sev'n high hills triumphant reigns,
And in that compass all the world contains.
Ere Saturn's rebel son usurp'd the skies,
When beasts were only slain for sacrifice,
While peaceful Crete enjoy'd her ancient lord,
Ere sounding hammers forg'd th' inhuman sword,
Ere hollow drums were beat, before the breath
Of brazen trumpets rung the peals of death,
The good old god his hunger did assuage
With roots and herbs, and gave the golden age.
But, over-labour'd with so long a course,
'Tis time to set at ease the smoking horse.

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GEORGICS,

BOOK III.

ARGUMENT.

This book begins with the invocation of some rural deities, and a compliment to Augustus: after which Virgil directs himself to Mæcenas, and enters on his subject. He lays down rules for the breeding and management of horses, oxen, sheep, goats, and dogs; and interweaves several pleasant descriptions of a chariot-race, of the battle of the bulls, of the force of love, and of the Scythian winter. In the latter part of the book, he relates the diseases incident to cattle; and ends with the description of a fatal murrain that formerly raged among the Alps.

THY fields, propitious Pales, I rehearse;
And sing thy pastures in no vulgar verse,
Amphrysian shepherd! the Lycæan woods,
Arcadia's flow'ry plains, and pleasing floods.
All other themes, that careless minds invite,
Are worn with use, unworthy me to write.
Busiris' altars, and the dire decrees
Of hard Eurystheus, ev'ry reader sees:

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Hylas the boy, Latona's erring isle,
And Pelops' iv'ry shoulder, and his toil.
For fair Hippodame, with all the rest
Of Grecian tales, by poets are express'd.
New ways I must attempt, my grov'ling name
To raise aloft, and wing my flight to fame.
I, first of Romans, shall in triumph come
From conquer'd Greece, and bring her trophies home,
With foreign spoils adorn my native place,
And with Idume's palms my Mantua grace.
Of Parian stone a temple will I raise,
Where the slow Mincius through the valley strays,
Where cooling streams invite the flocks to drink,
And reeds defend the winding water's brink.
Full in the midst shall mighty Cæsar stand,
Hold the chief honours, and the dome command
Then I, conspicuous in my Tyrian gown,
(Submitting to his godhead my renown)
A hundred coursers from the goal will drive:
The rival chariots in the race shall strive.
All Greece shall flock from far, my games to see;
The whorlbat, and the rapid race, shall be
Reserv'd for Cæsar, and ordain'd by me.
Myself, with olive crown'd, the gifts will bear.
Ev'n now methinks the public shouts I hear;
The passing pageants, and the pomps appear.

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I to the temple will conduct the crew,
The sacrifice and sacrifices view,
From thence return, attended with my train,
Where the proud theatres disclose the scene,
Which interwoven Britons seem to raise,
And shew the triumph which their shame displays.
High o'er the gate, in elephant and gold,
The crowd shall Cæsar's Indian war behold:
The Nile shall flow beneath; and, on the side,
His shatter'd ships on brazen pillars ride.
Next him Niphates, with inverted urn,
And drooping sedge, shall his Armenia mourn;
And Asian cities in our triumph borne.
With backward bows the Parthians shall be there,
And, spurring from the fight, confess their fear.
A double wreath shall crown our Cæsar's brows—
Two diff'ring trophies, from two diff'rent foes.
Europe with Afric in his fame shall join;
But neither shore his conquests shall confine.
The Parian marble there shall seem to move
In breathing statues, not unworthy Jove,
Resembling heroes, whose ætherial root
Is Jove himself, and Cæsar is the fruit.
Tros and his race the sculptor shall employ;
And he—the god who built the walls of Troy.
Envy herself at last, grown pale and dumb,

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(By Cæsar combated and overcome)
Shall give her hands, and fear the curling snakes
Of lashing Furies, and the burning lakes;
The pains of famish'd Tantalus shall feel,
And Sisyphus, that labours up the hill
The rolling rock in vain; and curst Ixion's wheel.

Meantime we must pursue the silvan lands,
(Th' abode of nymphs) untouch'd by former hands:
For such, Mæcenas, are thy hard commands.
Without thee, nothing lofty can I sing.
Come then, and, with thyself, thy genius bring,
With which inspir'd, I brook no dull delay:
Cithæron loudly calls me to my way;
Thy hounds, Täyg'tus, open, and pursue their prey.
High Epidaurus urges on my speed,
Fam'd for his hills, and for his horses' breed:
From hills and dales the cheerful cries rebound;
For Echo hunts along, and propagates the sound.

A time will come, when my maturer Muse,
In Cæsar's wars, a nobler theme shall chuse,
And through more ages bear my sovereign's praise,
Than have from Tithon past to Cæsar's days.

The gen'rous youth, who, studious of the prize,
The race of running coursers multiplies,
Or to the plough the sturdy bullock breeds,
May know that from the dam the worth of each
proceeds.

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The mother cow must wear a low'ring look,
Sour-headed, strongly neck'd, to bear the yoke.
Her double dew-lap from her chin descends,
And at her thighs the pond'rous burden ends.
Long are her sides and large; her limbs are great;
Rough are her ears, and broad her horny feet.
Her colour shining black, but fleck'd with white;
She tosses from the yoke; provokes the fight:
She rises in her gait, is free from fears,
And in her face a bull's resemblance bears:
Her ample forehead with a star is crown'd;
And with her length of tail she sweeps the ground.
The bull's insult at four she may sustain;
But, after ten, from nuptial rites refrain.
Six seasons use; but then release the cow,
Unfit for love, and for the lab'ring plough.
  Now, while their youth is fill'd with kindly fire,
Submit thy females to the lusty sire:
Watch the quick motions of the frisking tail;
Then serve their fury with the rushing male,
Indulging pleasure, lest the breed should fail.
  In youth alone, unhappy mortals live;
But, ah! the mighty bliss is fugitive:
Discolour'd sickness, anxious labour, come,
And age, and death's inexorable doom.
  Yearly thy herds in vigour will impair.

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Recruit and mend them with thy yearly care:
Still propagate; for still they fall away:
'Tis prudence to prevent th' entire decay.
  Like diligence requires the courser's race,
In early choice, and for a longer space.
The colt, that for a stallion is design'd,
By sure presages shews his gen'rous kind:
Of able body, sound of limb and wind,
Upright he walks, on pasterns firm and straight;
His motions easy; prancing in his gait;
The first to lead the way, to tempt the flood,
To pass the bridge unknown, nor fear the trembling wood;
Dauntless at empty noises; lofty neck'd;
Sharp-headed, barrel-belly'd, broadly back'd;
Brawny his chest, and deep; his colour gray;
For beauty, dappled, or the brightest bay:
Faint white and dun will scarce the rearing pay.
  The fiery courser, when he hears from far
The sprightly trumpets, and the shouts of war,
Pricks up his ears; and, trembling with delight,
Shifts place, and paws, and hopes the promis'd fight.
On his right shoulder his thick mane reclin'd,
Ruffles at speed, and dances in the wind.
His horny hoofs are jetty black and round;
His chine is double; starting with a bound

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He turns the turf, and shakes the solid ground.
Fire from his eyes, clouds from his nostrils, flow:
He bears his rider headlong on the foe.
  Such was the steed in Grecian poets fam'd,
Proud Cyllarus, by Spartan Pollux tam'd:
Such coursers bore to fight the god of Thrace;
And such, Achilles, was thy warlike race.
In such a shape, grim Saturn did restrain
His heav'nly limbs, and flow'd with such a mane,
When, half-surpris'd, and fearing to be seen,
The lecher gallop'd from his jealous queen,
Ran up the ridges of the rocks amain,
And with shrill neighings fill'd the neighb'ring plain.
  But, worn with years, when dire diseases come,
Then hide his not ignoble age at home,
In peace t' enjoy his former palms and pains;
And gratefully be kind to his remains.
For, when his blood no youthful spirits move,
He languishes and labours in his love;
And, when the sprightly seed should swiftly come,
Dribbling he drudges, and defrauds the womb.
In vain he burns, like hasty stubble-fires,
And in himself his former self requires.
  His age and courage weigh; nor those alone;
But note his father's virtues and his own:
Observe, if he disdains to yield the prize,

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Of loss impatient, proud of victories.
Hast thou beheld, when from the goal they start,
The youthful charioteers with heaving heart
Rush to the race; and, panting, scarcely bear
Th' extremes of fev'rish hope and chilling fear;
Stoop to the reins, and lash with all their force?
The flying chariot kindles in the course:
And now alow, and now aloft, they fly,
As borne through air, and seem to touch the sky.
No stop, no stay: but clouds of sand arise,
Spurn'd, and cast backward on the followers' eyes.
The hindmost blows the foam upon the first:
Such is the love of praise, an honourable thirst.
Bold Erichthonius was the first who join'd
Four horses for the rapid race design'd,
And o'er the dusty wheels presiding sate:
The Lapithæ, to chariots, add the state
Of bits and bridles; taught the steed to bound,
To run the ring, and trace the mazy round;
To stop, to fly, the rules of war to know;
T' obey the rider, and to dare the foe.
To chuse a youthful steed with courage fir'd,
To breed him, break him, back him, are requir'd
Experienc'd masters; and, in sundry ways,
Their labours equal, and alike their praise.
But, once again, the batter'd horse beware:

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The weak old stallion will deceive thy care,
Though famous in his youth for force and speed,
Or was of Argos or Epirian breed,
Or did from Neptune's race, or from himself, proceed.
These things premis'd, when now the nuptial time
Approaches for the stately steed to climb,
With food enable him to make his court;
Distend his chine, and pamper him for sport:
Feed him with herbs, whatever thou canst find,
Of gen'rous warmth, and of salacious kind:
Then water him, and (drinking what he can)
Encourage him to thirst again, with bran.
Instructed thus, produce him to the fair,
And join in wedlock to the longing mare.
For, if the sire be faint, or out of case,
He will be copied in his famish'd race,
And sink beneath the pleasing task assign'd:
(For all 's too little for the craving kind.)
As for the females, with industrious care
Take down their mettle; keep them lean and bare:
When conscious of their past delight, and keen
To take the leap, and prove the sport agen,
With scanty measure then supply their food;
And, when athirst, restrain them from the flood;
Their bodies harass; sink them when they run;
And fry their melting marrow in the sun.

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Starve them, when barns beneath their burden groan,
And winnow'd chaff by western winds is blown;
For fear the rankness of the swelling womb
Should scant the passage, and confine the room;
Lest the fat furrows should the sense destroy
Of genial lust, and dull the seat of joy.
But let them suck the seed with greedy force,
And close involve the vigour of the horse.

The male has done: thy care must now proceed
To teeming females, and the promis'd breed.
First let them run at large, and never know
The taming yoke, or draw the crooked plough.
Let them not leap the ditch, or swim the flood,
Or lumber o'er the meads, or cross the wood;
But range the forest, by the silver side
Of some cool stream, where Nature shall provide
Green grass and fatt'ning clover for their fare,
And mossy caverns for their noontide lair,
With rocks above, to shield the sharp nocturnal air.

About th' Alburnian groves, with holly green,
Of winged insects mighty swarms are seen:
This flying plague (to mark its quality)
Œstros the Grecians call—Asylus, we—
A fierce loud-buzzing breeze.—Their stings draw blood,
And drive the cattle gadding through the wood.
Seis'd with unusual pains, they loudly cry:

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Tanagrus hastens thence, and leaves his channel dry.
This curse the jealous Juno did invent,
And first employ'd for Iö's punishment.
To shun this ill, the cunning leach ordains,
In summer's sultry heats (for then it reigns),
To feed the females ere the sun arise
Or late at night, when stars adorn the skies.
When she has calv'd, then set the dam aside,
And for the tender progeny provide.
Distinguish all betimes with branding fire,
To note the tribe, the lineage, and the sire;
Whom to reserve for husband of the herd;
Or who shall be to sacrifice preferr'd;
Or whom thou shalt to turn thy glebe allow,
To smooth the furrows, and sustain the plough:
The rest, for whom no lot is yet decreed,
May run in pastures, and at pleasure feed.
The calf, by nature and by genius made
To turn the glebe, breed to the rural trade.
Set him betimes to school; and let him be
Instructed there in rules of husbandry,
While yet his youth is flexible and green,
Nor bad examples of the world has seen.
Early begin the stubborn child to break;
For his soft neck, a supple collar make
Of bending osiers; and (with time and care

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Inur'd that easy servitude to bear)
Thy flatt'ring method on the youth pursue:
Join'd with his school-fellows by two and two,
Persuade them first to lead an empty wheel,
That scarce the dust can raise, or they can feel:
In length of time produce the lab'ring yoke,
And shining shares, that make the furrow smoke.
Ere the licentious youth be thus restrain'd,
Or moral precepts on their minds have gain'd,
Their wanton appetites not only feed
With delicates of leaves, and marshy weed,
But with thy sickle reap the rankest land,
And minister the blade with bounteous hand:
Nor be with harmful parsimony won
To follow what our homely sires have done,
Who fill'd the pail with beestings of the cow;
But all her udder to the calf allow.
If to the warlike steed thy studies bend,
Or for the prize in chariots to contend,
Near Pisa's flood the rapid wheels to guide,
Or in Olympian groves aloft to ride,
The gen'rous labours of the courser, first,
Must be with sight of arms and sounds of trumpets nurs'd;
Inur'd the groaning axle-tree to bear;
And let him clashing whips in stables hear.

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Sooth him with praise, and make him understand
The loud applauses of his master's hand:
This, from his weaning, let him well be taught;
And then betimes in a soft snaffle wrought,
Before his tender joints with nerves are knit,
Untry'd in arms, and trembling at the bit.
But, when to four full springs his years advance,
Teach him to run the round, with pride to prance,
And (rightly manag'd) equal time to beat,
To turn, to bound in measure, and curvet.
Let him to this, with easy pains, be brought,
And seem to labour, when he labours not.
Thus form'd for speed, he challenges the wind,
And leaves the Scythian arrow far behind:
He scours along the field, with loosen'd reins,
And treads so light, he scarcely prints the plains;
Like Boreas in his race, when, rushing forth,
He sweeps the skies, and clears the cloudy north:
The waving harvest bends beneath his blast;
The forest shakes; the groves their honours cast;
He flies aloft, and with impetuous roar
Pursues the foaming surges to the shore.
Thus, o'er th' Elean plains, thy well-breath'd horse
Impels the flying car, and wins the course,
Or, bred to Belgian waggons, leads the way,
Untir'd at night, and cheerful all the day.

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When once he 's broken, feed him full and high;
Indulge his growth, and his gaunt sides supply.
Before his training, keep him poor and low;
For his stout stomach with his food will grow:
The pamper'd colt will discipline disdain,
Impatient of the lash, and restif to the rein.
Would'st thou their courage and their strength improve?
Too soon they must not feel the stings of love.
Whether the bull or courser be thy care,
Let him not leap the cow, or mount the mare.
The youthful bull must wander in the wood
Behind the mountain or beyond the flood,
Or in the stall at home his fodder find,
Far from the charms of that alluring kind.
With two fair eyes his mistress burns his breast:
He looks, and languishes, and leaves his rest,
Forsakes his food, and, pining for the lass,
Is joyless of the grove, and spurns the growing grass.
The soft seducer, with enticing looks,
The bellowing rivals to the fight provokes.
A beauteous heifer in the wood is bred:
The stooping warriors, aiming head to head,
Engage their clashing horns: with dreadful sound
The forest rattles, and the rocks rebound.
They fence, they push, and, pushing, loudly roar:

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Their dewlaps and their sides are bath'd in gore.
Nor, when the war is over, is it peace;
Nor will the vanquish'd bull his claim release;
But, feeding in his breast his ancient fires,
And cursing fate, from his proud foe retires.
Driv'n from his native land to foreign grounds,
He with a gen'rous rage resents his wounds,
His ignominious flight, the victor's boast,
And, more than both, the loves, which unreveng'd he lost.
Often he turns his eyes, and, with a groan,
Surveys the pleasing kingdoms, once his own:
And therefore to repair his strength he tries,
Hard'ning his limbs with painful exercise;
And rough upon the flinty rock he lies.
On prickly leaves and on sharp herbs he feeds,
Then to the prelude of a war proceeds.
His horns, yet sore, he tries against a tree,
And meditates his absent enemy.
He snuffs the wind; his heels the sand excite;
But, when he stands collected in his might,
He roars, and promises a more successful fight.
Then, to redeem his honour at a blow,
He moves his camp, to meet his careless foe.
Not with more madness, rolling from afar,
The spumy waves proclaim the wat'ry war,

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And mounting upwards, with a mighty roar,
March onwards, and insult the rocky shore.
They mate the middle region with their height,
And fall no less than with a mountain's weight;
The waters boil, and, belching, from below
Black sands, as from a forceful engine, throw.
  Thus ev'ry creature, and of ev'ry kind,
The secret joys of sweet coition find.
Not only man's imperial race, but they
That wing the liquid air, or swim the sea,
Or haunt the desert, rush into the flame:
For Love is lord of all, and is in all the same.
  'Tis with this rage, the mother lion stung,
Scours o'er the plain, regardless of her young:
Demanding rites of love, she sternly stalks,
And hunts her lover in his lonely walks.
'Tis then the shapeless bear his den forsakes;
In woods and fields a wild destruction makes:
Boars whet their tusks; to battle tigers move,
Enrag'd with hunger, more enrag'd with love.
Then wo to him, that, in the desert land
Of Libya, travels o'er the burning sand!
The stallion snuffs the well-known scent afar,
And snorts and trembles for the distant mare:
Nor bits nor bridles can his rage restrain;
And rugged rocks are interpos'd in vain:

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He makes his way o'er mountains, and contemns
Unruly torrents, and unforded streams.
The bristled boar, who feels the pleasing wound,
New grinds his arming tusks, and digs the ground.
The sleepy lecher shuts his little eyes;
About his churning chaps the frothy bubbles rise:
He rubs his sides against a tree; prepares
And hardens both his shoulders for the wars.
What did the youth, when Love's unerring dart
Transfix'd his liver, and inflam'd his heart?
Alone, by night, his wat'ry way he took:
About him, and above, the billows broke:
The sluices of the sky were open spread;
And rolling thunder rattled o'er his head.
The raging tempest call'd him back in vain,
And ev'ry boding omen of the main:
Nor could his kindred, nor the kindly force
Of weeping parents, change his fatal course;
No, not the dying maid, who must deplore
His floating carcase on the Sestian shore.
I pass the wars that spotted lynxes make
With their fierce rivals for the female's sake,
The howling wolves', the mastiffs' am'rous rage;
When ev'n the fearful stag dares for his hind engage.
But, far above the rest, the furious mare,
Barr'd from the male, is frantic with despair:

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For, when her pouting vent declares her pain,
She tears the harness, and she rends the rein.
For this, (when Venus gave them rage and pow'r)
Their master's mangled members they devour,
Of love defrauded in their longing hour.
For love, they force through thickets of the wood,
They climb the steepy hills, and stem the flood.
When, at the spring's approach, their marrow burns,
(For with the spring their genial warmth returns)
The mares to cliffs of rugged rocks repair,
And with wide nostrils snuff the western air:
When (wondrous to relate) the parent wind,
Without the stallion, propagates the kind.
Then, fir'd with am'rous rage, they take their flight
Through plains, and mount the hills' unequal height;
Nor to the north, nor to the rising sun,
Nor southward to the rainy regions, run,
But boring to the west, and hov'ring there,
With gaping mouths, they draw prolific air,
With which impregnate, from their groins they shed
A slimy juice, by false conception bred.
The shephred knows it well, and calls by name
Hippomanes, to note the mother's flame.
This, gather'd in the planetary hour,
With noxious weeds, and spell'd with words of pow'r,
Dire stepdames in the magic bowl infuse,

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And mix, for deadly draughts, the pois'nous juice.
But time is lost, which never will renew,
While we too far the pleasing path pursue,
Surveying nature with too nice a view.
Let this suffice for herds: our following care
Shall woolly flocks and shaggy goats declare.
Nor can I doubt what oil I must bestow,
To raise my subject from a ground so low;
And the mean matter, which my theme affords,
T' embellish with magnificence of words.
But the commanding Muse my chariot guides,
Which o'er the dubious cliff securely rides;
And pleas'd I am, no beaten road to take,
But first the way to new discov'ries make.
Now, sacred Pales, in a lofty strain
I sing the rural honours of thy reign.
First, with assiduous care, from winter keep,
Well fodder'd in the stalls, thy tender sheep:
Then spread with straw the bedding of thy fold,
With fern beneath, to 'fend the bitter cold;
That free from gouts thou may'st preserve thy care,
And clear from scabs, produc'd by freezing air.
Next let thy goats officiously be nurs'd,
And led to living streams, to quench their thirst.
Feed them with winter-browze; and, for their lair,
A cote, that opens to the south, prepare;

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Where basking in the sun-shine they may lie,
And the short remnants of his heat enjoy.
This during winter's drisly reign be done,
Till the new Ram receives th' exalted sun:
For hairy goats of equal profit are
With woolly sheep, and ask an equal care.
'Tis true, the fleece, when drunk with Tyrian juice,
Is dearly sold; but not for needful use:
For the salacious goat increases more,
And twice as largely yields her milky store.
The still distended udders never fail,
But, when they seem exhausted, swell the pail.
Meantime the pastor shears their hoary beards,
And eases of their hair the loaden herds.
Their cam'lots, warm in tents, the soldier hold,
And shield the shiv'ring mariner from cold.
On shrubs they browze, and, on the bleaky top
Of rugged hills, the thorny bramble crop.
Attended with their bleating kids, they come
At night, unask'd, and mindful of their home;
And scarce their swelling bags the threshold overcome.
So much the more thy diligence bestow
In depth of winter, to defend the snow,
By how much less the tender helpless kind,
For their own ills, can fit provision find.
Then minister the browze with bounteous hand;

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And open let thy stacks all winter stand.
But, when the western winds with vital pow'r
Call forth the tender grass and budding flow'r,
Then, at the last, produce in open air
Both flocks; and send them to their summer fare.
Before the sun while Hesperus appears,
First let them sip from herbs the pearly tears
Of morning dews, and after break their fast
On green-sward ground—a cool and grateful taste.
But, when the day's fourth hour has drawn the dews,
And the sun's sultry heat their thirst renews;
When creaking grasshoppers on shrubs complain,
Then lead them to their wat'ring-troughs again.
In summer's heat, some bending valley find,
Clos'd from the sun, but open to the wind;
Or seek some ancient oak, whose arms extend
In ample breadth, thy cattle to defend,
Or solitary grove, or gloomy glade,
To shield them with its venerable shade.
Once more to wat'ring lead; and feed again
When the low sun is sinking to the main,
When rising Cynthia sheds her silver dews,
And the cool ev'ning-breeze the meads renews,
When linnets fill the woods with tuneful sound,
And hollow shores the halcyon's voice rebound.
Why should my Muse enlarge on Libyan swains,

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Their scatter'd cottages, and ample plains,
Where oft the flocks without a leader stray,
Or through continu'd deserts take their way,
And, feeding, add the length of night to day?
Whole months they wander, grazing as they go;
Nor folds nor hospitable harbour know:
Such an extent of plains, so vast a space
Of wilds unknown, and of untasted grass,
Allures their eyes: the shepherd last appears,
And with him all his patrimony bears,
His house and household gods, his trade of war,
His bow and quiver, and his trusty cur.
Thus, under heavy arms, the youth of Rome
Their long laborious marches overcome,
Cheerly their tedious travels undergo,
And pitch their sudden camp before the foe.
  Not so the Scythian shepherd tends his fold,
Nor he who bears in Thrace the bitter cold,
Nor he who treads the bleak Mæotian strand,
Or where proud Ister rolls his yellow sand.
Early they stall their flocks and herds; for there
No grass the fields, no leaves the forests, wear:
The frozen earth lies buried there, below
A hilly heap, sev'n cubits deep in snow;
And all the west allies of stormy Boreas blow.
  The sun from far peeps with a sickly face,

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Too weak, the clouds and mighty fogs to chase,
When up the skies he shoots his rosy head,
Or in the ruddy ocean seeks his bed.
Swift rivers are with sudden ice constrain'd;
And studded wheels are on its back sustain'd,
A hostry now for waggons, which before
Tall ships of burden on its bosom bore.
The brazen caldrons with the frost are flaw'd;
The garment, stiff with ice, at hearths is thaw'd;
With axes first they cleave the wine; and thence,
By weight, the solid portions they dispense.
From locks uncomb'd, and from the frozen beard,
Long icicles depend, and crackling sounds are heard.
Meantime perpetual sleet, and driving snow,
Obscure the skies, and hang on herds below.
The starving cattle perish in their stalls;
Huge oxen stand inclos'd in wint'ry walls
Of snow congeal'd; whole herds are bury'd there
Of mighty stags, and scarce their horns appear.
The dext'rous huntsman wounds not these afar
With shafts or darts, or makes a distant war
With dogs, or pitches toils to stop their flight,
But close engages in unequal fight;
And, while they strive in vain to make their way
Through hills of snow, and pitifully bray,
Assaults with dint of sword, or pointed spears,

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And homeward, on his back, the joyful burden bears.
The men to subterranean caves retire,
Secure from cold, and crowd the cheerful fire:
With trunks of elms and oaks the hearth they load,
Nor tempt th' inclemency of heav'n abroad.
Their jovial nights in frolics and in play
They pass, to drive the tedious hours away,
And their cold stomachs with crown'd goblets cheer
Of windy cider, and of barmy beer.
Such are the cold Rhipæan race, and such
The savage Scythian, and unwarlike Dutch,
Where skins of beasts the rude barbarians wear,
The spoils of foxes, and the furry bear.
Is wool thy care? Let not thy cattle go
Where bushes are, where burs and thistles grow;
Nor in too rank a pasture let them feed:
Then of the purest white select thy breed.
Ev'n though a snowy ram thou shalt behold,
Prefer him not in haste, for husband to thy fold:
But search his mouth; and, if a swarthy tongue
Is underneath his humid palate hung,
Reject him, lest he darken all the flock;
And substitute another from thy stock.
'Twas thus, with fleeces milky white, (if we
May trust report) Pan, god of Arcady,
Did bribe thee, Cynthia; nor didst thou disdain,

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When call'd in woody shades, to cure a lover's pain.
If milk be thy design, with plenteous hand
Bring clover-grass; and from the marshy land
Salt herbage for the fodd'ring rack provide,
To fill their bags, and swell the milky tide.
These raise their thirst, and to the taste restore
The savour of the salt, on which they fed before.
Some, when the kids their dams too deeply drain,
With gags and muzzles their soft mouths restrain.
Their morning milk the peasants press at night;
Their ev'ning meal, before the rising light,
To market bear; or sparingly they steep
With seas'ning salt, and stor'd for winter keep.
Nor, last, forget thy faithful dogs: but feed
With fatt'ning whey the mastiffs' gen'rous breed,
And Spartan race, who, for the fold's relief,
Will prosecute with cries the nightly thief,
Repulse the prowling wolf, and hold at bay
The mountain robbers rushing to the prey.
With cries of hounds, thou may'st pursue the fear
Of flying hares, and chase the fallow deer,
Rouze from their desert dens the bristled rage
Of boars, and beamy stags in toils engage.
With smoke of burning cedar scent thy walls,
And fume with stinking galbanum thy stalls,
With that rank odour from thy dwelling-place

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To drive the viper's brood, and all the venom'd race:
For often, under stalls unmov'd, they lie,
Obscure in shades, and shunning heav'n's broad eye:
And snakes, familiar, to the hearth succeed,
Disclose their eggs, and near the chimney breed—
Whether to roofy houses they repair,
Or sun themselves abroad in open air,
In all abodes, of pestilential kind
To sheep and oxen, and the painful hind.
Take, shepherd, take a plant of stubborn oak,
And labour him with many a sturdy stroke,
Or with hard stones demolish from afar
His haughty crest, the seat of all the war;
Invade his hissing throat, and winding spires;
Till, stretch'd in length, th' unfolded foe retires.
He drags his tail, and for his head provides,
And in some secret cranny slowly glides;
But leaves expos'd to blows his back and batter'd sides.
  In fair Calabria's woods a snake is bred,
With curling crest, and with advancing head:
Waving he rolls, and makes a winding track;
His belly spotted, burnish'd is his back.
While springs are broken, while the southern air
And dropping heav'ns the moisten'd earth repair,
He lives on standing lakes and trembling bogs,
And fills his maw with fish, or with loquacious frogs:

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But when, in muddy pools, the water sinks,
And the chapt earth is furrow'd o'er with chinks,
He leaves the fens, and leaps upon the ground,
And, hissing, rolls his glaring eyes around.
With thirst inflam'd, impatient of the heats,
He rages in the fields, and wide destruction threats.
Oh! let not sleep my closing eyes invade
In open plains, or in the secret shade,
When he, renew'd in all the speckled pride
Of pompous youth, has cast his slough aside,
And in his summer liv'ry rolls along,
Erect, and brandishing his forky tongue,
Leaving his nest, and his imperfect young,
And thoughtless of his eggs, forgets to rear
The hopes of poison for the following year.
The causes and the signs shall next be told,
Of ev'ry sickness that infects the fold.
A scabby tetter on their pelts will stick,
When the raw rain has pierc'd them to the quick,
Or searching frosts have eaten through the skin,
Or burning icicles are lodg'd within;
Or, when the fleece is shorn, if sweat remains
Unwash'd, and soaks into their empty veins;
When their defenceless limbs the brambles tear,
Short of their wool, and naked from the shear.
Good shepherds, after shearing, drench their sheep;

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And their flock's father (forc'd from high to leap)
Swims down the stream, and plunges in the deep.
They oint their naked limbs with mother'd oil;
Or, from the founts where living sulphurs boil,
They mix a med'cine to foment their limbs,
With scum that on the molten silver swims;
Fat pitch, and black bitumen, add to these,
Besides the waxen labour of the bees,
And hellebore, and squills deep-rooted in the seas.
Receipts abound; but, searching all thy store,
The best is still at hand, to lance the sore,
And cut the head; for, 'till the core be found,
The secret vice is fed, and gathers ground,
While, making fruitless moan, the shepherd stands,
And, when the lancing-knife requires his hands,
Vain help, with idle pray'rs, from heav'n demands.
Deep in their bones when fevers fix their seat,
And rack their limbs, and lick the vital heat,
The ready cure to cool the raging pain
Is underneath the foot to breathe a vein.
This remedy the Scythian shepherds found:
Th' inhabitants of Thracia's hilly ground,
And Gelons, use it, when for drink and food
They mix their crudled milk with horses' blood.
But, where thou seest a single sheep remain
In shades aloof, or couch'd upon the plain,

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Or listlessly to crop the tender grass,
Or late to lag behind with truant pace;
Revenge the crime, and take the traitor's head,
Ere in the faultless flock the dire contagion spread.
On winter seas we fewer storms behold,
Than foul diseases that infect the fold.
Nor do those ills on single bodies prey,
But oft'ner bring the nation to decay,
And sweep the present stock and future hope away.
A dire example of this truth appears,
When, after such a length of rolling years,
We see the naked Alps, and thin remains
Of scatter'd cots, and yet unpeopled plains,
Once fill'd with grazing flocks, the shepherds' happy reigns.
Here, from the vicious air and sickly skies,
A plague did on the dumb creation rise:
During th' autumnal heats th' infection grew,
Tame cattle and the beasts of nature slew,
Pois'ning the standing lakes, and pools impure;
Nor was the foodful grass in fields secure.
Strange death! for, when the thirsty fire had drunk
Their vital blood, and the dry nerves were shrunk,
When the contracted limbs were cramp'd, ev'n then
A wat'rish humour swell'd and ooz'd agen,
Converting into bane the kindly juice,

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Ordain'd by Nature for a better use.
The victim ox, that was for altars prest,
Trimm'd with white ribbons, and with garlands drest,
Sunk of himself, without the gods' command,
Preventing the slow sacrificer's hand.
Or, by the holy butcher if he fell,
Th' inspected entrails could no fates foretell;
Nor, laid on altars, did pure flames arise;
But clouds of smould'ring smoke forbad the sacrifice.
Scarcely the knife was redden'd with his gore,
Or the black poison stain'd the sandy floor.
The thriven calves in meads their food forsake,
And render their sweet souls before the plenteous rack.
The fawning dog runs mad; the wheezing swine
With coughs is chok'd, and labours from the chine:
The victor horse, forgetful of his food,
The palm renounces, and abhors the flood.
He paws the ground; and on his hanging ears
A doubtful sweat in clammy drops appears:
Parch'd is his hide, and rugged are his hairs.
Such are the symptoms of the young disease;
But, in time's process, when his pains increase,
He rolls his mournful eyes; he deeply groans
With patient sobbing, and with manly moans.
He heaves for breath; which, from his lungs supply'd,
And fetch'd from far, distends his lab'ring side.

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To his rough palate his dry tongue succeeds;
And ropy gore he from his nostrils bleeds.
A drench of wine has with success been us'd,
And through a horn the gen'rous juice infus'd,
Which, timely taken, op'd his closing jaws,
But, if too late, the patient's death did cause:
For the too vig'rous dose too fiercely wrought,
And added fury to the strength it brought.
Recruited into rage, he grinds his teeth
In his own flesh, and feeds approaching death.
Ye gods, to better fate good men dispose,
And turn that impious error on our foes!

The steer, who to the yoke was bred to bow,
(Studious of tillage, and the crooked plough)
Falls down and dies; and, dying, spews a flood
Of foamy madness, mix'd with clotted blood.
The clown, who, cursing Providence, repines,
His mournful fellow from the team disjoins;
With many a groan forsakes his fruitless care,
And in th' unfinish'd furrow leaves the share.
The pining steer nor shades of lofty woods,
Nor flow'ry meads, can ease, nor crystal floods
Roll'd from the rock: his flabby flanks decrease;
His eyes are settled in a stupid peace;
His bulk too weighty for his thighs is grown;
And his unwieldy neck hangs drooping down.

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Now what avails his well-deserving toil
To turn the glebe, or smooth the rugged soil?
And yet he never supt in solemn state,
(Nor undigested feasts did urge his fate)
Nor day to night luxuriously did join,
Nor surfeited on rich Campanian wine.
Simple his bev'rage, homely was his food,
The wholesome herbage, and the running flood:
No dreadful dreams awak'd him with affright:
His pains by day secur'd his rest by night.
'Twas then that buffaloes, ill pair'd, were seen
To draw the car of Jove's imperial queen,
For want of oxen; and the lab'ring swain
Scratch'd, with a rake, a furrow for his grain,
And cover'd with his hand the shallow seed again.
He yokes himself, and up the hilly height,
With his own shoulders, draws the waggon's weight.
The nightly wolf, that round th' enclosure prowl'd
To leap the fence, now plots not on the fold,
Tam'd with a sharper pain. The fearful doe,
And flying stag, amidst the greyhounds go,
And round the dwellings roam of man, their fiercer foe.
The scaly nations of the sea profound,
Like shipwreck'd carcases, are driv'n aground,
And mighty phocæ, never seen before

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In shallow streams, are stranded on the shore.
The viper dead within her hole is found:
Defenceless was the shelter of the ground.
The water-snake, whom fish and paddocks fed,
With staring scales lies poison'd in his bed:
To birds their native heav'ns contagious prove;
From clouds they fall, and leave their souls above.
Besides, to change their pasture 'tis in vain,
Or trust to physic: physic is their bane.
The learned leaches in despair depart,
And shake their heads, desponding of their art.
Tisiphone, let loose from under ground,
Majestically pale, now treads the round,
Before her drives diseases and affright,
And ev'ry moment rises to the sight,
Aspiring to the skies, encroaching on the light.
The rivers, and their banks, and hills around,
With lowings and with dying bleats resound.
At length, she strikes an universal blow:
To death at once whole herds of cattle go:
Sheep, oxen, horses, fall; and, heap'd on high,
The diff'ring species in confusion lie,
'Till, warn'd by frequent ills, the way they found
To lodge their loathsome carrion under ground:
For useless to the currier were their hides;
Nor could their tainted flesh with ocean tides

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Be freed from filth; nor could Vulcanian flame
The stench abolish, or the savour tame.
Nor safely could they shear their fleecy store,
(Made drunk with pois'nous juice, and stiff with gore)
Or touch the web: but, if the vest they wear,
Red blisters rising on their paps appear,
And flaming carbuncles, and noisome sweat,
And clammy dews, that loathsome lice beget;
'Till the slow-creeping evil eats his way,
Consumes the parching limbs, and makes the life his prey.

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GEORGICS,

BOOK IV.

ARGUMENT.

Virgil has taken care to raise the subject of each Georgic. In the first, he has only dead matter on which to work. In the second, he just steps on the world of life, and describes that degree of it which is to be found in vegetables. In the third, he advances to animals: and, in the last, he singles out the bee, which may be reckoned the most sagacious of them, for his subject.

In this Georgic, he shews us what station is most proper for the bees, and when they begin to gather honey; how to call them home when they swarm; and how to part them when they are engaged in battle. From hence he takes occasion to discover their different kinds; and, after an excursion, relates their prudent and politic administration of affairs, and the several diseases that often rage in their hives, with the proper symptoms and remedies of each disease. In the last place he lays down a method of repairing their kind, supposing their whole breed lost; and gives at large the history of its invention.

THE gifts of heav'n my following song pursues,
Aërial honey, and ambrosial dews.
Mæcenas, read this other part, that sings
Embattled squadrons and advent'rous kings—
A mighty pomp, though made of little things. 5

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Their arms, their arts, their manners, I disclose,
And how they war, and whence the people rose.
Slight is the subject, but the praise not small,
If heav'n assist, and Phœbus hear my call.
First, for thy bees a quiet station find,
And lodge them under covert of the wind,
(For winds, when homeward they return, will drive
The loaded carriers from their ev'ning hive)
Far from the cows' and goats' insulting crew,
That trample down the flow'rs, and brush the dew.
The painted lizard, and the birds of prey,
Foes of the frugal kind, be far away—
The titmouse, and the pecker's hungry brood,
And Procne, with her bosom stain'd in blood:
These rob the trading citizens, and bear
The trembling captives through the liquid air,
And for their callow young a cruel feast prepare.
But near a living stream their mansion place,
Edg'd round with moss, and tufts of matted grass:
And plant (the winds' impetuous rage to stop)
Wild olive-trees, or palms, before the busy shop;
That, when the youthful prince, with proud alarm,
Calls out the vent'rous colony to swarm—
When first their way through yielding air they wing,
New to the pleasures of their native spring—
The banks of brooks may make a cool retreat

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For the raw soldiers from the scalding heat,
And neighb'ring trees with friendly shade invite
The troops, unus'd to long laborious flight.
Then o'er the running stream, or standing lake,
A passage for thy weary people make;
With osier floats the standing water strow;
Of massy stones make bridges, if it flow;
That basking in the sun thy bees may lie,
And, resting there, their flaggy pinions dry,
When, late returning home, the laden host
By raging winds is wreck'd upon the coast.
Wild thyme and sav'ry set around their cell,
Sweet to the taste, and fragrant to the smell:
Set rows of rosemary with flow'ring stem,
And let the purple vi'lets drink the stream.
  Whether thou build the palace of thy bees
With twisted osiers or with barks of trees,
Make but a narrow mouth: for, as the cold
Congeals into a lump the liquid gold,
So 'tis again dissolv'd by summer's heat;
And the sweet labours both extremes defeat.
And therefore, not in vain, th' industrious kind
With dauby wax and flow'rs the chinks have lin'd,
And, with their stores of gather'd glue, contrive
To stop the vents and crannies of their hive.
Not birdlime, or Idæan pitch, produce

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A more tenacious mass of clammy juice.
Nor bees are lodg'd in hives alone, but found
In chambers of their own beneath the ground:
Their vaulted roofs are hung in pumices,
And in the rotten trunks of hollow trees.
But plaster thou the chinky hives with clay,
And leafy branches o'er their lodgings lay:
Nor place them where too deep a water flows,
Or where the yew, their pois'nous neighbour, grows;
Nor roast red crabs, t' offend the niceness of their nose;
Nor near the steaming stench of muddy ground;
Nor hollow rocks that render back the sound,
And doubled images of voice rebound.
For what remains, when golden suns appear,
And under earth have driv'n the winter year,
The winged nation wanders through the skies,
And o'er the plains and shady forest flies:
Then, stooping on the meads and leafy bow'rs,
They skim the floods, and sip the purple flow'rs.
Exalted hence, and drunk with secret joy,
Their young succession all their cares employ:
They breed, they brood, instruct and educate,
And make provision for the future state:
They work their waxen lodgings in their hives,
And labour honey to sustain their lives.

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But when thou seest a swarming cloud arise,
That sweeps aloft, and darkens all the skies,
The motions of their hasty flight attend;
And know, to floods or woods, their airy march they bend.
Then melfoil beat, and honey-suckles pound;
With these alluring savours strew the ground;
And mix with tinkling brass the cymbal's droning sound.
Straight to their ancient cells, recall'd from air,
The reconcil'd deserters will repair.
But, if intestine broils alarm the hive,
(For two pretenders oft for empire strive)
The vulgar in divided factions jar;
And murm'ring sounds proclaim the civil war.
Inflam'd with ire, and trembling with disdain,
Scarce can their limbs their mighty souls contain.
With shouts, the coward's courage they excite,
And martial clangors call them out to fight:
With hoarse alarms the hollow camp rebounds,
That imitate the trumpet's angry sounds:
Then to their common standard they repair;
The nimble horsemen scour the fields of air;
In form of battle drawn, they issue forth,
And ev'ry knight is proud to prove his worth.
Prest for their country's honour, and their king's,

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On their sharp beaks they whet their pointed stings,
And exercise their arms, and tremble with their wings.
Full in the midst the haughty monarchs ride;
The trusty guards come up, and close the side;
With shouts the daring foe to battle is defy'd.
Thus, in the season of unclouded spring,
To war they follow their undaunted king,
Crowd through their gates; and, in the fields of light,
The shocking squadrons meet in mortal fight.
Headlong they fall from high, and wounded wound;
And heaps of slaughter'd soldiers bite the ground.
Hard hailstones lie not thicker on the plain;
Nor shaken oaks such show'rs of acorns rain.
With gorgeous wings, the marks of sov'reign sway,
The two contending princes make their way;
Intrepid through the midst of danger go,
Their friends encourage, and amaze the foe.
With mighty souls in narrow bodies prest,
They challenge, and encounter breast to breast;
So fix'd on fame, unknowing how to fly,
And obstinately bent to win or die,
That long the doubtful combat they maintain,
'Till one prevails—for one can only reign.
Yet all these dreadful deeds, this deadly fray,
A cast of scatter'd dust will soon allay,
And undecided leave the fortune of the day.

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When both the chiefs are sunder'd from the fight,
Then to the lawful king restore his right;
And let the wasteful prodigal be slain,
That he, who best deserves, alone may reign.
With ease distinguish'd is the regal race:
One monarch wears an honest open face:
Shap'd to his size, and godlike to behold,
His royal body shines with specks of gold,
And ruddy scales; for empire he design'd,
Is better born, and of a nobler kind.
That other looks like nature in disgrace:
Gaunt are his sides, and sullen is his face;
And like their grisly prince appear his gloomy race,
Grim, ghastly, rugged, like a thirsty train
That long have travel'd through a desert plain,
And spit from their dry chaps the gather'd dust again.
The better brood, unlike the bastard crew,
Are mark'd with royal streaks of shining hue;
Glitt'ring and ardent, though in body less:
From these, at pointed seasons, hope to press
Huge heavy honeycombs, of golden juice,
Not only sweet, but pure, and fit for use,
T' allay the strength and hardness of the wine,
And with old Bacchus new metheglin join.
But, when the swarms are eager of their play,
And loath their empty hives, and idly stray,

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Restrain the wanton fugitives, and take
A timely care to bring the truants back.
The task is easy—but to clip the wings
Of their high-flying arbitrary kings.
At their command, the people swarm away:
Confine the tyrant, and the slaves will stay.
  Sweet gardens, full of saffron flow'rs, invite
The wand'ring gluttons, and retard their flight—
Besides the god obscene, who frights away,
With his lath sword, the thieves and birds of prey.
With his own hand, the guardian of the bees,
For slips of pines, may search the mountain trees,
And with wild thyme and sav'ry plant the plain,
'Till his hard horny fingers ake with pain;
And deck with fruitful trees the fields around,
And with refreshing waters drench the ground.
  Now, did I not so near my labours end,
Strike sail, and hast'ning to the harbour tend,
My song to flow'ry gardens might extend—
To teach the vegetable arts, to sing
The Pæstan roses, and their double spring;
How succ'ry drinks the running streams, and how
Green beds of parsley near the river grow;
How cucumers along the surface creep,
With crooked bodies, and with bellies deep—
The late narcissus, and the winding trail

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Of bear's-foot, myrtles green, and ivy pale:
For, where with stately tow'rs Tarentum stands,
And deep Galæsus soaks the yellow sands,
I chanc'd an old Corycian swain to know,
Lord of few acres, and those barren too,
Unfit for sheep or vines, and more unfit to sow:
Yet, lab'ring well his little spot of ground,
Some scatt'ring pot-herbs here and there he found,
Which, cultivated with his daily care,
And bruis'd with vervain, were his frugal fare.
Sometimes white lilies did their leaves afford,
With wholesome poppy-flow'rs, to mend his homely board:
For, late returning home, he supp'd at ease,
And wisely deem'd the wealth of monarchs less:
The little of his own, because his own, did please.
To quit his care, he gather'd, first of all,
In spring the roses, apples in the fall:
And, when cold winter split the rocks in twain,
And ice the running rivers did restrain,
He stripp'd the bear's-foot of its leafy growth,
And, calling western winds, accus'd the spring of sloth.
He therefore first among the swains was found
To reap the product of his labour'd ground,
And squeeze the combs with golden liquor crown'd.
His limes were first in flow'rs; his lofty pines,

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With friendly shade, secur'd his tender vines.
For ev'ry bloom his trees in spring afford,
An autumn apple was by tale restor'd.
He knew to rank his elms in even rows,
For fruit the grafted pear-tree to dispose,
And tame to plums the sourness of the sloes.
With spreading planes he made a cool retreat,
To shade good fellows from the summer's heat.
But, straiten'd in my space, I must forsake
This task, for others afterwards to take.
  Describe we next the nature of the bees,
Bestow'd by Jove for secret services,
When, by the tinkling sound of timbrels led,
The king of heav'n in Cretan caves they fed.
Of all the race of animals, alone
The bees have common cities of their own,
And common sons: beneath one law they live,
And with one common stock their traffic drive.
Each has a certain home, a sev'ral stall:
All is the state's; the state provides for all.
Mindful of coming cold, they share the pain,
And hoard, for winter's use, the summer's gain.
Some o'er the public magazines preside;
And some are sent new forage to provide.
These drudge in fields abroad; and those at home
Lay deep foundations for the labour'd comb,

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With dew, narcissus-leaves, and clammy gum.
To pitch the waxen flooring some contrive;
Some nurse the future nation of the hive;
Sweet honey some condense; some purge the grout;
The rest, in cells apart, the liquid nectar shut:
All, with united force, combine to drive
The lazy drones from the laborious hive:
With envy stung, they view each other's deeds:
With diligence the fragrant work proceeds.
As, when the Cyclops, at th' almighty nod,
New thunder hasten for their angry god,
Subdu'd in fire the stubborn metal lies;
One brawny smith the puffing bellows plies,
And draws and blows reciprocating air:
Others to quench the hissing mass prepare:
With lifted arms they order ev'ry blow,
And chime their sounding hammers in a row;
With labour'd anvils Ætna groans below.
Strongly they strike; huge flakes of flames expire;
With tongs they turn the steel, and vex it in the fire.
If little things with great we may compare,
Such are the bees, and such their busy care;
Studious of honey, each in his degree,
The youthful swain, the grave experienc'd bee—
That in the field; this, in affairs of state
Employ'd at home, abides within the gate,

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To fortify the combs, to build the wall,
To prop the ruins, lest the fabric fall:
But, late at night, with weary pinions come
The lab'ring youth, and heavy laden, home.
Plains, meads, and orchards, all the day he plies;
The gleans of yellow thyme distend his thighs:
He spoils the saffron flow'rs; he sips the blues
Of vi'lets, wilding blooms, and willow dews.
Their toil is common; common is their sleep;
They shake their wings when morn begins to peep;
Rush through the city-gates without delay;
Nor ends their work, but with declining day.
Then, having spent the last remains of light,
They give their bodies due repose at night,
When hollow murmurs of their ev'ning bells
Dismiss the sleepy swains, and toll them to their cells.
When once in beds their weary limbs they steep,
No buzzing sounds disturb their golden sleep.
'Tis sacred silence all. Nor dare they stray,
When rain is promis'd, or a stormy day;
But near the city walls their wat'ring take,
Nor forage far, but short excursions make.
And as, when empty barks on billows float,
With sandy ballast sailors trim the boat;
So bees bear gravel-stones, whose poising weight
Steers through the whistling winds their steady flight.

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But (what 's more strange) their modest appetites,
Averse from Venus, fly the nuptial rites.
No lust enervates their heroic mind,
Nor wastes their strength on wanton woman-kind;
But in their mouths reside their genial pow'rs:
They gather children from the leaves and flow'rs.
Thus make they kings to fill the regal seat,
And thus their little citizens create,
And waxen cities build, the palaces of state.
And oft on rocks their tender wings they tear,
And sink beneath the burdens which they bear:
Such rage of honey in their bosom beats;
And such a zeal they have for flow'ry sweets.
Thus through the race of life they quickly run,
Which in the space of sev'n short years is done:
Th' immortal line in sure succession reigns;
The fortune of the family remains;
And grandsires' grandsires the long list contains.
Besides, not Egypt, India, Media, more
With servile awe their idol king adore:
While he survives, in concord and content
The commons live, by no divisions rent:
But the great monarch's death dissolves the government.
All goes to ruin; they themselves contrive
To rob the honey, and subvert the hive.

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The king presides, his subjects' toil surveys.
The servile rout their careful Cæsar praise:
Him they extol; they worship him alone;
They crowd his levees, and support his throne:
They raise him on their shoulders with a shout;
And, when their sov'reign's quarrel calls them out,
His foes to mortal combat they defy,
And think it honour at his feet to die.

Induc'd by such examples, some have taught
That bees have portions of æthereal thought—
Endu'd with particles of heav'nly fires;
For God the whole created mass inspires.
Through heav'n, and earth, and ocean's depth, he throws
His influence round, and kindles as he goes.
Hence flocks, and herds, and men, and beasts, and fowls,
With breath are quicken'd, and attract their souls;
Hence take the forms his prescience did ordain,
And into him at length resolve again.
No room is left for death: they mount the sky,
And to their own congenial planets fly.

Now, when thou hast decreed to seise their stores,
And by prerogative to break their doors,
With sprinkled water first the city choke,
And then pursue the citizens with smoke.

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Two honey-harvests fall in ev'ry year:
First, when the pleasing Pleiades appear,
And, springing upward, spurn the briny seas:
Again, when their affrighted choir surveys
The wat'ry Scorpion mend his pace behind,
With a black train of storms, and winter wind,
They plunge into the deep, and safe protection find.
Prone to revenge, the bees, a wrathful race,
When once provok'd, assault th' aggressor's face,
And through the purple veins a passage find;
There fix their stings, and leave their souls behind.
  But, if a pinching winter thou foresee,
And would'st preserve thy famish'd family;
With fragrant thyme the city fumigate,
And break the waxen walls to save the state.
For lurking lizards often lodge, by stealth,
Within the suburbs, and purloin their wealth;
And worms, that shun the light, a dark retreat
Have found in combs, and undermin'd the seat;
Or lazy drones, without their share of pain,
In winter-quarters free, devour the gain;
Or wasps infest the camp with loud alarms,
And mix in battle with unequal arms;
Or secret moths are there in silence fed;
Or spiders in the vault their snary webs have spread.
  The more oppress'd by foes, or famine-pin'd,

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The more increase thy care to save the sinking kind:
With greens and flow'rs recruit their empty hives,
And seek fresh forage to sustain their lives.
But, since they share with man one common fate,
In health and sickness, and in turns of state,—
Observe the symptoms. When they fall away,
And languish with insensible decay,
They change their hue; with hagard eyes they stare;
Lean are their looks, and shagged is their hair:
And crowds of dead, that never must return
To their lov'd hives, in decent pomp are borne:
Their friends attend the hearse; the next relations mourn.
The sick, for air, before the portal gasp,
Their feeble legs within each other clasp,
Or idle in their empty hives remain,
Benumb'd with cold, and listless of their gain.
Soft whispers then, and broken sounds, are heard,
As when the woods by gentle winds are stirr'd;
Such stifled noise as the close furnace hides,
Or dying murmurs of departing tides.
This when thou seest, galbanean odours use,
And honey in the sickly hive infuse.
Through reeden pipes convey the golden flood,
T' invite the people to their wonted food.
Mix it with thicken'd juice of sodden wines,

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And raisins from the grapes of Psythian vines:
To these add pounded galls, and roses dry,
And, with Cecropian thyme, strong-scented centaury.
A flow'r there is, that grows in meadow-ground,
Amellus call'd, and easy to be found;
For, from one root, the rising stem bestows
A wood of leaves, and vi'let-purple boughs:
The flow'r itself is glorious to behold,
And shines on altars like refulgent gold—
Sharp to the taste—by shepherds near the stream
Of Mella found; and thence they gave the name.
Boil this restoring root in gen'rous wine,
And set beside the door, the sickly stock to dine.
But, if the lab'ring kind be wholly lost,
And not to be retriev'd with care or cost;
'Tis time to touch the precepts of an art,
Th' Arcadian master did of old impart;
And how he stock'd his empty hives again,
Renew'd with putrid gore of oxen slain.
An ancient legend I prepare to sing,
And upward follow Fame's immortal spring:
For, where with sev'n-fold horns mysterious Nile
Surrounds the skirts of Egypt's fruitful isle,
And where in pomp the sun-burnt people ride,
On painted barges, o'er the teeming tide,
Which, pouring down from Ethiopian lands,

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Makes green the soil with slime, and black prolific
sands—
That length of region, and large tract of ground,
In this one art a sure relief have found.
First, in a place by nature close, they build
A narrow flooring, gutter'd, wall'd, and til'd.
In this, four windows are contriv'd, that strike,
To the four winds oppos'd, their beams oblique.
A steer of two years old they take, whose head
Now first with burnish'd horns begins to spread:
They stop his nostrils, while he strives in vain
To breathe free air, and struggles with his pain.
Knock'd down, he dies: his bowels, bruis'd within,
Betray no wound on his unbroken skin.
Extended thus, in this obscene abode
They leave the beast; but first sweet flow'rs are strow'd
Beneath his body, broken boughs and thyme,
And pleasing casia just renew'd in prime.
This must be done, ere spring makes equal day,
When western winds on curling waters play;
Ere painted meads produce their flow'ry crops,
Or swallows twitter on the chimney-tops.
The tainted blood, in this close prison pent,
Begins to boil, and through the bones ferment.
Then (wond'rous to behold) new creatures rise,
A moving mass at first, and short of thighs;

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'Till, shooting out with legs, and imp'd with wings,
The grubs proceed to bees with pointed stings,
And, more and more affecting air, they try
Their tender pinions, and begin to fly:
At length, like summer storms from spreading clouds,
That burst at once, and pour impetuous floods—
Or flights of arrows from the Parthian bows,
When from afar they gall embattled foes—
With such a tempest through the skies they steer;
And such a form the winged squadrons bear.
What god, O Muse! this useful science taught?
Or by what man's experience was it brought?
Sad Aristæus from fair Tempe fled—
His bees with famine or diseases dead:—
On Penëus's banks he stood, and near his holy head;
And, while his falling tears the stream supply'd,
Thus, mourning, to his mother goddess cry'd:
" Mother Cyrene! mother, whose abode
Is in the depth of this immortal flood!
What boots it, that from Phœbus' loins I spring,
The third, by him and thee, from heav'n's high king?
O! where is all thy boasted pity gone,
And promise of the skies to thy deluded son?
Why didst thou me, unhappy me, create,
Odious to gods, and born to bitter fate?
Whom scarce my sheep, and scarce my painful plough,

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The needful aids of human life allow:
So wretched is thy son, so hard a mother thou!
Proceed, inhuman parent, in thy scorn;
Root up my trees; with blights destroy my corn;
My vineyards ruin, and my sheepfolds burn.
Let loose thy rage; let all thy spite be shown,
Since thus thy hate pursues the praises of thy son."
But, from her mossy bow'r below the ground,
His careful mother heard the plaintive sound—
Encompass'd with her sea-green sisters round.
One common work they ply'd; their distaffs full
With carded locks of blue Milesian wool.
Spio, with Drymo brown, and Xantho fair,
And sweet Phyllodoce with long dishevel'd hair;
Cydippe with Lycorias, one a maid,
And one that once had call'd Lucina's aid;
Clio and Beroë, from one father both;
Both girt with gold, and clad in particolour'd cloth;
Opis the meek, and Deiopeia proud;
Nisæa lofty, with Ligea loud;
Thalia joyous, Ephyre the sad,
And Arethusa, once Diana's maid,
But now (her quiver left) to love betray'd.
To these Clymene the sweet theft declares
Of Mars; and Vulcan's unavailing cares;
And all the rapes of gods, and ev'ry love,

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From ancient Chaos down to youthful Jove.
Thus while she sings, the sisters turn the wheel,
Empty the woolly rack, and fill the reel.
A mournful sound agen the mother hears;
Agen the mournful sound invades the sisters' ears.
Starting at once from their green seats, they rise—
Fear in their heart, amazement in their eyes.
But Arethusa, leaping from her bed,
First lifts above the waves her beauteous head,
And, crying from afar, thus to Cyrene said:
" O sister, not with causeless fear possest!
No stranger voice disturbs thy tender breast.
'Tis Aristæus, 'tis thy darling son,
Who to his careless mother makes his moan.
Near his paternal stream he sadly stands,
With down-cast eyes, wet cheeks, and folded hands,
Upbraiding heav'n from whence his lineage came,
And cruel calls the gods, and cruel thee, by name."
Cyrene, mov'd with love, and seis'd with fear,
Cries out, " Conduct my son, conduct him here:
'Tis lawful for the youth, deriv'd from gods,
To view the secrets of our deep abodes."
At once she wav'd her hand on either side;
At once the ranks of swelling streams divide.
Two rising heaps of liquid crystal stand,
And leave a space betwixt, of empty sand.

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Thus safe receiv'd, the downward track he treads,
Which to his mother's wat'ry palace leads.
With wond'ring eyes he views the secret store
Of lakes, that, pent in hollow caverns, roar;
He hears the crackling sounds of coral woods,
And sees the secret source of subterranean floods;
And where, distinguish'd in their sev'ral cells,
The fount of Phasis, and of Lycus, dwells;
Where swift Enipeus in his bed appears,
And Tyber his majestic forehead rears;
Whence Anio flows, and Hypanis profound
Breaks through th' opposing rocks with raging sound;
Where Po first issues from his dark abodes,
And, awful in his cradle, rules the floods:
Two golden horns on his large front he wears,
And his grim face a bull's resemblance bears:
With rapid course he seeks the sacred main,
And fattens, as he runs, the fruitful plain.
Now, to the court arriv'd, th' admiring son
Beholds the vaulted roofs of pory stone,
Now to his mother goddess tells his grief,
Which she with pity hears, and promises relief.
Th' officious nymphs, attending in a ring,
With waters drawn from their perpetual spring,
From earthly dregs his body purify,
And rub his temples, with fine towels, dry;

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Then load the tables with a lib'ral feast,
And honour with full bowls their friendly guest.
The sacred altars are involv'd in smoke;
And the bright choir their kindred gods invoke.
Two bowls the mother fills with Lydian wine;
Then thus: "Let these be pour'd, with rites divine,
To the great authors of our wat'ry line—
To father Ocean, this; and this," she said,
"Be to the nymphs his sacred sisters paid,
Who rule the wat'ry plains, and hold the woodland shade."
She sprinkled thrice, with wine, the Vestal fire;
Thrice to the vaulted roof the flames aspire.
Rais'd with so blest an omen, she begun,
With words like these, to cheer her drooping son:
"In the Carpathian bottom, makes abode
The shepherd of the seas, a prophet and a god.
High o'er the main in wat'ry pomp he rides,
His azure car and finny coursers guides—
Proteus his name.—To his Pallenian port
I see from far the weary god resort.
Him, not alone, we river gods adore,
But aged Nereus hearkens to his lore.
With sure foresight, and with unerring doom,
He sees what is, and was, and is to come.
This Neptune gave him, when he gave to keep

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His scaly flocks, that graze the wat'ry deep.
Implore his aid; for Proteus only knows
The secret cause, and cure, of all thy woes.
But first the wily wizard must be caught;
For, unconstrain'd, he nothing tells for nought;
Nor is with pray'rs, or bribes, or flatt'ry, bought.
Surprise him first, and with hard fetters bind;
Then all his frauds will vanish into wind.
I will myself conduct thee on thy way:
When next the southing sun inflames the day,
When the dry herbage thirsts for dews in vain,
And sheep, in shades, avoid the parching plain;
Then will I lead thee to his secret seat,
When, weary with his toil, and scorch'd with heat,
The wayward sire frequents his cool retreat.
His eyes with heavy slumber overcast—
With force invade his limbs, and bind him fast.
Thus surely bound, yet be not over bold:
The slipp'ry god will try to loose his hold,
And various forms assume, to cheat thy sight,
And with vain images of beasts affright;
With foamy tusks will seem a bristly boar,
Or imitate the lion's angry roar;
Break out in crackling flames to shun thy snare,
Or hiss a dragon, or a tiger stare;
Or, with a wile thy caution to betray,

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In fleeting streams attempt to slide away.
But thou, the more he varies forms, beware
To strain his fetters with a stricter care,
Till, tiring all his arts, he turns agen
To his true shape, in which he first was seen."
  This said, with nectar she her son anoints;
Infusing vigour through his mortal joints:
Down from his head the liquid odours ran;
He breath'd of heav'n, and look'd above a man.
  Within a mountain's hollow womb, there lies
A large recess, conceal'd from human eyes,
Where heaps of billows, driv'n by wind and tide,
In form of war, their wat'ry ranks divide,
And there, like centries set, without the mouth abide:
A station safe for ships, when tempests roar,
A silent harbour, and a cover'd shore.
Secure within resides the various god,
And draws a rock upon his dark abode.
Hither with silent steps, secure from sight,
The goddess guides her son, and turns him from the light:
Herself, involv'd in clouds, precipitates her flight.
  'Twas noon; the sultry Dog-star from the sky
Scorch'd Indian swains; the rivel'd grass was dry;
The sun with flaming arrows pierc'd the flood,
And, darting to the bottom, bak'd the mud;

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When weary Proteus, from the briny waves,
Retir'd for shelter to his wonted caves.
His finny flocks about their shepherd play,
And, rolling round him, spirt the bitter sea.
Unwieldily they wallow first in ooze,
Then in the shady covert seek repose.
Himself, their herdsman, on the middle mount,
Takes of his muster'd flocks a just account.
So, seated on a rock, a shepherd's groom
Surveys his ev'ning flocks returning home,
When lowing calves and bleating lambs, from far,
Provoke the prowling wolf to nightly war.
Th' occasion offers, and the youth complies:
For scarce the weary god had clos'd his eyes,
When, rushing on with shouts, he binds in chains
The drowzy prophet, and his limbs constrains.
He, not unmindful of his usual art,
First in dissembled fire attempts to part:
Then roaring beasts, and running streams, he tries,
And wearies all his miracles of lies:
But, having shifted ev'ry form to 'scape,
Convinc'd of conquest, he resum'd his shape,
And thus, at length, in human accent spoke:
"Audacious youth! what madness could provoke
A mortal man t' invade a sleeping god?
What bus'ness brought thee to my dark abode?"

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To this, th' audacious youth: "Thou know'st full well
My name and bus'ness, god; nor need I tell.
No man can Proteus cheat: but, Proteus, leave
Thy fraudful arts, and do not thou deceive.
Following the gods' command, I come t' implore
Thy help, my perish'd people to restore."
The seer, who could not yet his wrath assuage,
Roll'd his green eyes, that sparkled with his rage,
And gnash'd his teeth, and cry'd, "No vulgar god
Pursues thy crimes, nor with a common rod.
Thy great misdeeds have met a due reward;
And Orpheus' dying pray'rs at length are heard.
For crimes, not his, the lover lost his life,
And at thy hands requires his murder'd wife:
Nor (if the Fates assist not) canst thou 'scape
The just revenge of that intended rape.
To shun thy lawless lust, the dying bride,
Unwary, took along the river's side,
Nor at her heels perceiv'd the deadly snake,
That kept the bank, in covert of the brake.
But all her fellow nymphs the mountains tear
With loud laments, and break the yielding air:
The realms of Mars remurmur all around,
And echoes to th' Athenian shores rebound.
Th' unhappy husband, husband now no more,

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Did on his tuneful harp his loss deplore,
And sought his mournful mind with music to restore.
On thee, dear wife, in deserts all alone,
He call'd, sigh'd, sung: his griefs with day begun,
Nor were they finish'd with the setting sun.
Ev'n to the dark dominions of the night
He took his way, through forests void of light,
And dar'd amidst the trembling ghosts to sing,
And stood before th' inexorable king.
Th' infernal troops like passing shadows glide,
And, list'ning, crowd the sweet musician's side—
(Not flocks of birds, when driv'n by storms or night,
Stretch to the forest with so thick a flight)—
Men, matrons, children, and th' unmarry'd maid,
The mighty hero's more majestic shade,
And youths, on fun'ral piles before their parents laid.
All these Cocytus bounds with squalid reeds,
With muddy ditches, and with deadly weeds;
And baleful Styx encompasses around,
With nine slow circling streams, th' unhappy ground.
Ev'n from the depths of hell the damn'd advance;
Th' infernal mansions, nodding, seem to dance;
The gaping three-mouth'd dog forgets to snarl;
The Furies hearken, and their snakes uncurl;
Ixion seems no more his pain to feel,
But leans attentive on his standing wheel,

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Dragg'd back again by cruel destinies,
And iron slumber, shut my swimming eyes.

Georgic 4th v. 518.

Published by Verner & Hood, Nov.1st 1805. Sharpe Sculp.

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All dangers past, at length the lovely bride
In safety goes, with her melodious guide,
Longing the common light again to share,
And draw the vital breath of upper air—
He first; and close behind him follow'd she;
For such was Proserpine's severe decree—
When strong desires th' impatient youth invade,
By little caution and much love betray'd:
A fault, which easy pardon might receive,
Were lovers judges, or could hell forgive:
For, near the confines of ætherial light,
And longing for the glimm'ring of a sight,
Th' unwary lover cast his eyes behind,
Forgetful of the law, nor master of his mind.
Straight all his hopes exhal'd in empty smoke;
And his long toils were forfeit for a look.
Three flashes of blue lightning gave the sign
Of cov'nants broke; three peals of thunder join.
Then thus the bride: 'What fury seis'd on thee,
Unhappy man! to lose thyself and me?
Dragg'd back again by cruel destinies,
An iron slumber shuts my swimming eyes.
And now farewell! Involv'd in shades of night,
For ever I am ravish'd from thy sight.
In vain I reach my feeble hands, to join
In sweet embraces—ah! no longer thine!'

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She said; and from his eyes the fleeting fair
Retir'd like subtile smoke dissolv'd in air,
And left her hopeless lover in despair.
In vain, with folding arms, the youth essay'd
To stop her flight, and strain the flying shade:
He prays; he raves; all means in vain he tries,
With rage inflam'd, astonish'd with surprise:
But she return'd no more, to bless his longing eyes.
Nor would th' infernal ferry-man once more
Be brib'd to waft him to the farther shore.
What should he do, who twice had lost his love?
What notes invent? what new petitions move?
Her soul already was consign'd to Fate,
And shiv'ring in the leaky sculler sate.
For sev'n continu'd months, if Fame say true,
The wretched swain his sorrows did renew:
By Strymon's freezing streams he sate alone:
The rocks were mov'd to pity with his moan:
Trees bent their heads to hear him sing his wrongs:
Fierce tigers couch'd around, and loll'd their fawning tongues.
So, close in poplar shades, her children gone,
The mother nightingale laments alone,
Whose nest some prying churl had found, and thence,
By stealth, convey'd th' unfeather'd innocence.
But she supplies the night with mournful strains;

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And melancholy music fills the plains.
Sad Orpheus thus his tedious hours employs,
Averse from Venus, and from nuptial joys.
Alone he tempts the frozen floods, alone
Th' unhappy climes, where spring was never known:
He mourn'd his wretched wife, in vain restor'd,
And Pluto's unavailing boon deplor'd.
The Thracian matrons—who the youth accus'd
Of love disdain'd, and marriage-rites refus'd—
With furies and nocturnal orgies fir'd,
At length against his sacred life conspir'd.
Whom ev'n the savage beasts had spar'd, they kill'd,
And strew'd his mangled limbs about the field.
Then, when his head, from his fair shoulders torn,
Wash'd by the waters, was on Hebrus borne,
Ev'n then his trembling tongue invok'd his bride;
With his last voice, 'Eurydice,' he cry'd.
'Eurydice,' the rocks and river-banks reply'd."
This answer Proteus gave; nor more he said,
But in the billows plung'd his hoary head;
And, where he leap'd, the waves in circles widely spread.
The nymph return'd, her drooping son to cheer,
And bade him banish his superfluous fear:
" For now," said she, " the cause is known, from whence

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Thy wo succeeded, and for what offence.
The nymphs, companions of th' unhappy maid,
This punishment upon thy crimes have laid;
And sent a plague among thy thriving bees. —
With vows and suppliant pray'rs their pow'rs appease:
The soft Napæan race will soon relent
Their anger, and remit the punishment.
The secret in an easy method lies;
Select four brawny bulls for sacrifice,
Which on Lycæus graze without a guide;
Add four fair heifers yet in yoke untry'd.
For these, four altars in their temple rear,
And then adore the woodland pow'rs with pray'r.
From the slain victims pour the streaming blood,
And leave their bodies in the shady wood:
Nine mornings thence, Lethæan poppy bring,
T' appease the manes of the poet king:
And, to propitiate his offended bride,
A fatted calf and a black ewe provide:
This finish'd, to the former woods repair."
His mother's precepts he performs with care;
The temple visits, and adores with pray'r;
Four altars raises; from his herd he culls,
For slaughter, four the fairest of his bulls:
Four heifers from his female store he took,
All fair, and all unknowing of the yoke.

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Nine mornings thence, with sacrifice and pray'rs,
The pow'rs aton'd, he to the grove repairs.
Behold a prodigy! for, from within
The broken bowels and the bloated skin,
A buzzing noise of bees his ears alarms:
Straight issue through the sides assembling swarms.
Dark as a cloud, they make a wheeling flight,
Then on a neighb'ring tree, descending, light:
Like a large cluster of black grapes they show,
And make a large dependance from the bough.

Thus have I sung of fields, and flocks, and trees,
And of the waxen work of lab'ring bees;
While mighty Cæsar, thund'ring from afar,
Seeks on Euphrates' banks the spoils of war;
With conqu'ring arts asserts his country's cause,
With arts of peace the willing people draws;
On the glad earth the golden age renews,
And his great father's path to heav'n pursues;
While I at Naples pass my peaceful days,
Affecting studies of less noisy praise;
And, bold through youth, beneath the beechen shade,
The lays of shepherds, and their loves, have play'd.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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